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China Fights Back

CHINA FIGHTS BACK

AN AMERICAN WOMAN WITH THE EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY

BY AGNES SMEDLEY

AUTHOR OF "CHINESE DESTINIES," ETC.

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To

My beloved brothers and comrades,
the heroic dead and the unconquerable living
of the Eighth Route Army of China
(the Chinese Red Army)

Introduction

by Anna Louise Strong

THE war of the Chinese people against the Japanese invaders is the fight of one-fifth of the human race for national independence—for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is also a war in which hungry, half-armed Chinese farmers hold the front lines of mankind's forward progress, for you and for me, against an imperialism which threatens Asia, America, the peace of the world.

The Chinese Eighth Route Army, with which Agnes Smedley traveled, is important in this war not alone because it is the reorganized Red Army led by Communists, though that fact shows the new unity of China, bringing under one banner armies that have fought each other for the past ten years. It is important because it brings to China's war of resistance certain methods which are being increasingly adopted by the rest of the Chinese armies—and the Chinese Government—in order to win success. Close cooperation with the Chinese rural population, quick response to their needs and an effective technique for arousing and organizing them against the invader are the chief guarantee of China's ultimate victory against the superior armaments of Japan. More than that, they

are the guarantee that after the long war is over, the Chinese people will have won not only independence from foreign invaders but also internal democracy—the right of the people to rule in their own land.

It is an unbelievably complex struggle. Here is a vast peasant people, the most populous, industrious and patiently enduring of all the peoples of the earth. For generations it has fought with nature at the very frontiers of existence. Creeping deserts of Asia, ravaging floods of gigantic rivers, doomed year by year millions to death by famine, a doom inescapable as long as the primitive tools and the ancient social system survive. Ignorance, superstition and the vastness of a roadless land enslaved them. Landlords, tax-grafters and a host of corrupt bureaucrats and aloof intellectuals ground the toiling folk further into the dust.

The impact of the industrial West broke for a century on this ancient people, bringing new problems, new forms of exploitation, new desires. Foreign imperialisms corrupted native officialdom still further with bribes and armed pressures. Against them successive waves for national independence and internal social change swept the country, penetrating ever deeper into the consciousness of the people, from the Taiping rebellion down to the present day. The Empire fell in 1911, releasing the aspirations of millions of patriotic intellectuals, but adding banditry and civil strife to the people's burdens. The patriotic movement of all classes under the joint leadership of the Kuomintang and the Communist parties swept rapidly across China in 1927, creating new hopes and a new government, but these hopes were betrayed during ten years of dissension and civil wars, in which the Chinese bourgeoisie, led by Shanghai bankers, sought to dominate the country,

while organizations of workers and farmers were suppressed.

Taking advantage of the internal strife of China, Japanese imperialism attacked the country, seizing Manchuria in 1931, penetrating Jehol and Chahar in the years that followed, holding the Chinese Government in Nanking passive by a combination of bribes and threats. Then Japan entered China proper, seizing Peiping, its ancient capital, striking next at Shanghai, the great port of Central China, advancing inland to take the government city of Nanking. Millions of people fled before their burning, raping, looting—homeless into the interior of China.

It is the greatest catastrophe of human history, unexampled in the destitution of millions. But under the pressure of this invasion the Chinese people began to awake, to unite, to become a nation. Chiang Kai-shek had already to some extent strengthened the country with roads and railroads; these began even more rapidly to increase. One of the greatest problems was the horde of badly disciplined and even corrupt provincial armies, only one step removed from the bandit gangs which lived by loot. The Central Government had created some twenty-five divisions of relatively effective national troops, but even these were pitifully equipped in comparison with the modern armament of the Japanese. Some of the provincial leaders also had excellent armies—most famous of these being the troops of the Kwangsi generals, responsible for the spectacular victories in Shantung in April 1938. The Chinese common soldiers were heroic in hand-to-hand combat; whole battalions of them died in Shanghai without quitting their posts. But more than the dying of heroes was needed; for a soldier's job is not to die but to win.

A chief factor in promoting the unity of China in this crisis

was the attitude of the Communist Party and its Red Army against whom the Nanking Government had carried on civil war for ten years. In 1931 when the Japanese invaded Manchuria, they were the first to call for the cessation of civil strife. Regarding the Japanese invader as the chief enemy of all future progress of the Chinese common people, and the chief threat to their cause on both a national and world-wide scale, they finally agreed, in the interests of anti-Japanese unity, to sacrifice certain policies in the districts they controlled. They also placed their Red Army at the government's disposal; it was reorganized as the Eighth Route Army and sent into Northern Shansi for mobile warfare on the flank and in the rear of the enemy lines.

The Eighth Route Army brings to the battles of China a technique learned at heavy cost through ten years of civil war. They are the world's most experienced guerrilla fighters; they have learned how to offset superior armaments by surprise attacks based on close cooperation with the surrounding rural population. Because they themselves were close to the needs of the common people, they were able to arouse and organize those people, giving them hope, desire to resist and a technique in fighting for their homes. This was the chief thing needed by China to win the war.

Agnes Smedley's book is important because it shows the Eighth Route Army in the detailed problems of its first combats in North Shansi, combats which led to new hope in China and to new tactics on all the Chinese fronts. We see the unbelievable poverty and ignorance of the Chinese peasants, and their fear of the warlord armies they have always known. We see the badly organized provincial troops retreating; even this is an advance over the past of China, for they no longer join

the victor as they did in civil wars. We see the men of the Eighth Route Army, daring, determined, yet in many ways naïve and ignorant like the peasants from whom they sprang. They are overwhelmed by the first sight of a locomotive, they are shocked by their first American movies, and they burn tens of thousands of Japanese yen, not understanding that it might be money. But they know one thing: how to unite the people against the Japanese invader. We see them organize; and their organization is hindered by peasant fears, by jealousies of provincial bureaucrats, by confused allies who use their name while disarming other government armies. We see, in short, all the chaos that was rural China; yet out of it all, success arises through the Eighth Route Army's infinite patience with the common people, loyal devotion to their interests, and ultimate reliance on the honesty of great masses of common folk defending their own homes.

It is a great story. Agnes Smedley brings to its telling a devotion to the common people of China which has continued for many years. An American writer who all her life has given unstinted energy to championing the rights of oppressed races, she labored many years for the cause of Hindu Nationalists, and then in 1929 went to China as correspondent for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in the pre-Hitler days when this was one of the famous liberal papers of Europe. From the beginning, however, she gave more time to unpaid work for the oppressed classes of China than she gave to her paid job.

Working with Madame Sun Yat-sen for civil liberties in China, for the rights of workers, of farmers, of Communists, she became for many years almost the one foreigner in Shanghai to whose doors came the inside tales of the Chinese Soviet Districts. Thus she wrote *Chinese Destinies* and *China's Red*

Army Marches, which were translated into many foreign languages, as almost the only foreign accounts of the Chinese Communists in those years. They were stories brought to her stealthily, often by night, by people on whose head a price was placed. Her own life was frequently in danger; her very closeness to the Chinese Red Armies prevented her for many years from visiting them, since she was constantly watched.

When at last the chance came to enter the Chinese Soviet Districts, she left everything behind and went, not knowing whether she would be able to return. The war between Japan and China found her there, and at heavy physical cost she decided to accompany the Red Army, reorganized as the Eighth Route Army, to the front. The diary and letters from which the present book is compiled were written hastily on marches at the front, enduring hunger and cold, and with an injured spine. Always, however, she works for the Army to the detriment of her books. When I saw her last in Hankow, in February 1938, she could not do the dozens of articles demanded of her, for her days and nights went to raising funds for medical supplies and warm clothes for peasant volunteers of the North.

Events in China move fast and limit all books. The acid test of war has been removing from the scene the old provincial armies of the warlord type so bitterly portrayed in this book. Reorganization of all the Chinese armies has been rapidly proceeding, and the methods and technique of the Eighth Route Army are no longer their property alone. Organization of the peasants proceeds on all battlefronts, with the able assistance of Chou En-lai, representative of the Eighth Route Army in Hankow and since February assistant chief of "mass mobilization" for the Military Council of all China. The mobile war-

fare, so ably developed by the Eighth Route Army, has been combined with excellent positional warfare, which is not so completely outdated as the author implies. The joint product known as "elastic warfare," uses mobile attacks to demoralize the enemy's communications and large-scale attacks to finish him off. How fast this process has advanced is seen already in North China—in fact, on all the Chinese battlefronts.

Foreword

(From a letter written by Agnes Smedley)

I'LL keep sending you my articles. But I want you, when you read them, to realize that I am faced with great problems in my writing. My back is still so badly injured that I work in perpetual pain. And we never remain in one place more than two days at a time. We are always on the march. So I am always walking or in the saddle, and at the end of the day I must start work. Often I must work all night long if we remain but one day, or one night, in that place. I can do no polishing at all. I am so weary and often in such pain that I cannot retype and at times cannot even correct. So please correct my English and have my dispatches retyped. Cut out the repetitions and edit where necessary. Sell them wherever possible and use a part of the proceeds to pay for the typing. If I ever get well, and if we are ever long enough in one place, I can do my own editing.

We are moving through a region where not even ordinary rough paper can be bought. There are no nails, no oil or fat, no salt, no fuel for fire. I shall be writing in the dead of winter without a blaze to warm me. And (need I tell you?) without sufficient food. Our food even now in the autumn is rice, or

millet, as a base, with one vegetable. Today it was turnips, and yesterday it was turnips. Sometimes we have no vegetables at all. There are big armies here and there will be little even of the essentials. Sugar is simply unheard of.

You there can never conceive of the difficulties under which our army and other Chinese armies operate. The Japanese have trucks, airplanes and other efficient means of transport. We have donkeys, horses, a few mules, and men. Almost all of our army walks. No motorized units here!

I have one horse and one mule to carry the possessions of my party. Besides myself there are two newspapermen and three guards. We must carry many of our own things. Henceforth I shall carry not only my attaché case and my films from my saddle, but I shall have my typewriter strapped to my back. If my horse or mule should die, I am lost. I have less than one hundred Chinese dollars with me, which I borrowed from a friend, but almost all of it I use to buy corn for my horse and mule each day. Twice a week my party tries to buy a chicken to enrich our diet. My companions have not a cent of money. I am the richest person in the army, with money I have borrowed. And this money I must use to feed my two precious animals so they can carry our baggage, typewriting paper, films, typewriter ribbons. I have one uniform and one winter coat and set of winter underwear. I have two pairs of shoes. The others in my party have only the shoes on their feet and they are wearing out. I don't know where we can get new shoes for them. Most of our army have no stockings at all.

I am not complaining when I write all this. These are the happiest, most purposeful days of my life. I prefer one bowl of rice a day and this life to all that "civilization" has to offer me. I prefer to work and ride with an injured back that would

take six months to heal even if I should stay in bed. All this I prefer. I fear only that my injury will affect my work, has done so already. So I beg of you to help me by editing my manuscript—yet do not make it "literary".

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China Fights Back

1

From Yenan to Sian

Yenan, Shensi
August 19, 1937

BY the time this reaches you, I will be with the Eighth Route Army (formerly the Chinese Red Army) which is fighting the Japanese invaders on the northwestern front. For months to come a main front of battle will be in this section, in Suiyüan and Chahar Provinces, for it is here that the Japanese have planned to drive a long wedge, a *cordon sanitaire,* between China and Soviet Russia. They have already captured most of Chahar Province bordering Jehol and have been driving deeper into Suiyüan Province. They are using their own troops, a few mercenary "Manchukuo" troops, but chiefly Mongol and Chinese bandits of the North and Northwest.

Before this reaches you, you will know that the new and powerful Japanese drive along the railway running from Peiping to Kalgan and Kweihwa has met a serious setback. At Nankow Pass on the Great Wall the Japanese have just lost five thousand dead and wounded. The victory was reported at a great mass meeting here in Yenan. All important events are reported at such meetings. When Tientsin and Peiping were surrendered there was a big meeting to hear about these defeats. There are daily "extras" in Yenan, and men from the

People's University here can always be seen with homemade maps of China, sitting together with groups of peasants, talking, explaining. Most peasants up here did not know where Peiping, Tientsin or Shanghai were, or who the Japanese are. They are being educated since the Eighth Route Army has established its base in this vast area in the Northwest.

Every night crowds of men and women jam into the radio station here, listening in silence to news from Nanking, Shanghai and other places. There is no shouting or wild enthusiasm at reports of victory. Instead there is a careful, steady, ceaseless listening, and thorough discussion afterwards.

When the Japanese struck at Lukouchiao, near Peiping, a few weeks ago, a mass meeting was held here and Mao Tse-tung,[1] the chief speaker, called upon everyone to prepare to go to the front. We prepared and waited for the order to march. So many wanted to go that there were many refused. Someone must remain in the rear, where there is also work to do. Communists and Kuomintang members, students of all kinds from the university, men of all beliefs and views—they are going to the front and will be found in some department of the anti-Japanese Army. Here the national front is a firm reality.

I am going with them, as a correspondent. But I will go on a stretcher, for my spine has been injured. Six weeks ago my horse fell and rolled over on me. We hope that my spine will heal on the way, but until it does I will report the war from my stretcher. Here we have no x-rays, no diathermic apparatus, to examine or cure such injuries. On our march we hope to find such a place. I cannot get well here because we do not even have the means of making plaster casts. So I go with the army on a

[1] General Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, most widely known Communist in China.

stretcher. This is a people's war of liberation and even the weakest can do some work, strike some blow, somewhere, some time.

How will we fight in Suiyüan and Chahar? For an answer, consult the interview with Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the anti-Japanese military council here. He gave two interviews on this problem, one to Mr. Edgar Snow, the American newspaper correspondent, last year, and one to me early this year. The former Red Army, now united with the national armies as the Eighth Route Army, is trained by ten years of warfare in fighting tactics against a foe a hundred times its strength. It will never fight in positional warfare alone. It has a marching capacity of two hundred li a day—about seventy miles—and is probably the swiftest army on earth. Its men are workers and peasants inured to the deepest and most bitter hardships of life. It is also an army so thoroughly trained politically that it is a solid, united, disciplined block and, I believe, indestructible. Each man, from the actual front fighter to the *hsiao kweys* (little devils) in the rear, knows exactly what and why he fights.

My *hsiao kwey* (he seems almost like my son) is typical. He is a poor Szechwan peasant about twelve years old. My two armed guards are Szechwan peasant men, too. Each day they go to political, reading and writing classes. When I first decided to go to the front with the army, I asked my two guards if they wanted to go. They glowed with joy. I could not see how my *hsiao kwey* could possibly go or have anything to do in such conditions. He has an enlarged heart, this peasant boy who has always lived a bitter life, who came on the "long march" with the Red Army and has been through many bombing attacks. So I decided, sadly, to leave him here. It

wrenched my heart, that decision. He stood before me, straight and determined, pleading with level eyes to go to the front. His face and manner were those of a child wise far beyond his years.

I held out for one full week. But he was like an injured animal. So I finally sent him to one of the chief leaders. He went like a man, pleaded his case and received permission to go. Now he goes with me and will share my horse until we capture more from the Japanese and can all ride. Since I go by stretcher at first, he can ride most of the time. This makes him tremble with excitement. He loves my beautiful pony captured by Ho Lung [2] in Yunnan Province in China's far Southwest.

So we may be bombed together, my "son" and I, and my loyal guards.

We go with a group of thirty people—twenty-six men and four women—known as the Front Service Group. Ting Ling, the noted woman writer, is organizer of the group. We are divided into several sections, the largest of which is the theatrical group led by a young woman from Peiping, Wu Kwang-wei, a most gifted actress. She has been acting here in Yenan all winter and studying in the university. In the Front Service Group there are also a few reporters, some speakers and a short story writer.

This group will be a kind of flying squadron of propagandists. It will perform whenever the army halts—in the army camps, in villages and towns, before other Chinese armies. It will go far into the territory near the enemy lines to arouse the

[2] A veteran commander of the Red Army, now leading the 120th Division of the Eighth Route Army.

people to struggle, to give plays, to speak, collect material, make reports. It will march all day and work half the night. I'll be with this group much of the time unless my back refuses to heal. I'll scrape the earth for news and facts.

The theatrical section has been practicing day and night. They are ready to present six different plays, while Ting Ling and two others are writing new plays. Those ready for production are *Lay Down Your Whip, Fight Back to Your Native Home,* both plays about Manchuria; *The Whistle in the Forest,* a play about the Manchurian Volunteers; *The Woman Spy,* the story of a woman patriot who acts as a spy and kills a leading traitor; *The Last Smile,* a pantomime without words about peasants arising against the Japanese; the theme of Gorki's *Mother* adapted to the Lukouchiao struggle near Peiping.

The theatrical group is searching for new themes, original ideas to appeal to the people. I suggested group recitation, or chanting. Unfortunately, we have no examples and the only one I vaguely remember is Langston Hughes' *Scottsboro Limited.* But our march to the front, and the fighting, will give the group plenty of ideas. We will also print a little paper, *The Front,* wherever we go.

The Eighth Route Army has political departments in each unit, with its own theatrical groups, speakers, and organizers. So ours is but one of many such small units. This army is a vast fighting, organizing, propagandizing, writing, speaking group, mobilizing the Chinese people to struggle.

We leave tomorrow. We need surgeons, medicines, field hospital equipment.

Yenan, Shensi
September 5, 1937

The army has gone to the front, but I am still here in Yenan, lying on a mud *k'ang*[8] with my injured spine. I have been hoping to go to Sian to the hospital where I could have an x-ray taken and get proper treatment. But even if I could endure the trip, the rains would prevent my going now.

Since June the rain has poured down, sometimes violently and sometimes with that slow persistent stubbornness that means it has no intention of ceasing for weeks. It is now harvest time and if the rains do not stop soon, all the crops will be spoiled and we shall suffer one of those ghastly famines that make Chinese history an intermittent record of mass death. All the streams in this part of the country pour into the Yellow River, which is rightly called "China's Sorrow." This almost treeless land is the rich yellow earth, or loess, which washes away easily with the slightest rains. The swollen rivers are thick and yellow and this rich soil is ceaselessly carried to the Yellow River and into the sea; or the river overflows and drowns millions of people.

I could write a volume on this loess country! To understand it one must see it. It is a fine porous earth, without a stone or a bone or a shell in it. Scientists have various theories about it, but the generally accepted idea is that the soil came from Central Asia, from what is now the Gobi Desert. Thousands of years ago Central Asia and the Gobi dried up. The winds carried the dried vegetation and the soil throughout Northwest China. Through the ages this went on, the topsoil of Central Asia being deposited in this region. Now, in the same way,

[8] The sleeping place used by North China people, consisting of a raised platform along a mud wall, heated from below.

North China suffers from the ghastly sand storms from the Gobi Desert. There is no more topsoil to carry, so the winds carry sand. But here in the Northwest, this fine porous earth is many hundreds of feet deep, and often whole mountains are composed of it.

Scientifically the study of loess is interesting. But during the rains it is not at all interesting to live in such a region. The rain percolates through the earth until whole mountainsides collapse and pour down into the valleys, over the roads and houses, burying everything in rivers of mud. Whole roadbeds slip away, whole hills fall with dull roars. I live in a cave in a mountain of loess and the rain seeps through and permeates everything. Little by little the cave falls in and I have often got a good mouthful of nice, rich yellow earth. Lying here now I listen to the ceaseless drum of the rain outside, and to the roar of the swollen river in the valley below. I watch the range of hills across the valley, beyond the river, and I see large sections of hills break away and slide into the valley and the river, taking with them houses and everything in the way. The dull roar fills me with dread. Outside my window I have watched the walls surrounding our garden collapse and have watched the stable fall in. The walls fell and covered part of my flower and vegetable garden. The clouds enfold the hills and the mountains and even reach down and cover the floors of the valleys. Wisps of cloud float past my window.

The misery and misfortune of China! Floods, famines, droughts, wars! Poverty indescribable, and the people always on the verge of starvation. Can you conceive of the disasters of a war when even in peace time the Chinese people live on the verge of starvation? The rich may not suffer so much, but 95

per cent of the people will suffer dreadfully and countless of them will die.

Sanyuan, Shensi
September 17, 1937

I am on my way to Sian. Ten days ago I left Yenan in an attempt to get to a hospital where I could get treatment for my spine. I have traveled in a variety of ways—by stretcher, on horseback, and in a few places on the backs of men. I walked at times, and I rode in a motor truck for a stretch of ninety li—thirty miles. My back is worse than when I left Yenan and I am still far from Sian. From people passing through here to the North today I learn that the rivers are so swollen from the rains that it took them three days to come here from Sian, though it is normally a trip of about four hours by motor truck.

I am supposed to go to Sian from here by truck, but I don't think I can endure a motor trip for three days, or even for one full day, over these terrible roads. I must remain here for a few days until friends in Sian secure permission from the authorities for me to enter the city. It is ridiculous but true that while Communist representatives sit on the General Staff in Nanking, I, a non-Communist, am not even allowed to enter Central Government territory yet. I sit here, and I lie here, and I wonder if I shall have to make the long trip back to Yenan with no possibility of having my back treated at all.

When I left Yenan I had high ambitions. I intended to keep a day-by-day diary and send it abroad that people might get a glimpse of this part of the country and of the conditions under which the Chinese people live, the conditions under which Chinese troops must fight the modern Japanese war machine.

But as the end of each day came I was so exhausted and often in such pain that I could not write. Neither could I rest, and often I could not sleep. I lay through many nights with that hard, white, wide-awakeness of nervous tension. I took drugs which I brought along, but even these would put me into an uneasy sleep for only two or three hours.

The first day out of Yenan was a day I shall never forget. About thirty li away we learned that the road ahead of us was so bad that no animals could possibly pass. Men might manage it, but not our horses or pack mules. So our party divided, some twenty men going by foot to cross the road ahead. The animals, and I on my stretcher, turned up the mountainside to go by the mountain paths. We traveled along the mountainsides for four or five hours. I lay on the stretcher and looked at the endless mountain ranges in all directions, at the occasional flames of leaves turning red. The mountain range over which we passed was covered with low bushes and small trees, with a profusion of every kind of flower—bluebells, white daisies, all kinds of yellow and purple wildflowers.

The only human habitation we passed was a mud cave in which two peasant men lived. They sold us a few *hsiao kwa,* or small, sweet squash. That was all we had to eat since leaving Yenan. I had brought food for my guard and my *hsiao kwey.* But our food was on a mule far ahead of us. My carriers had no food at all. They labored along over the mountains, and their heavy breathing sickened my heart. I am not accustomed to being carried on the shoulders of human beings.

Once I took my eyes from the distant plateau and looked down the side of my stretcher. Below me yawned a vast, deep ravine. The sides had crumbled away. I turned to the other side, to avoid looking into this abyss, only to find that another

abyss yawned on that side. I was swinging in space, with what seemed a bottomless ravine on either side of me. Only the carriers before and behind me showed that the earth was there, under their feet. I closed my eyes and waited. After a time I opened them, as we turned down a path and I was able to look back.

Our party had gone between two great caverns. No earth remained between them except a narrow footpath about two feet wide. One more deluge of rain and this whole path, three hundred feet long, would crumble away and the two abysses would merge into one.

Farther on we met our pack animals returning. They were cut off from the paths before them by a landslide. The men reconnoitered and decided to break a path down the mountainside and try to reach the main road again. My men could not carry me down the steep decline. The animals slid down on their hoofs and haunches for hundreds of feet, stumbling, being caught and held by trees and bushes. My guard and one of the carriers put their arms around me; I threw my arms over their shoulders and we followed the horses. I was half carried down the precipitous slope, then through a swamp with water almost to the hips, and finally out on the main road where the exhausted animals and men were resting.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and none of the men had eaten. The carriers said they were so hungry and weary that they could not carry me. I distributed all the food I had brought to all the men, and after a short rest we started out again. Still the men were too exhausted to carry me, so I tried to walk for a while and then to ride a horse. But not for long.

Before us was a sight I shall never forget. The whole moun-

tainside had broken away and slid down through the valley in great landslides, taking all trees and bushes with them. This debris lay ten to thirty feet deep across the main road for hundreds of feet. Two mules had tried to cross some time before us, but had sunk in the mud up to their necks and had died there.

But we *had* to cross. We unloaded the animals and the men carried the heavy burdens up and around the tops of the landslides. We drove the animals through the mud over the most passable sections. In fear we watched them flounder up to their bellies. We shouted at them. We whipped them when we could reach them. When they lay stuck in the mud we got long poles and pushed them. Desperately they fought their way across. I watched, amazed at the wisdom of the animals. They picked out the safest places, chose carefully, then struggled ferociously through. They often sank and lay in the mud, but after a moment of rest threw themselves into the air and fought their way ahead. On the other side of the terrible morass they stood heaving with exhaustion.

Nothing could possibly carry me across those places. So I climbed up the mountainside, helped by my guard and a carrier, up and around the great landslide. Then we reloaded the animals and went on, only to find another landslide before us. Six such places we crossed in the course of only ten li. Each one seemed worse than the other and each time I said, "It is simply impossible! There is no way!" We all stood and looked at the sea of mud before us. Then the men spread out and reconnoitered again. They said, "We passed worse places than this on the long march. This we can also cross."

And we crossed. Each time we feared that the animals would sink in the mud and die, or would break their legs. Three

animals did lose their shoes. And they became more and more exhausted. My back ached dreadfully and each time I crossed a slide I lay down on the stretcher and waited for the men to come. Then one of my carriers became suddenly ill from exhaustion and hunger. He lay in the wet grass by the roadside. I got out my first-aid kit and gave him some aspirin to stop his headache temporarily. There was nothing else I could do.

For hours we struggled over the ruined road. I thought at times I could endure it no longer. But we always went on. It was dark when we crossed the sixth landslide. A peasant there told us we had a good road ahead. I rode a weary horse that would not go unless my guard led him and another took a whip to force him forward. We were all cold, wet, hungry, weary. We passed a few mud huts of peasants, but they had nothing to sell us, not even hot water. The rest of our party, ahead of us, had bought everything.

At one place we asked a very old peasant for hot water. He could not understand a word we said. Down the hillside came two younger men, apparently his sons. They were short, squat men with long hair about their faces. They were bent double under great stacks of wood. From beneath their loads they lifted their dark faces, grinning at us. They made me think of all I had read and heard of the peasant serfs of the Middle Ages in Europe. So the European serfs must have looked. These men are so isolated that they speak only their own dialect. I suppose the number of their words does not reach a hundred. Their clothing is a few rags—literally rags; their bed is a mud *k'ang;* their food is such as animals could not live on.

At last we reached a small village. We could buy only some dry bread-cakes and some watermelons. We made a

meal of these and went to sleep. And the next morning at five o'clock we were on the road again.

In the morning I lay on the stretcher for a few hours, carried along by the men. The clouds, deep down in the valley, slowly rose. I looked up at the mountainsides. Each bush, each blade of grass, was hung with cobwebs. Some were so large that I could see each strand. They were wet from the heavy clouds that had enveloped them and stood out clear and white against the green background. Then the clouds lifted under the sun and the cobwebs began to disappear as the dew on them evaporated. The mountains, I saw, were covered with a hundred different flowers—with sprays of bluebells, white daisies, purple and yellow flowers, and with a flower whose blossom was something like the wild rose of America. The whole landscape reminded me of the mountains of western America, but without America's rocky cliffs. There are only a few mountains here with boulders. Everything has been covered with the fine, porous loess.

All day we traveled through the valleys. But after the first few hours, the carriers were too weak to bear me any further and I had to ride a horse. The men cannot carry me when they get so little to eat, even though there are five of them taking turns, with occasional help from two of the *mafoos,* the men who take care of the animals.

It was at the end of this day, in a small town where we stopped for the night, that I began a daily task. First one of the carriers came to me with an injured foot, and I disinfected it and bound it up. He went away, and then one by one most of the other carriers and the *mafoos* came. They all had something wrong somewhere, cut feet, bad sores—one with an ulcer

on his leg, and one with a terrible ulcer on his stomach. I fixed them up as best I could and they went away.

A party ahead of us then sent men back to be cared for, and two men with a party on the way to Yenan came for help. They had severe headaches and fevers. One man came to me with dysentery. Then came the local peasants. A man brought his baby with a head sore. One man with syphilis came. An Eighth Route Army man complained of head pains that came from a rotten tooth.

Before the evening was finished I had treated fifteen or twenty people and had told half a dozen others that I could do nothing. I can handle ordinary first-aid cases, but of course I can do nothing about teeth or syphilis. I have medicine for dysentery and other stomach disorders. What astounded me is that, though there are some intellectuals in our party, not one of them had taken one step to get medicine for themselves from the Yenan hospital.

And so from this village on, I began a daily routine of doctoring our party, other parties on the road, and the local peasants. When we halted for rest for the night my work began, and lasted always about two hours. So I became a sort of wandering first-aid worker. At times I would lie on my bed and, with the help of my guard, tend the feet stuck up on the bedside. But most of the time I had to get up and bend down. My back ached and it was difficult to continue. In one village some peasants came with bad attacks of worms. I had no medicine but later bought some in a larger town and sent it back to them.

At another place there was a young peasant with a badly injured foot. Blood-poisoning had set in. I am no doctor, and this was terrible. I disinfected the injury and treated the foot

as best I could, then went on after giving the lad instructions. But I was worried all night and for the next few days, thinking of that blood-poisoning.

I had a discussion with my translator about this concern of mine, and a conflict arose. He is an intellectual, a teacher from Peiping. I told him that I wished I could have helped the boy more, that I was afraid he would die from blood-poisoning.

My translator said, "Sympathy with the people is utterly useless. There are too many of them."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that I should not help that boy with blood-poisoning?"

"It is useless," he said.

We argued violently. I said that the treatment had taken only five or ten minutes of my time and pointed out that we waste much more time than that each day on useless things. What sort of talk is this—that I should pass by a boy suffering like that? We are a group of people from the Eighth Route Army. The strength of this army, and of the Communists who lead it, has never been in military force, but chiefly in its intimate, organic connection with the people. They have helped the people in countless ways. Wherever possible, whenever possible, in a thousand ways, we must always help where we can. We need not swerve from our main purpose. All we have to do is give—give a little of our time, a little of our thought.

I was deeply irritated because I thought I saw in the attitude of this man the ancient attitude of the "intellectual aristocrats" of China. I realized that I can easily take up a thousand things —and sometimes do—and become buried in them to the detriment of my main purpose. But I was shocked to find such an attitude in this man, with our party! Yet he too has been sick on this trip and he did not hesitate to ask me for medicine and

for help. That seemed to him all right. But when I helped poor peasants, that was a waste of time! I challenged him again and again for his attitude.

I am, and travel like, an aristocrat, in comparison with the simple men of the Eighth Route Army. I am given every advantage on earth. I have a stretcher and five carriers to take me to Sian. I have two bodyguards and a boy to help me. I have an extra horse. My translator has a horse to ride. He has an income superior to that of the common lot. These advantages mean, to me, that my responsibility—and the responsibility of my translator—is a hundredfold heavier than that of the guards and carriers and others who walk while we ride, who eat simple food when we can get the best. I am tortured always by this inequality. I remember my own childhood and youth, when I was a poor servant waiting on the rich. Always, in my mind, I associate myself with the men walking by my side. What money I have I share with them. I eat the same food as they do and feel ashamed if I do not share mine with them. Does this mean that I am indulging in weak, middle-class sympathy? If so, so be it, and let all make the most of it. If helping workers and peasants is middle class, petty bourgeois, then let it be that forever. To me it means merely that I cannot live a life apart from them.

Sian, Shensi
September 21, 1937

At last I have completed the first step of my journey and am in Sian!

My experiences on the road have shown me the depths of ignorance of the common people of China. They do not know the most common methods of protecting themselves against

disease. There must be traveling dispensaries and public health workers. The Chinese Soviets introduced widespread public health campaigns in their regions and there are now many hospitals in the Northwest. But beyond their territory you seem to sink into a deep black well. For instance, at one village I wanted to buy some dry bread-cakes. But a swarm of flies were settled on the bread. The storekeeper came and shooed them away. I saw that flies had been caught in the dough and cooked with it. I explained that I did not want bread on which flies had settled. He laughed in hilarious amusement at me, then turned and called a number of people from the back of the shop. He told them that I would not buy his bread because flies had been on it! They all laughed. I again felt that I was in the Middle Ages. I suppose this was the first time they had ever heard that someone did not want bread covered with flies. Since I am a foreigner, the incident will never mean anything to them or to the Chinese in general, but will be put down as one of the many idiosyncrasies of foreigners. In Yenan, where merchants were forced to cover food with mosquito nets, the Red soldiers patrolled the streets to enforce the public health measures. The people there have learned much, but not elsewhere.

And so I went on and on, walking or riding through the Middle Ages. We left the valleys and came out on the high plateaus. They reminded me of the broad mesas of southwestern America. In all directions I could see the tops of plateaus, many of them corroded and all but destroyed by the rains. Unlike western America, however, the sides of the plateaus were terraced and, in many places, cultivated. But there were times when we traveled for a whole day and saw not one cultivated terrace. The rains had washed many of them away

and grass had grown over them. They had not been used for years.

The country was desolate, without population. Now and then we came to a tiny village with a few houses and a few ragged peasants. I recall the terrible famine of 1928–29 that carried off nine million people in the Northwest, many of them from this region. But it is not this alone. This whole region has been the scene of Mohammedan uprisings and invasions. For decades, also, Chinese warlords have bled this country white, taking crops, animals and chickens, while officials have levied taxes that stripped the people of their last grains of millet.

Soldiers have overrun the country, leaving syphilis in their wake, so that children cannot even be brought to life. There are places here in the Northwest where you can find no child under ten years of age. This problem is one of the most serious facing the new administration in the special area in the Northwest, formerly the Soviet area and now reorganized under the Central Government. The hospitals are busy treating men and women for this old disease, and the fight to prevent any syphilis from spreading to the Eighth Route Army is a big one. No volunteer with syphilis can enter the army. Men who have it must be carefully treated and kept in units apart from the others. And the army remains clean. But since it is largely an army of sexual ascetics, there is little or no chance of the disease spreading. Any violation of women is one of the most serious offenses in the rules of conduct of the army and is heavily punished.

Still, as I go through the Northwest, even along this main road, I wonder why diseases are not more widespread, for even the Eighth Route Army men do not know what a germ is. I see cooks in wayside hovels wiping chopsticks with dishrags lit-

erally black with filth. They wipe the bowls with the same rag, wipe the perspiration from their faces with the same, wipe off the tables with the same. That one rag must be a depository for all the diseases of Asia. Yet our men eat with those chopsticks without washing them. I am constantly taking chopsticks from my guards and pouring boiling water over them—to their tolerant wonder. I cannot explain what a germ is. If I tried it, I could not prove it anyway, and they would listen politely, but then among themselves think me a bit crazy.

As I ride along on the stretcher, my mind is filled with these and a hundred more thoughts. I wonder, for instance, how it is possible to prevent this soil of the Northwest, the richest on earth, from being washed away and carried along the Yellow River to the sea; how to prevent floods. I think of vast fruit orchards and pine forests in the Northwest. Oh yes, I think of things that it will take a hundred years to achieve after feudalism gives way to democracy. About me I see the people with a few rags, dirty and patched beyond description, to cover them. Our own men live on dry bread and water with occasionally a few vegetables. They lie down to sleep at night with often no covering at all, with a piece of cotton cloth between them and the earth. They have absolutely nothing beyond what they carry on their bodies. They do not even know the feeling or meaning of a full stomach. The Chinese masses need everything—food, clothing, housing, education, medical help. The country needs everything, too—everything one can think of.

At night, when we put up in the peasants' homes, my guards and my *hsiao kwey* usually sleep on tables or boards by my side. At times there are no houses for us and we sleep in the little rooms connected with the stables in which we feed our

horses. The horses fight and the dogs bark and growl and the men about me snore. Often I cannot sleep.

One night my guards and I, my carriers and the *mafoos* all lay down side by side in the entrance to a stable. I lay on my folding canvas bed, one of my guards on my stretcher, and on either side the carriers and *mafoos* stretched out on the bare earth. Once later we passed the night in the same way, but we had with us a company of Eighth Route soldiers and they too lay down and slept on the bare earth. I lay awake for hours from weariness and pain, my nerves taut. I took medicine that put me to sleep, but for one or two hours only. I then lay awake, watching the dark forms of the sleeping men about me.

They lay without moving, hour upon hour. This interested me. I think most people toss and tumble in their sleep. I know that I do. I know that I am a violent sleeper just as I am a violent waker. But these Chinese peasants and workers lie for hours quiet and unmoving. I think that some of them do not turn over all night long. I have slept side by side with them many nights now, and I have not seen them move.

I lie and watch them and think. In no other country, I believe, could I live the life I live in China—living and sleeping side by side with men, without one thought of doubt about my safety. I feel far safer than if I were in closed Western rooms. Some of these men have carried me on their backs over streams. Others have put their arms about me and carried me down hills. As we go along, others gather wild flowers and stick them in my stretcher or give them to me. They come up and tuck in the blankets about me. When I must ride a horse they lift me in and put me on the horse so that my back may not be strained. If they have a bit of food, they share it with me. One of my

carriers got a pomegranate and brought it to me. It was a precious gift. I knew that it cost at least ten cents—and that was very, very much for him. I was so deeply moved that I could hardly speak, but could only grasp and hold the hands that held the pomegranate out to me.

Side by side with these men I lie at night. And never have I known such impersonal love and affection as that shown me. I know that if I should ever speak to middle-class, conventional people anywhere about these experiences of mine, they would smirk and titter or look at me with cold, hostile eyes. To each other they will say, "She has been sleeping with bunches of coolies and *mafoos*!"

Yes, I *have* been sleeping with coolies and *mafoos,* with Chinese workers and peasants. They have lain on all sides of me. And I know that they are my protection and my strength and that on them I can depend to the very end.

One of my guards, the Szechwan peasant youth who was sick with pneumonia this past winter, does not sleep quietly as the others do. He is a very sensitive lad, unable to sleep well in disorder and noise. He tosses in his sleep when he hears a sound. When the horses kick and neigh or the dogs growl, my guard awakes, though no other person does. The others "lie like a stone on a man long dead."

My guard is really not fitted to go to the front. Still, I have nursed him all winter long and have become very fond of him, just as I have of my *hsiao kwey*. We form a kind of trinity and my other guard does not really belong, for some reason or other, while my translator is out of it altogether. We three are something like an elder sister and two younger brothers. So we three take care of each other.

When we left Yenan, my *hsiao kwey* was like a bird out of a

cage. He is a tough little fellow, physically, in spite of the hard life he has led. Months of rest and good food have given him back much strength and he is now in excellent condition. When we left Yenan he put his red sweater and his flashlight and leggings on my stretcher and was off and away.

Sometimes I could see him in the distance, and it seemed that he would reach Sian in a few hours. Then I would lose sight of him, and he would turn up from the rear with a big handful of flowers for me. He investigated all parties of people marching far in front of us, and he investigated those in the rear. He looked over the country in general. Once when we came into Tungpu, a town of considerable size, I thought he was far behind us. Night came and I worried about him and kept asking if he had come. Finally he came dragging himself in.

He had reached Tungpu long in advance of our party and had gone to the theater and enjoyed himself. Of course my guards scold him because he worries us, and because they think he does not help enough. But he is a child, and I am glad he can enjoy himself some of the time. I wonder what kind of man he will make. He loves the open road, new places. He has known nothing else for years. He will undoubtedly grow to manhood in the army and may know nothing but fighting all his life. So long as I remain with the army I shall try to keep him with me and see that he is taken care of as well as I can care for him. Sometimes, when I have to walk, he comes and takes my hand and we walk together, and my guard comes, links his arm in mine and half supports me. So we walk along together. They teach me Szechwan words—quite different from the Chinese of the North, and we chat lightly or discuss questions seriously in one dialect or another.

On the tenth day after leaving Yenan, we reached the large town of Sanyüan, four hours by truck from Sian. It is garrisoned by General Yang Hu-ch'eng's 17th Division. We put up in a big clean room of our army headquarters. My guards and translator slept on the *k'ang* and I put up my camp bed as usual in a corner. Here we stayed for two nights.

On the second day I called on the local British missionaries and bought some worm medicine to mail back to the peasants on the road. Mr. and Mrs. Bell were more than kind and I spent half of one day with them, having lunch there. Mr. Bell is very liberal-minded and very friendly to the Communists. He says the Eighth Route Army is the best army that has ever been in Shensi and that it has gained the wholehearted support of the people.

When I left the Bells I promised to return the next day if we did not leave for Sian. But in the morning we had to set out.

It was September 18th, the anniversary of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. Our truck had to wait in Sanyüan until thousands of troops of the 17th Division passed. They were marching to a mass meeting in commemoration of September 18th. They marched fully armed, their artillery units dragging field guns, their red and blue banners streaming in the sunlight. Later we saw mass meetings in even the smallest villages. Peasants armed with spears stood in military formations with troops.

In Sian I am living in our military headquarters. Dr. Tate and Miss Major of the missionary hospital have examined my back by x-ray and it is clear that no bones are fractured. The only thing is a serious sprain and bruising of the muscles and the breaking of the periosteum of one bone. All the British

doctors and nurses in the Sian hospital gathered together, served me tea that morning, and discussed with me the medical and public health work in Yenan and the regions of the North. They asked about their mission property and I told them that it is intact, even to the pictures on the walls.

Japanese planes came toward Sian today and we all took to the cellars when the warning signal came. Then out again and about our business.

I cannot get my teeth fixed here in Sian. There is a Chinese dentist; however, if you go to him he will put a gold crown on anything at a moment's notice, but he will not even clean or grind the decayed spot first. His specialty is putting gold crowns on decayed teeth and beyond that he does not go.

I hope to leave for the front within two weeks at the most. The Provincial Government has given me a special visa which entitles me to go throughout the Northwest or to remain here as long as I wish.

I think two weeks' rest here will be enough, if I follow carefully the treatment given me by the hospital. In the meantime I shall lie here in headquarters. It is a large place and each room is filled with men and women. Political prisoners have been released in Nanking and Soochow, and many of them have come here en route to the North. Some of them leave each day.

I am so close to the struggle that I suppose I lose much of its significance. This headquarters, a clearing house for patriots and things patriotic, is one of the most dramatic places imaginable. Here are more than a hundred released political prisoners; here men and women come and go from every part of China; here a radio operates all the time, and outside even now I hear news being broadcast from Nanking, with the

Japanese jamming the wave-length so we can hardly distinguish anything. When we get off the Nanking news wave-length we can clearly get Japanese sending news, or music from Peiping. Or we can get the sickening Shanghai night club music—about a man handing a woman an orchid. An orchid in the midst of death and destruction in Shanghai! The gentleman hands her an orchid! Not a bomb, but an orchid!

Sian
October 8, 1937

I must tell you about some of the experiences of my guards and my *hsiao kwey* in this city. Four of these Chinese lads have spent much time together since we arrived, investigating the marvels of modern civilization as it exists in this first city of real size they have ever encountered. In addition to my little *hsiao kwey* and my Szechwan guard, there was a Kiangsi lad of about twenty-five years, the bodyguard of a foreign woman friend of mine who had recently arrived in Sian; and there was another Szechwan youth, the guard of a Chinese woman of our group. These peasants had traveled hundreds and hundreds of miles on the long march with the Red Army. They could ford rivers, push around and over landslides, march through the swampy "Grass Lands" of Sikong where, it seems, no man had ever been before. These four veterans took for granted what was to me most unusual. But they were bewildered and amazed and often delighted as we approached Sian and met real evidences of the modern world.

First came the trucks. Of course they had seen trucks come to Yenan, but they had never been in one. But once on our

long and wearisome journey from Yenan, a group of trucks carried our party about thirty miles. My guards took up their positions on one side of the machine, holding on like grim death. Grinning at each other and at the landscape speeding by at fully ten miles an hour, they got their first thrill of an automobile ride. When we halted at a village they all took turns sitting behind the wheel of the truck to see how it felt.

Well, they quickly got used to trucks. They were later to stop gasping at motorcycles, or to wonder at private cars even when they rode in the front seat beside the driver. It was only when we reached Sian that they really began to be astonished at everything. This is not much of a city, and the one-, two- and three-story shops are filled with piles of trashy, expensive things. A friend of mine once remarked, "Japanese goods are rotten and cheap. Chinese goods are rotten and expensive." A city of a quarter of a million, with trashy shops, was to these lads, however, a great city filled with wonders.

When we went to the local headquarters of the Eighth Route Army in Sian, I was so tired I went to my room at once and lay down. The door was at once blocked with people—but not to look at me. They were clustered like bees around the electric light switch near the door. They began taking turns switching it on and off. Each one tried this a number of times, his face turned upward to watch the light bulb on the ceiling. His hand would be pushed aside and another would take his turn.

But electric lights were not so much, either, when the boys got used to them. The time came when, in passing the switch, they would reach and turn it on and off just like that, just like veterans! They did not want anyone to see them at it, for they hate to be regarded as greenhorns. They thought Yenan

had made them "wise," for there they had first been treated as greenhorns. Until the Communists entered that town with its one main street bordered with one-story open shops, the whole town did not consist of more than a thousand people. Still, it was a large town for the Red Army boys—so large that the merchants swindled them right and left. This had taught them something of a lesson and they approached Sian somewhat gingerly.

What many of their experiences in the city were I do not know. In the first days there, they would disappear for hours at a time, walking through the city from one end to the other. I do know that my guard came home triumphantly with a leather case for which he had paid twice as much as he should have, while the next day my *hsiao kwey* went out and bought the same kind of case, in a larger size, for half the price my guard had paid. This made my guard lose face so badly that they had a quarrel. He got the upper hand two days later when he saw a train before the "little devil" saw one. This led to another quarrel, and the *hsiao kwey* dashed off to the railway station. But he did not know that he had to buy a platform ticket. They would not let him through the gates to see the train. His defeat was sad to contemplate, and it was several days later before he could really see a train.

Once, as we passed through the streets together, the two boys halted and showed me a modern barber shop. They did not know that I had ever seen one before. Eighth Route Army barbers are men who go from unit to unit with kit in hand.

At one time we all went to the modern hotel in Sian to visit my foreign woman friend. This is a fine hotel with polished floors, upholstered furniture in the lobby, electric lights, curtains, white tablecloths in the dining room and

goodness knows what. My friend had a room with a private bath. So the boys all poured into the bathroom to see the white tile and nickel, glass and mirrors. They turned on the hot and cold water, tested the wash basin, flushed the toilet repeatedly, and turned around and around admiringly as they looked at themselves in the big mirror.

They visited the hotel to see the bathroom a number of times until they were veterans in that line also. But one wonder of wonders they could never get over—the moving pictures! Coming down from Yenan, I tried to explain what a moving picture was. They did not know what I was talking about. So, on the night of our arrival, they went to the movies. Such was their wonder that they waited impatiently the next morning for the theater to open. They saw a jungle film, returned with wonder still in their eyes, and told me they had seen lions, tigers, elephants, and a huge hairy animal that looked something like a man. None of the boys had ever seen such animals, though they had seen old prints of tigers. In Szechwan and Sikong they had perhaps seen tigers or leopards. In any case, the tiger made no impression on them.

They became movie fans. On the third day they said they were going to see a foreign movie and they asked me to go along. I went. They led me to a theater with gaudy advertising posters outside. The film was called "Diamond Jim." Though my heart sank at the title, the film itself was even more depressing. I sat through it, but I lost "face" entirely. Everything in the film the boys called American. It began with Diamond Jim, a huge, fat fellow with a protruding stomach (supposedly an "American worker") taking off his overalls and getting into a high silk hat and cutaway. From that moment on, all the male characters wore this costume

which, as far as the boys were concerned, became the ordinary American dress. Diamond Jim began to wear diamond buttons, pins, and rings, but the boys did not know what a diamond was. So that part passed over their heads. All the women in the film were dressed in elaborate, gaudy gowns and the boys decided that all women in America dressed like that. The rooms in which the film was staged were filled with huge chandeliers, ornate furniture and bars. The boys did not know what a bar was.

They solemnly watched a "bad man" drive his horse and buggy through a saloon door and up to a bar. But they didn't know what a saloon was and they could not understand such conduct. There was also a scene in the Stock Exchange, with a ruined speculator sitting before a ticker, with tape in hand. This was utter Greek to the boys, as was a gaudy wedding scene later.

There were four shots in the film that had some meaning for them. One was a horse race, which interested them. One was when Diamond Jim and three of his friends, back in the early nineties, went out riding on a bicycle built for four. Later, in the streets, the lads halted before a bicycle shop and laughed at the bicycles on sale there. They were built for one person only, while in America, modern and advanced as it was, there were bicycles built for four!

Another scene was taken in 1865, presumably, and showed an engine and train of ancient vintage. They had not at that time seen the trains in Sian, so this was to them an American train. Still another scene was the inevitable Hollywood love scene. One of the actors pressed the leading lady to his manly bosom and held her in a passionate kiss. Just as this started, my guard was searching for his lost ticket stub on the floor.

But the Kiangsi lad, his eyes starting from his head, gave a loud exclamation, punched him violently and cried, "Look!" My guard, still bending, lifted his head and sat transfixed. His mouth hung open and he did not even straighten his back until the scene before him was finished.

The Kiangsi guard had more presence of mind. He shot a startled glance at me to see how I was taking such a shameless sight. As I was looking at him and at my guard, he quickly turned his guilty head away. The "little devil" was watching the scene in amazement. For him it was in the same class as the jungle film—as the hairy animal that looked like a man. For such scenes as that happen only in the bedrooms of husband and wife in China.

Of course the railway train and engine were really the high points of the experiences of the boys. When my friend left the city we took her to the train—all except my *hsiao kwey,* who was nowhere to be found. The others examined the train thoroughly, especially the toilets at the end of each car. A few days later, along with the "little devil" this time, they climbed the mud wall around the railway yard and made a closer examination of the trains. It took several hours. When they returned, the "little devil' did not talk about the trains. He was depressed because one of them had been bombed by the Japanese.

Later, I took him with me to the hospital to be treated while I was having my back cared for. Coming out, I found him in misery in front of the hospital. He was bitter when he told me they had demanded fifty cents from him and he did not have it. He had been in the Red Army for three years and never realized that one had to pay for medical care. Even when the money was paid and he was examined and given medicine, he still hated the hospital.

There was another incident that I recall with laughter. One day the Kiangsi guard, who was a squad commander of the Red Army, went with me to the fine hotel. We went to the lobby to pick up a camp bed which had been left for us in the office. This squad commander is a gruff fellow who made the long march. He is slightly stooped, and looks up from beneath heavy eyebrows. He speaks only the Kiangsi dialect which few other men can understand. He is a fine fighter but he is no star on polished floors of fine hotels.

So, just as we entered the lobby, filled with silk-gowned gentlemen draping themselves over the heavy chairs and couches, this commander lowered his head and bawled at the top of his voice at the clerks behind the desk at the other end of the lobby, "Where is our camp bed?"

Then he went toward them, right across that fine, polished floor. They stood stupefied. So, halfway across he bawled again, "Where is our camp bed?"

These clerks are cultivated Shanghai chaps in foreign-style clothing, and they did not understand a word of the Kiangsi dialect. Furthermore, they had never before had a Red Army commander charging across the lobby at them, ordering them to surrender, so to speak. I was tickled half to death with the scene. For the commander was instinctively hostile to everything around him and the clerks were paralyzed. I explained to them that we wanted the camp bed and they surrendered it silently to us. I could not help adding, "Never mind—such men as this will save China from the Japanese."

The squad commander tossed the camp bed over one shoulder and charged through the swinging doors, through the fancy iron gates and to the street beyond.

There have been many things the boys learned about in Sian.

They visited the electric light plant, for example, and had a two-hour detailed lecture on how electricity is made. They walked around and around and over and about the huge dynamos. Up to that time, the largest machine they had ever seen was the engine of a motor truck. I would give a lot to hear exactly how they will explain electricity to their comrades.

On the streets they are silent—perhaps lest they be taken for greenhorns. But once with their friends they talk ceaselessly, explaining what they have seen and learned. Back at headquarters they are at home and in their natural environment. Typical of their own real life was the mass meeting held on the evening of September 26th—the day after the First Division of the Eighth Route Army, commanded by Lin Piao, had met the Japanese on the Great Wall in North Shansi Province. This Division of Kiangsi fighters got in the rear of the Japanese—their tactics have no parallel—and cut an enemy division to pieces, taking many prisoners and capturing field guns, shells, fifty trucks and five armored cars. The Japanese had been rolling over North China with no one to stop them. Their first encounter with a Communist-led division of seasoned fighters had ended in a great victory for China.

When we received the news in Sian a meeting was held in local headquarters. I got out of bed to go. Everybody in the building was there, all the men in charge and the cooks and the cooks' assistants. There were many released political prisoners from Nanking and Soochow, students from Peiping and Tientsin going to Yenan, political workers from Yenan en route to various other cities, Eighth Route Army men, guards, *hsiao kweys,* and two foreigners, myself and a New Zealand correspondent.

The meeting was a wildly enthusiastic one. We were told of

the victory in the North and men interrupted the speaker to shout slogans. Chou En-lai's[4] wife led the celebration. The New Zealander contributed an aboriginal Maori dance of his country. I tortured the audience with two songs. A student back from Japan tortured *me* when he sang what he called a Japanese love song. A Red Army man told an incident of the long march—how the army crossed the treacherous Tatu River in Sikong, while enemy troops raked their ranks from across the river. When he ended, Chou En-lai's wife arose and sang two stanzas of a beautiful song of the long march. The melody was the ancient one about a wife singing of her husband killed while building the Great Wall during the ancient Chin Dynasty, two hundred years before Christ. Chou En-lai's wife sang:

In May in Lutingchow
Liu Hung-kwei's troops
Fought us desperately.
But we crossed the Tatu River.
Seventeen heroes gave their lives
In the crossing.

In August we marched northward
Across the Grass Lands,
But never felt the cold.
Never had men crossed these Lands before.
The strongest of all armies is the Red Army.
There is no difficulty we cannot conquer.

[4] Chou En-lai, well-known Communist, was secretary of the Whampoa Military Academy in 1927 when Chiang Kai-shek was president of it. He led the delegation of Communists who interceded for Chiang Kai-shek's freedom in the Sian kidnapping. Now vice-chief of mass mobilization for the combined armies of China.

After this fragment of a long ballad, with its haunting melody, a group of Peiping students sang the patriotic song, "Fight Back to Your Manchurian Home!" Then a Red Army fighter from Kiangsi sang the strangest song I have ever heard. I thought it was a song of the aboriginal tribes of Sikong which he must have learned during the long march. It was harsh, sharp, clear, militant, jerky. It stirred the blood. But it was no aboriginal song. It was a Kiangsi folksong as sung by Kiangsi Red Army fighters.

We sang and spoke and danced strange dances, then ended the mass meeting by standing up, lifting our fists and shouting slogans in praise of the Eighth Route Army. "For there is no difficulty it cannot conquer, no fort it cannot take!"

Near me sat my four lads, the three guards and my "little devil," laughing, singing, shouting. This was their natural element. They belonged to the struggle, to warfare. I know that not one of them will know anything else ever. For the independence of China will not be gained in a day, or a year, and the struggle for liberation in China will last throughout their lifetimes even if they live to be fifty.

Sian

October 15, 1937

Tonight the editor of a Sian newspaper showed me the latest reports about the Eighth Route Army. These are:

October 10th, Laiyüan, a strategic center in Western Hopei Province, was captured from the Japanese.

October 12th, one brigade of the Eighth Route Army attacked the Japanese at Kuohsien, inflicting a defeat which was not yet decisive, though fighting was continuing. They captured twelve motor trucks loaded with gasoline and ammuni-

ıon, though the trucks had been damaged in the fighting. From fifty to sixty of the enemy were killed and as many rifles captured.

October 14th, the Eighth Route Army recovered the large own of Nıngwufu in North Shansi.

The battle for Yüanping contınues, with the Japanese still nside the walls.

2

From Sian to the Front

En route to the Northern front
October 16, 1937

OUR train has been twice delayed, but we left Sian at eleven this morning. In our party are two Chinese writers going with me as correspondents—Chou Li-po and Hsu Chuen; also a comrade escorting us, and my two bodyguards. Even the third-class cars in which we travel are not crowded. That is because we are going toward the war region. Yesterday I saw thousands of poor refugees marching through the streets of Sian. They were obviously peasants, and they carried all their earthly belongings—bundles thrown over their shoulders. Many of the women were foot-bound, none seemed to have washed for days, and the hair of the women was matted with dust.

Our trip to Tungkwan was uneventful, though for my bodyguards it was an event. It was their first train ride. In the middle of the afternoon we reached Tungkwan and passed through a barrage of examinations of our military passes, and then of my passport. I was showing cards right and left for a time. But the officer in charge smiled and apologized at the trouble given me.

We went by ricksha for some twenty minutes to the ancient walled town. The very name of this town shows that it was a

fortified pass leading into Northwest China. At the gates of the old wall we were examined again, then allowed to pass. The town is small, the streets bordered by the usual small open shops. As we rolled along I heard singing far in the rear. Looking back I could barely distinguish the dark outline of thousands of marchers, with a Chinese national banner in the vanguard. The marchers were either soldiers or students. As they marched, the melody of one of the most popular national songs came to us. But soon we lost the marchers, passed through another gate, and went down to the banks of the Yellow River. Here we would cross and spend the night at Fenglingtohkow, just across the river. My Szechwan guard had never seen the Yellow River, but my other guard—a new one, the commander from Kiangsi who had been the guard of a friend of mine—had been with the Red Army when it crossed the Yellow River two years ago and marched into Shansi Province. At that time they marched, singing a famous Red Army song set to the tune of an old love song of North Shensi. This song begins by telling of the floating clouds that hide the tops of the mountains and mirror themselves in the Hwang Ho—the Yellow River—which is crossed by the "iron Red Army." The song continued in satirical reference to the provincial governor of the province, and to all "country-selling traitors." Now the song is changed. The Eighth Route Army has long since crossed the Yellow River without fighting, and it sings of the national front against the invading enemy.

We crossed the yellow sluggish river on a huge junk. It was late afternoon and the sun caught in the clouds above the range of deep blue mountains stretching to the west. But soon we forgot to look, for on our junk there were two Tungpei—northeastern or Manchurian—cavalrymen, just back from the

northern front. One was an older man and one in his thirties and both wore sheepskin coats, which showed that they had come from cold regions. The younger one talked eagerly with us when he heard we were a party from the Eighth Route Army. His eagerness was grim, not smiling. "If all the armies of China were like the Eighth Route Army," he declared, "China would have beaten back the enemy long ago." He told us of the Eighth Route Army victories. There were two big ones in particular—the one at Pinghsingkwan, a strategic point on the Great Wall, on September 25th, and one at Tsingping-chen, about one hundred and fifty li to the northwest of Pinghsingkwan. The Tsingpingchen victory he described as a very big one, with ten thousand Japanese killed, wounded and taken captive.

He told us that when Ho Lung's Division (formerly the Second Front Red Army) arrived at the front, he was among the Tungpei men to go to Shinhsien to welcome them. A meeting was held at eleven o'clock at night, and Ho Lung spoke. Thousands of people had come to welcome Ho Lung's troops, he said, and the applause was unending. When we asked him his impression of Ho Lung, he gave a quick jerk of his head and said, "Too great for me to describe."

He talked of the Tungpei cavalry which is now in the Pingtichuan region, on the Peiping-Suiyüan railway, guarding the approaches to Kweihwa, the capital of Suiyüan Province. The Tungpei Army is now reorganized into six armies, he said, and all are at the various fronts—on the Pinghan (Peiping-Hankow) railway, on the Tsinpu line (Tientsin-Nanking). The cavalry of twenty thousand men is in the Pingtichuan region, and he had just come from there. The cavalry has suffered heavy losses, he said, his lips thin as he looked at the

Yellow River ruefully. They suffer heavily from Japanese air bombings. When once we reach the village and region of Yütze, a small place to the southeast of Taiyüan, he said, we would be in the bombing zone. The Japanese bomb the entire region north of this each day. They bomb particularly the civilian population in the rear. At the front the bombing is not so severe. But they are trying to demoralize and destroy the civilian population, and they have destroyed whole villages and towns.

Bitterly he shook his head and said, "There are so many traitors." We asked who the traitors were and he said they were chiefly the loafer and gangster type.

He told me more of the Tungpei cavalry, and said that General Ma Chan-shan, who fought the Japanese in the famous Noni River region in North Manchuria in 1932, would soon command the cavalry. General Ma is now in Kweihwa, and soon the cavalry will be organized for Partisan fighting. That sounds to me like Eighth Route Army influence.

The people in Suiyüan Province are well-organized to help the armies, he said, but the Japanese have mechanized forces and the aircraft is particularly terrible. Still the people help the wounded, after the battles. But the people are best organized in the whole North Shansi region over which the Eighth Route Army is fighting. He told us of Central Government troops in Taiyüan and of the daily bombing of Taiyüan by Japanese planes. "We have some planes," he added, "but not enough."

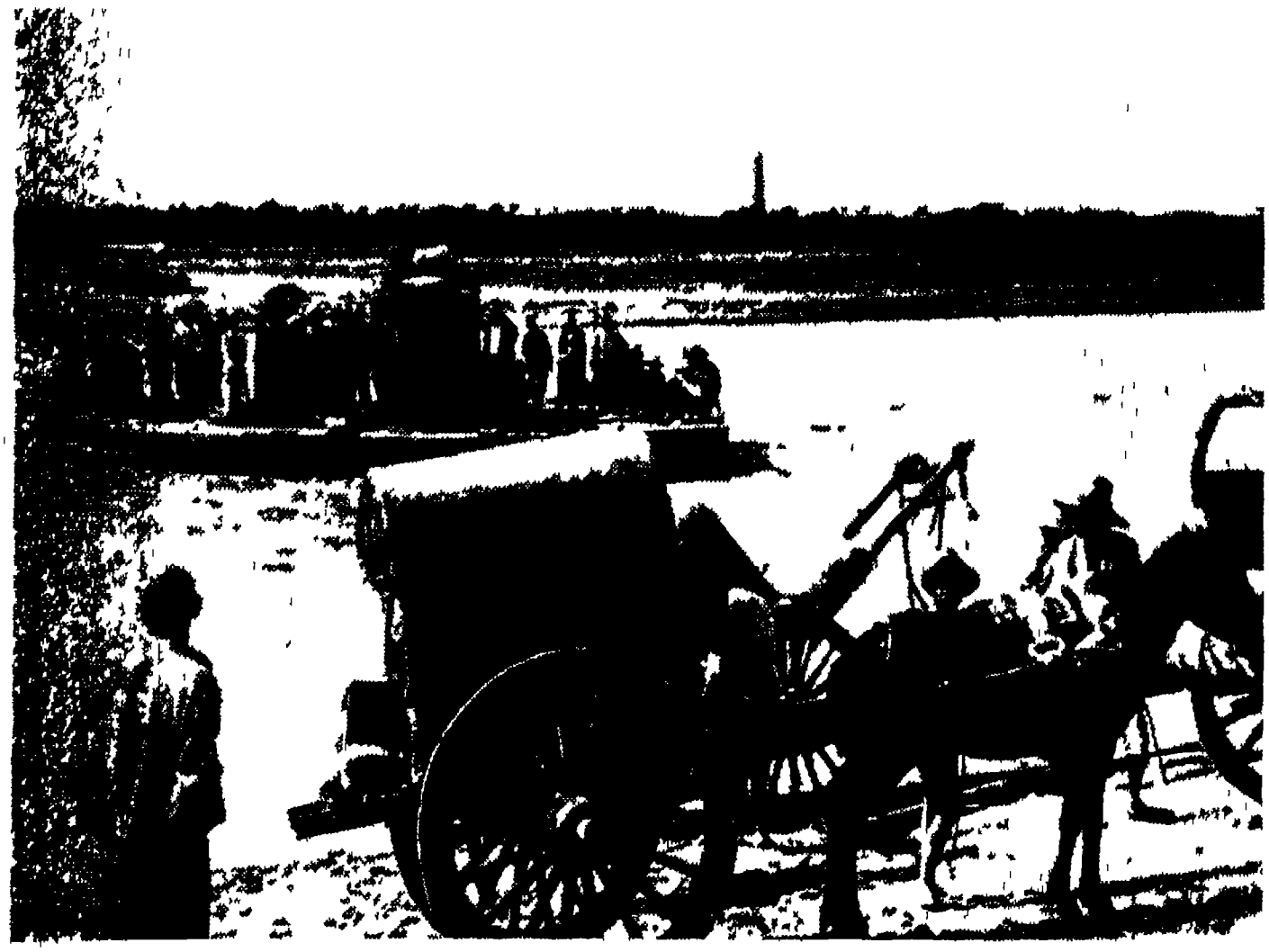
Our junk reached the mud banks of the Hwang Ho before the rambling village of Fenglingtohkow. Carriers took our luggage and I lagged behind with Chou Li-po and one Eighth Route Army comrade who had joined our party with two others. (We are gradually re-enforcing our ranks!) I lagged

behind because the mud approaches to the Hwang Ho were lined with wounded soldiers. They lay on the bare earth, without blankets, without care of any kind. Later the junks would carry them across the river to the trains, to be transported to hospitals in Sian or Loyang. But the junks were being loaded with boxes first, and the wounded seemed to be of secondary importance. They lay in their faded gray-blue uniforms and a few in sheepskins. Some were so badly wounded that gangrene had set in and they would not live long. Their bandages were bloody and dirty. We talked with them. There were about five or six hundred wounded in this little village, waiting to be sent to hospitals. These men were wounded in the Pinghsingkwan region near the end of September. They are all Yen Hsi-shan's troops, and have been transported on country carts across the entire length of Shansi. They have been on the way for nearly a month, and have had no medical care since the end of September. There are no doctors, no nurses, no first-aid workers with them. They must take care of themselves, or be cared for by the peasants who bring them by cart. I wonder how many have died en route.

Because of our talk with the wounded, we lost our party and could not find them in the teeming thousands of people who come to this point to cross the Yellow River. We went from one mud hotel to another, and we tramped the streets looking. A group of three men stopped us and began to talk. One was a correspondent from the great Chinese daily, the *Ta Kung Pao,* from Hankow, and he is on his way to the front. We decided to go together. He speaks some English and is a very intelligent, active man. His group and ours divided and began searching for our party. I went with Chou Li-po, an Eighth Route Army man, and a student just returned from Japan, and

Agnes Smedley (in the uniform of the former Red Army) and her HSIAO KWEY, *"little devil"*

A wall in Yenan with posters and proclamations. Note the interest in the Spanish Civil War



in the growing darkness we searched every house in the place. In vain. Then we started out across country to the newly constructed railway station some six li away to see if they were there. The railway station here had been bombed by the Japanese and a new one constructed. Since my back is still bad, we caught up with a cart which had been transporting the wounded and was now going back. The peasant allowed me to ride, and after an hour we reached the station. Our party was not there. The moon was high and full and the clouds drifted across it so that the night was sometimes dark, sometimes very bright. Beyond the station we heard men's voices singing a national song. It was a regiment of troops from Szechwan Province—for Szechwan troops of Liu Hsiang have come clear up here to this region. As we walked through the moonlit night, the student from Japan told me that photographs of Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung, the leaders of the Chinese Communists, hang in bookshops and in the homes of many Japanese workers.

We had explored every box car, every passenger car, every hut, and started back, when we met a comrade and my two guards looking for us. We returned to the bombed railway station and found all our party, and all our baggage, peacefully camped on the station platform. They had not even looked for a hotel. I grew rather sarcastic about the inefficiency of intellectuals and we made off for the town to find a hotel. The *Ta Kung Pao* correspondent is not an incapable intellectual at all, but a very capable one. We were put up—we were jammed in—in two small rooms in a mud hotel kept by a Front Service Group. My camp bed was put up and the mud *k'ang* along the entire length of the little room was occupied by five men of our party. We now had taken unto ourselves the *Ta Kung*

Pao correspondent and three other men going to the front for political work.

I could not sleep. I was too weary. My back gave me trouble. I tossed and tumbled and took bromine tablets. I had enough money to buy but one tube of bromine.

Hsu Chuen could not sleep either. He has an injured foot. But it was not his foot that kept him awake. It was the talk with the Tungpei cavalryman on the junk as we crossed the Yellow River. Hsu Chuen is a Manchurian also. He lay awake this night with thoughts of his home and his old parents. It has been five years since he heard from them, and for these five years he has never written. He dares not. He was a Volunteer and he is a revolutionary and a patriot. So he dares not write to his mother or father. But often he lies awake at night with memories and thoughts of them and of his country.

October 17, 1937

We were up and at the station at eight this morning. We took possession of an elegant car with benches in it, though others had to travel by box car. Our benches were broken and the floor was an inch deep with dirt, but it was an elegant car. Then, firmly established and ready for the two-day trip to Taiyüan, the train men suddenly told us that this car was not going and we must change immediately to a car ahead. Men shouted, "Hurry! Hurry!" and all of us began pulling our baggage off the racks and handing it out. We grabbed all we could and ran for the car ahead. It was a box car with a number of Eighth Route Army men in it already sitting on their bedding. We took our places. Then a woman from the Eighth Route Army, a friend of mine, joined our party. She is director of a theatrical group in the political department of the First

Division. She has just had a baby, which she left with her brother-in-law's family in Sian, and is off for the front again. On the side I may remark that I've taught her birth control methods, for neither she nor her husband seem to know about such things.

Although we rushed to this box car, where I now sit writing, the train switched back and forth until ten o'clock. Then we began rolling slowly along to the north. Through the box car door I can see the gigantic range of mountains across the Hwang Ho, as they grow dimmer and dimmer. Down this range to the west is the famous Hwa Shan, one of the five sacred mountains of China. Across from us the range is really magnificent in height, in jagged peaks, and in beauty. Snow has already fallen on the tops of some.

My guard made me a "desk" at one end of the car. Two of our boxes are piled up and I sit on a roll of bedding before it and write. By my side sits Chou Li-po, writing a report for a Shanghai newspaper about the wounded in the town we have left. The car has about twenty to twenty-five people in it, some of them older men with the typical face which I call the "Eighth Route Army" face. It is a very conscious, vital, intelligent face. The *Ta Kung Pao* correspondent sits in the middle of the car talking with one of the railway workers who have joined us. None of us pays a cent for the trip. We all have military passes. Tomorrow night we expect to reach Taiyüan.

Beyond the doors of the box car the typical landscape of Shansi and Shensi Provinces rolls by. The hills and mountains of loess are terraced to the tops at times, a very different geologic formation from the majestic rocky mountain range rising beyond the Hwang Ho which we have left. The agricultural land on the plains is given over to cotton and millet. The houses of

all the villages are made of loess earth, topped with tile roofs. There are many trees here and the land is beautiful, sunny, and smiling.

As we travel northward we pass many trains of wounded soldiers. We questioned a station master and some railway men and they say that one thousand wounded are transported south on this line every day. There are many others transported by cart. One thousand a day—thirty thousand a month! This is from North Shansi alone. It does not even include the Eighth Route Army, the Tungpei cavalrymen or the Suiyüan troops, nor many other forces fighting in the North. The drain on China's manpower is colossal. I hear stories that are horrible—of one whole Tungpei army on the Pinghan line wiped out to the last man, fighting, but unable to stand against the mechanized forces of heavy artillery, airplanes, tanks and armored trains of the Japanese. It is flesh and blood and the will to freedom against an imperialist army equipped with all the death machines of modern times.

A friend and I alighted from our train at one station and went around to a train filled with wounded. Before this train stood a great crowd of townspeople with a few hundred Boy and Girl Scouts in the center. The people stood and looked in misery at the wounded, and the wounded looked back at them. Hardly a word was spoken. Yet it was one of the most eloquent sights I have ever seen. My friend and I went into the station, skirting a long line of wounded. These wounded patiently and painfully waited to take their turns at an improvised counter in the railway waiting room, behind which stood a lad about seventeen or eighteen years of age, clad in a nurse's apron. He was sunk completely in his work. By his side was a wicker suitcase with only a few bandages and a little medicine left.

The wounded watched that precious wicker suitcase. But not all could have their wounds dressed. There was not enough medicine and there were not enough bandages. The young lad working so eagerly kept muttering to himself as he bent to get his precious bandages. How precious they are no one can understand who has not seen the thousands of wounded in Shansi today. Everywhere we are told that there is not enough medicine, not enough bandages, often no doctors, and only an occasional nurse. This one boy nurse had not a soul to help him, though the wounded on this train were about four hundred.

Outside on the platform the crowd of students and townspeople continued to stand and look at the wounded mournfully. We passed them a number of times. I had the impression that the wounded took comfort in this silent watching and waiting by their side. But the people were filled with misery. Our train soon left. I bent from our freight car to watch. The crowd still stood watching and waiting. I knew it would remain there until the wounded left. Later they might remain watching the tracks along which their defenders had gone.

Last night I was awakened by the talking of men. Across the space between the open doors of the box car, the brilliant moonlight cast a flood of light. It was so bright that the dark forms of sleeping men on all sides of me were in total darkness. Right in the flood of moonlight stood three men, talking. One was a soldier in khaki uniform whom I had watched in our car before. His skin is almost the color of his khaki uniform, and his face is thin and intelligent. But he is very poorly clad, he has no baggage at all, and not even a blanket to cover him at night. He has no money, it seems. We share our food with him and he always protests while glancing hungrily at the food. He

sits on a sack near the door during the day and about him is an air of such elemental simplicity that it borders on humility. He has taken no part in the conversation. But now he stands in the moonlight and his voice comes to me as something very beautiful. He is speaking the North China dialect, and each word rings clearly and strongly like a bell. I understand much that he says. Then someone answers him swiftly in the South China dialect. The soldier does not understand and the southerner must repeat and repeat. I can hardly distinguish a word of the southern speech. The speaker is a Hunan man. But the soldier is telling of the battle at Nankow Pass in August, and of his part in it. He says he was wounded and came down this line like the wounded men we saw.

I get up and join the group in the moonlight. My watch shows that it is two o'clock in the morning. On the track next to ours is another train filled with wounded. The white bandages about their heads gleam in the moonlight. Nearly all are sitting up because there is no room for them to lie down. And none seems to be sleeping. We talk with them. They are men from General Yen Hsi-shan's army and they fought the Japanese north of Taiyüan. They don't mind the machine guns or the rifles of the enemy, they say, but the field guns are terrible because they cannot get at them. They got some medical treatment at Taiyüan, but they do not have enough medicine or bandages.

I return to my camp cot, on which a woman comrade also sleeps, but I can sleep no more. The train of wounded moves south, and our train moves northward toward the front. The soldier in khaki continues to stand in the moonlight. The Hunan man who talked to him has gone back to his pallet and is humming an anti-Japanese song. He seems to be seeking comfort. My mind teems with a thousand thoughts. Last night

all Eighth Route Army men in the car sang patriotic songs—sang them solemnly and with conviction. The woman comrade and I sang the "Internationale," she in Russian and I in English. A man joined us in Chinese. Then the three of us sang the "Marseillaise," also in three different languages. The others in the car listened silently, and then my two bodyguards sang the famous Red Army song of the iron Red Army crossing the Yellow River. The whole car then sang the song, "September 18th."

Across from me sat two Central Government officers with an orderly; they had boarded the train last night. They did not join in the singing. One of the officers in particular keeps himself apart from us.

This morning a teacher from a middle school in Tsinan, Shantung Province, also joined us. We have about thirty-five men in our car now. The teacher wants to join the Eighth Route Army and is going to Taiyüan to make connections. He tells me of the fighting along the Tsinpu (Tientsin-Pukow-Nanking) railway. It is a disastrous picture he paints. The Japanese are rolling over the Chinese armies which have no heavy artillery or airplanes to stop them. Whole divisions of Chinese troops fight, stand their ground, and are wiped out. It is imperative that the people of North China be organized and armed. Now they can only stand by the roadside and watch the Japanese enemy occupy towns and villages. The teacher says:

"The people in the North have not even been told why they should fight the Japanese. The result is that we are losing North China. I think the only way to fight the Japanese is the way the Eighth Route Army fights. I am going to try and join."

I learn later that this teacher is a Social-Democrat. But he

will undoubtedly be taken into the Eighth Route Army, which has room for every man who is willing to fight the Japanese.

This morning I talked with the soldier in khaki uniform who speaks the beautiful North China dialect. His name is Chu Fen-tai and he was a member of the 4th Company of the 20th Division of the 13th Army of the Central Government. This is the story he told me:

"I am a Hopei (Province) man, a peasant. I joined the 13th Army three years ago. My brother had worked in Changchun, Manchuria, but when the Japanese came we returned to Hopei and joined the Army with the hope that we could fight the Japanese. A short time after, we were sent to fight the Red Army in Shansi instead of being sent to fight the Japanese."

One of the officers got up, came over and stood in the door of the box car listening. The soldier continued:

"Many men in the 13th Army think just as I came to believe—that the Communists want to make China strong and prosperous. But we never learned that in the army."

"What kind of educational work do you have in the 13th Army?" I asked. "Do the soldiers learn to read and write, and are they politically trained?"

The officer bent down and answered for the soldier, "Yes, during peace time. When we fight it is impossible."

Calmly the soldier looked at him and answered, "No, the only training we get is an occasional lecture by someone. But what is said is not very deep. He merely says the Japanese are the enemies of China and we must fight the Japanese. But we never learned anything about the condition of China itself."

I asked the soldier to tell me about the fighting at Nankow,

the strategic pass on the Great Wall leading into Inner Mongolia.

"About four months ago," he said, "our army was stationed at Nankow. My company had nine machine guns and, of course, rifles. I was a machine gunner." He took my pencil and drew a rough sketch in the dust on the box-car floor. "I was here," he continued, drawing a square to the southern corner of Nankow, "on a high mountain. We knew of the Japanese invasion of Peiping. A part of the 29th Route Army that fought in Peiping was garrisoning the railway line from Peiping to Suiyüan. Soon General Kao Kwei-tzu's 84th Division also joined the defense forces at Nankow. We expected the Japanese to come along the railway. Japanese airplanes had come scouting over our positions, then left.

"About two months ago we saw about a hundred foreign armed men coming from the rear. I opened fire, and we began fighting. Soon a large Japanese force joined the approaching enemy, and airplanes began to bomb our positions.

"In that first engagement I fought one whole day and one whole night without rest or food. The Japanese put up field guns, but we could not locate their positions. We defeated the first advance unit of the enemy and captured some of them. They were all Japanese students, some of them fifteen to eighteen years of age. But after the first engagement, we merely defended our positions, and later were defeated. We were defeated because we merely defended, and did not take the offensive.

"I fought in that position for twenty days and twenty nights. Often we were without food except sweet potatoes which the peasants brought us. We were weary, exhausted. After twenty days we fought hand-to-hand battles with the enemy. Three

Japanese attacked me at one time and I fought with a sword. I killed two of the men and drove off the other, but they injured me here on the skull, and here, they shot me through the leg just above the ankle." He showed me the scalp wound. It was two long, broad scars beginning at the temple and extending toward the back of the head.

"Even after they wounded me I fought them; then I realized I could not stand. The blood was streaming all over me and I was nearly blinded. But the enemy had taken our position. I began to roll down the mountainside to find our comrades. No, we had no doctors, no nurses, no first-aid workers on the battlefield. The only help we ever got was from the peasants. Even during the battle they came bringing us sweet potatoes, rice, or water, and they brought us boards or doors from their houses to carry away our wounded. Until they helped us, we bandaged our wounds with our leggings.

"I rolled down the mountainside, but saw Japanese troops and some armored cars before me. So I crawled up the mountain again, and at last met two peasants with a door. They put me on it and took me to the railway station in the rear, and there I was transported to a rear hospital and, later, to Kaifeng down in Honan.

"I am now recovered from my wounds. I am going to Taiyüan, and I want to join the Eighth Route Army."

That was the soldier's story.

We halted at the town of Kiehsiu and there an aviation officer came up, shook hands with me, and began speaking excellent English. He put his arm around my shoulder and walked with me, talking. He is going to Taiyüan. He asked our party about the Eighth Route Army and wanted the ad-

dress of its headquarters in Taiyüan. At a later station he returned and talked with us once more, and said he wanted to join the Eighth Route Army. One of our party remarked that the whole world seems to want to join the Eighth Route Army.

While we were at Kiehsiu, the garrison commander gave us reports from the northern front. The Eighth Route Army has had two new victories, he told us, and in one place captured one hundred and twenty Japanese railway cars filled with supplies. Liu Peh-cheng's troops—a division of the Eighth Route Army—passed through this town at the end of September, he said, and he was present at the meeting to welcome them. He led us to some slogans painted on the railway station and buildings in the neighborhood. On the station was a big slogan, "Welcome the Eighth Route Army!" Other slogans nearby read :

"Arise, all who do not want to become Japanese slaves!"

"Support the troops who fight for the country's salvation!"

"Help the army to free the nation!"

"The people must cooperate with the army to exterminate the invading enemy!"

Some students from the local military academy told us of their work and their military training. They are all being trained as officers. In Taiyüan they heard a lecture by an Eighth Route Army representative on the organization and arming of the people. People in this region are being armed—at first students and workers, they told us.

We left this station and, at about sunset, stopped at another. The sky in the west was ablaze with the setting sun. The last rays lingered on the range of mountains to the east. These

mountains are dusted with the first fall of snow. Winter is approaching.

We saw what the mobilization of the Chinese people means. From the two open freight cars back of us came about two hundred young peasant men carrying banners bearing the characters, "Vanguards against the Japanese" and "Give us back our land"—the latter an ancient Chinese cry that has come down from the beginning of the Mongol invasions of China. These peasants lined up in groups of about fifty on the station platform and waited. Soon other peasant groups came out of the growing darkness and joined them until there were three or four hundred men on the platform with banners. They were typical peasants, bearing small bundles or cotton padded quilts. Most were bareheaded and some had small face towels bound about their heads. They seemed to have come from placing their plows and mules or donkeys in the stables. They marched away to the military training camp where new soldiers are accepted and trained. They were all Volunteers and they had their own leaders.

When they left we saw on the platform huge baskets of the dry round pancakes which are eaten in North China. Huge jars of boiled water stood near-by. These, we were told, were food and water for a trainload of eight hundred wounded coming from the northern front. There is a temporary rear hospital here. For the eight hundred men there are ten doctors, but no nurses except the local people who volunteer to help. The men at the station to take charge of the wounded had exactly seven stretchers among them. They told us that they have very little medicine, not even half enough, for this group of wounded, and none for the future wounded. They have bandages.

We leave the station. Our car is now lit by a single candle

which I supplied, while the officer magically produced a candlestick. On one side of the car sat the two officers and their orderly; grouped around them were all the rest. One of the officers was telling stories, and they were all bending forward, listening with tense interest. The candlelight fell on their faces, casting them in sharp relief, then again in shadow. Sometimes they all rocked with laughter, their white teeth gleaming. The officer was telling them that eight years ago he had been a soldier in the 18th Division which was captured by the Red Army and disarmed, and its commander, Chang Hwei-tsan, executed. The Red Army men had told this officer he could join them, or he could get three dollars and go home.

"I took the three dollars," he added, laughing, "but the men who gave it said, 'Take this money, but when you come again bring us some good guns.' "

The car rocked with laughter. For the Red Army used to call the Kuomintang armies that were fighting them "our transport troops."

The other officer felt that he had to justify his past actions, so he said, "Oh yes, you called us your 'transport troops.' But once my division captured one of your chiefs-of-staff and put him in prison." There was complete silence at this remark. Everyone looked at him. He lowered his eyes and said no more.

October 22, 1937

Since arriving in Taiyüan a few days ago, my life has been so filled with work and the study of the situation here, with interviews and discussions, with speeches and work to help the thousands of wounded, that I have had no time to write. On the morning of the 19th, at four o'clock, our train entered the city. We went through the silent streets to the local headquar-

ters of the Eighth Route Army. None of us had slept the last night because we expected to reach the city before midnight, and we had restlessly left the train at each station and asked everyone in sight, and ourselves, when we would reach Taiyüan. We were tired when we reached headquarters; but in the huge room given our party, we put up boards for beds, dragged out tables and chairs, and set to work at our tasks, chiefly writing—for our particular party consists of writers and war correspondents. So when daylight finally came, it found us all bending over our writing pads, though I have the advantage over all the Chinese of having a typewriter. Breakfast of rice and one salted vegetable was brought us; we halted to eat, then went to work again.

We had to interview leading personalities in Taiyüan, investigate hospitals and various defense institutions. We were told that the public life of Taiyüan is lived almost entirely at night, because of the daily air raids. The streets are as silent as the dead during the daytime, and only around four in the afternoon do people begin to work. However, many do work in government and military institutions all the time. We might have trouble, for the police clear the streets during the five or six air raids each day. The people then take to the underground caves which have been constructed everywhere so that the parks, gardens, homes and streets of the city are piled with hills of dirt, at times making traffic difficult. The population is now used to a night-time existence and to the frequent screeching of the sirens. But soon I learned that a great many people simply ignore the sirens. When the first sirens sounded on the early morning of our arrival, we all grabbed our overcoats and went for the caves beneath headquarters. But we saw that most of the men would consider going to the caves

only when the Japanese began bombing near our building. After my first rush to the caves, I also ignored most siren warnings. Since then I have gone underground but once, and that was during an interview with General Yen Hsi-shan in Government headquarters. My two friends, both Chinese newspapermen, and I were bending over diaries, notebooks and documents taken from Japanese captives, which General Yen had just handed us. The sirens began to screech, and soon the second warning of immediate danger sounded, and we took the Japanese documents and went to the underground caves.

These underground anti-aircraft cellars under the Government *yamen* (office building) are veritable catacombs. We went down and down, weaving around and around, then down more steps, then around and around, along with hundreds of officials in the *yamen,* the workers engaged in erecting a new building, and military men of every rank. We finally reached a deep level to which no sound penetrated. Then my friends and I, and two of General Yen's secretaries, sat down on the cement floor, put a candle between us, and spent the time translating and reading the Japanese diaries. I got hold of a diary of an officer who had been learning English. He had copied a number of popular American songs, such as "Blue Hawaii," and new songs that I do not know. He also had the addresses of various Japanese and foreign prostitutes in Shanghai and Yokohama, and he had written a criticism of each.

Li-po, one of my companions, was deeply absorbed in the diary of a petty officer who had been killed on the battlefield. The man had written of the poverty of the Chinese people. One passage told how a Japanese unit entered a Chinese village. He had gone into the homes of some of the peasants. They did not have more than a handful of rice, and no other food what-

ever. After speaking of their desperate poverty, he had added:

"It is indeed terrible to be men without a country."

Another diary of a brigade commander read:

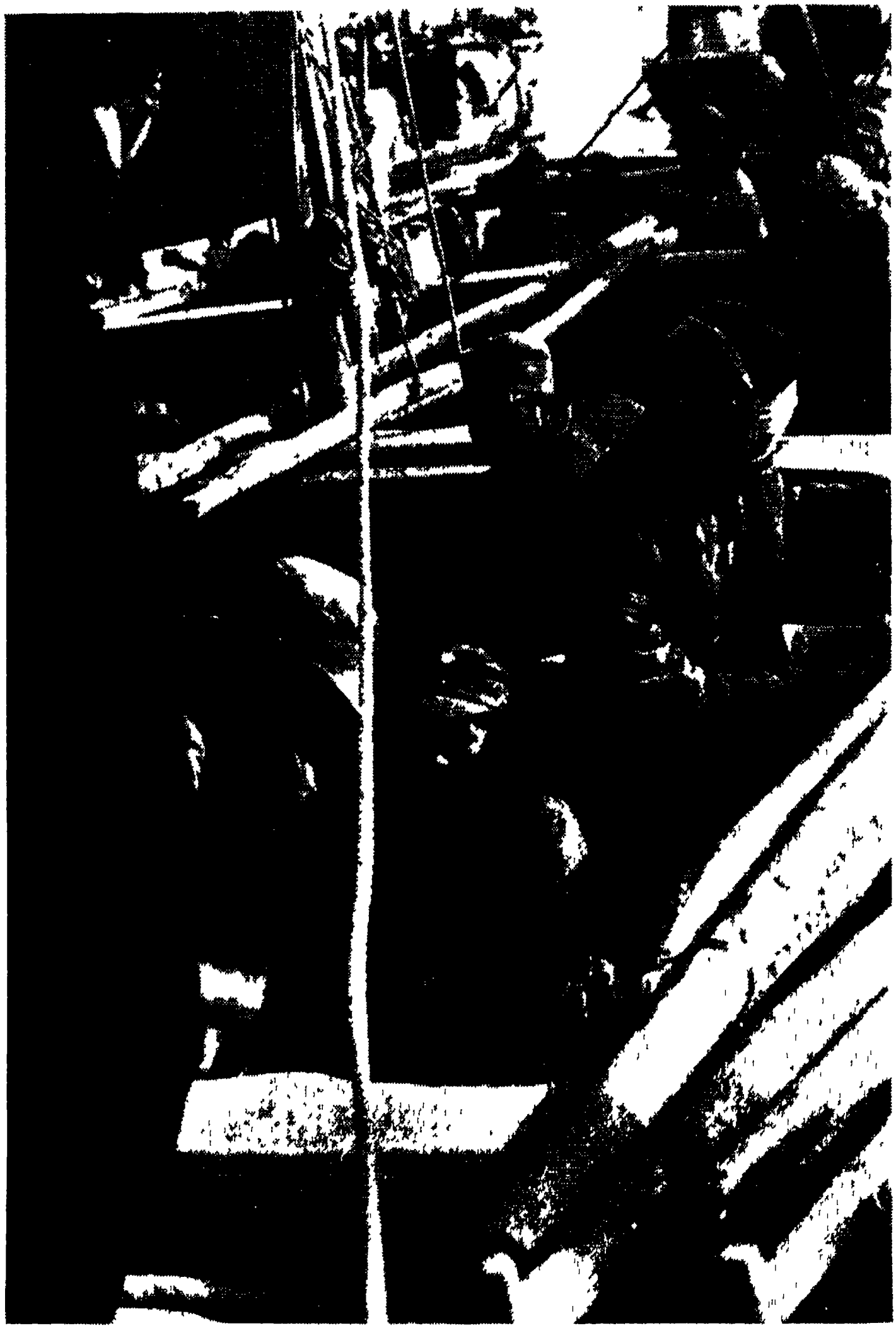
"The Red Army gives me a headache. We Japanese can only fight during the daytime, but the Red Army can fight any time. Chunghsienshun, September 29th: Where I now am, I learn that the influence of the Communists is very strong. Communist influence is the foundation of anti-Japanese thought. About one hundred and fifty of our motor trucks have all been destroyed by the Red Army and fifty or sixty of our soldiers killed. One of our company commanders was among those killed. Around here even these Chinese women join the war and throw hand grenades. I have received orders from my superior officers that every person in this place must be killed."

Li-po read these passages from the diary with exclamations of excitement. From another one, which seemed to be by a lower officer, he read:

"I am very tired. At such times, when we are all so tired, we officers are unable to command our troops. Some of our troops pile their things on the horses, even unnecessary things. They also throw away many things. They do not want to dig trenches, so our defense is not strong enough. We often have only muddy water to drink. Chinese pancakes make a most convenient food while our food is not convenient for the purposes of an army. At the front we need matches and candles, but they are not enough. At night we have to have careful arrangements, because if we ask the Chinese anything they always lie to us. The Chinese soldiers, even when wounded, do not leave the front. They wait for us to come near, and then they use their bayonets to kill our men. Some of them save a cartridge in

Scene on Main Street, Sian

Junks being loaded at Fenglingtohkow to cross the Yellow River to Tungwan



Wounded soldiers in junks at Fenglingtohkow

their pistols to kill themselves. Though these men are our enemies, they are great men."

Li-po was reading aloud, and the men in the cave had now all crowded about us. They squatted down and looked over Li-po's shoulder, and when I glanced up I saw a score of faces right above our heads. The light from the candle lit up their faces, solemn, serious, deeply expressive with the emotions aroused by the heroism of their soldiers.

The diary of another high officer read:

"Japanese officers and soldiers have dreamed day and night of occupying Paoting. We have the help of Buddha and so have occupied Paoting. We are now driving toward Shihchia-chwang. Some people thought that after we occupied Paoting the war would end. This is wrong. We must drive the Chinese troops beyond the Yellow River and then complete the punishment of China. It is the weak point of the Japanese Army that some people are satisfied with small successes. Easy to become warm, easy to become cold, is the weak point of the Japanese. We must correct all such weaknesses. The present goal of our war is the Yellow River—the Yellow River!"

Still another passage in this diary read:

"Our Shihyüan company guarding our baggage passed a village today. We had taken Chinese coolies to carry the baggage, but at this village they rebelled. They had no weapons, but they captured some rifles from our own troops and fought us with them. They did not know how to use the rifles, so they used them as clubs to attack us. They beat three of our soldiers almost to death.

"Sometimes we find signs of warnings, in the form of a certain cross on walls, trees, and stones. When we see this sign we know that Chinese cannons are hidden in this region."

Diary after diary we read while the Japanese planes bombed the city above. One captured Japanese document, which we did not see because it was being studied by the high military command, contained the exact Japanese plans for the attack and capture of Taiyüan. This plan shows that the Japanese intend to capture all Shansi Province before the League of Nations meets to discuss the problem of China. As they did in Manchuria, the Japanese intend to confront the world with a *fait accompli* and say, "What are you going to do about it?"

But I have gone ahead of events. To return to the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army: my two companions and I ignored warnings and came to the *yamen* to interview General Yen Hsi-shan and to meet the director of the Army Medical Department and discuss the problem of more adequate care of the wounded. We had a short talk with General Yen, and afterwards talked with Dr. Poh, director of the Medical Department. General Yen is a very old man and he was very busy. We asked General Yen how he intended to defend Taiyüan, and he replied that he was not sure, but that the Chinese would fight to the end. It is not for Shansi Province or Taiyüan alone that they fight, but for all China. When we asked about the situation on the northern front, however, he replied by quoting the captured Japanese diaries. These diaries reveal on the whole a strong hatred of war in the ranks of the Japanese Army, he said. A number of officers about the table with us also talked of the diaries, and we simply could not get them to discuss anything else. It was two days later that I met General Fu Tso-yi, who became famous last year for his defense of Suiyüan Province. I asked General Fu about the situation on the northern front, and asked him if the Chinese could hold back the enemy. In almost the same way as General

Yen and General Yen's officers, General Fu replied by quoting the captured Japanese diaries. I gained the impression—which might be unreliable—that these generals expect the Japanese soldiers to revolt and stop this war. General Fu talked about the anti-war feeling of the Japanese people, and he seemed to place great faith in this. I combated this idea, telling him that though the Japanese soldiers are anti-war, and the Japanese people also, this means nothing. The Japanese soldier is a slave and he obeys his military lord, while the Japanese press is filled with distortions and lies so that the Japanese people know nothing of the truth about China. The Japanese people and soldiers alike are told that the Chinese slaughter the Japanese. Beyond this they know little of the Chinese.

At another time I talked with Chou En-lai, one of the ablest Communist leaders. Of all the men I met in Taiyüan, he was clearly the most realistic, the most able, the most efficient. He is of fine, handsome appearance, and in all respects a man of broad knowledge and culture. In him, as in Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, Peng Teh-hwei, and a number of other Eighth Route Army and Communist Party leaders, China has some of the most able men. He questioned me about all things. When I related my conversations with General Yen and General Fu about the diaries, and remarked that I had the impression that they expected a revolt in the Japanese Army, Chou En-lai did not move until I had finished. I told him that though I might be mistaken, this seemed to me an illusion similar to the belief five years ago that the League of Nations or various foreign powers would give China back its occupied lands. Chou En-lai jerked his head impatiently in agreement with my view.

It was in General Yen's *yamen* that we talked with Dr. Poh, director of the Medical Department of the Northwestern

Armies. He spoke of the terrible condition of the wounded in Shansi. There are not half enough doctors, nurses, or other medical workers. There is not enough medicine by half, and not half enough bandages. There is no x-ray machine and they lack many of the most essential surgical instruments. He told us that along the northern battlefront, a distance of hundreds of li, there are only seven motor trucks to transport the wounded. The remaining wounded are picked up by peasants and carried on boards to some far medical station—even as far away as Taiyüan, before the wounded men get help. He told us that there are eighteen hospitals in this Province, built to accommodate six thousand men, but now filled with fifteen thousand. He gave me a list of medical supplies and apparatus which he said were urgently needed, and I later sent it to various people, asking them for help.

Dr. Poh was kind enough to send us to one of the Base Hospitals in Taiyüan. It was the 10th Base Hospital, one of five in Taiyüan. It has one thousand three hundred wounded in it, of the seven thousand wounded in Taiyüan. This one hospital alone treated five thousand wounded last month, and seven thousand this month. The doctors who took us through it told of their colossal problems. Each doctor—there are only twenty of them in this great hospital, with eighty nurses to help—does the work of a dozen men. More. They do this work without adequate facilities. They have no means for blood transfusions, so that they lose large numbers of men from loss of blood. They have no anti-tetanus serum at all, so that tetanus claims large numbers in death.

We went through one of the wards for the severely wounded, and my blood ran cold. One young soldier sat up in his bed and kept uttering cries and pointing to his face. The entire

lower part of his face was heavily bandaged and I could well picture the wound beneath. Since the hospitals are without drugs to curb the anguish of the wounded, this man, like many others, suffered perpetual agony. He cried to us and to the doctors, pointing to his face. He could not speak. Other soldiers lay, uttering the low, ceaseless moans of the deeply wounded, their eyes fixed in a faraway stare. They neither saw us nor felt us when we touched them. Still they were not unconscious. Their minds were held in bondage by pain. We stood and looked down the long rows of wounded, and listened to their moans, their cries and mutterings. With all my heart, with all that was life within me, I hated the Japanese military who have caused this, who have directed the invasion of China, the maiming and slaughtering of its people.

Night came while we were in the hospital. As we went out we came upon a Front Service Group of the Eighth Route Army which is giving plays and singing revolutionary songs in the hospitals and to the soldiers of all the armies. Ting Ling, the woman writer, is the leader of the group. About their platform now were grouped a few hundred of the wounded who were able to move about. I did not watch the dances and plays presented for their entertainment because I was watching the faces of the wounded. They were enthralled with the presentation. But above all I was watching two wounded men who stood near us. One was clearly a peasant, and perhaps in his early thirties. He was standing with a young soldier about eighteen years of age. The older man was talking as one might to a younger brother.

"These players are from the Eighth Route Army," he was saying earnestly. "You know, that was the Red Army. They

have many clubs, theatrical groups, and study classes in that army."

The younger soldier turned his wondering eyes on the stage, saying nothing. But the older man began talking, insistently, once more:

"The Eighth Route Army is the best organized army in the country. My machine-gun company fought the Red Army under Chu Teh and Ho Lung in Kweichow. They are great fighters. We could do nothing against them."

On the following day I went to the foreign missionary hospital in the city to get medical treatment for my back. Since the thousands of Chinese wounded had left an indelible impression on my mind, I asked the woman doctor who attended me if this hospital also had wounded soldiers. She replied that they had—just twenty. But then, she said, there are not many Chinese wounded, because the Chinese troops always turn and run away when the Japanese approach.

I was almost speechless with astonishment and disgust. Some missionaries have lived in China for twenty years, but have learned little. They are kind enough to me because I am a foreigner, but I share little or nothing of their thoughts, their beliefs, or their so-called culture.

On the night of the 21st I worked through the night. We were to leave for the front early the next morning. Chou En-lai at last found time to give me an interview. This began a little after midnight and lasted for about two hours. The rest of the night I worked, typing.

At eight the next morning I went to interview General Fu Tso-yi. Our truck was to leave at ten. It was nine before General Fu was free from other appointments, and so we had but half an hour for the talk. He said Kweihwa had been occupied by

the Japanese because there were insufficient Chinese forces there to hold the city. The Japanese had used their field guns and tanks, and the Chinese could do nothing against them, particularly when they were accompanied by air bombers. Powtow, the end station on the Suiyüan railway, had been lost in the same way, and two regiments of Chinese troops were retreating to the west. General Fu formerly had three brigades of troops, but now has only one. He is at present one of the three main commanders on the North Shansi front.

General Fu is a pleasing personality. He is tall and strongly built, simple and direct in manner. He is one of the most advanced military leaders of the Northwest, one of the most modern and open-minded. He is a patriot and an able general. I had been surprised the day before when he sent his English secretary to me to borrow the latest foreign newspapers and magazines from Shanghai. His secretary talked with me about the possible retreat from the northern and eastern fronts, but I do not know whose ideas he reflected. In any case, he had the routes of retreat all marked out, but he mentioned no route for an offensive against the enemy. I asked the secretary why he talked only of retreat and why he and the others could not learn from the experience of the Red Army while it was in Kiangsi when, for ten years, it not only defended itself but extended Soviet territory, holding its lines against an enemy a hundred times its strength. That, said the secretary, was different! Today the enemy is Japan, with its motorized columns. I replied that this was not so different—the Nanking Government had used airplanes, field guns, trucks and tanks against the Red Army which had nothing but rifles and machine guns.

But General Fu himself did not take up the question of retreat. In the short time we had, he talked about the anti-war

spirit in the Japanese armies of invasion. He was also much more interested in talking about the international situation. But he did tell me of secret orders and documents which the Chinese troops had captured from the Japanese. One of these was an order issued by a Japanese officer, Ban Yuan, on October 4th, for the capture of Taiyüan. He told me also how whole towns and villages, one of them with two thousand people, had been exterminated by the Japanese. Not even a baby had been left alive. Diaries of the Japanese officers related the killing of whole populations, and later the Eighth Route Army had found these ruins.

General Fu spoke of foreign friends of China. He is very proud, as a Chinese, that China has the sympathy of the democratic nations of the world. All Chinese would welcome foreign technical help in particular, he said.

I went back to headquarters. While I was on my way the sirens sounded the warning of another air raid. It delayed us for a time, and I was able to get General Fu's interview off in the post while the raid was going on. But the raid was a serious one. Four great Japanese bombers, blue steel with the sun glinting on them, droned menacingly over Taiyüan. We watched from under the eaves of the buildings as they dropped bombs on the city. The roar of the bombs came to us from the center of the city, the marketplace. The planes headed in our direction, unloading their missiles of death and destruction, and people demanded that all of us go to the caves. We went in anger, slowly, watching the bearers of death in the sky. Again I felt hatred blind me, as I had felt it in the hospital. Someone kept pushing me down the steps into the cave. But in the entrance a number of men stood, angry as I was angry. We did not want to go down, so we left and came up again. We stood

out under the trees and watched the murderers in the air, raining death on this beautiful old city. Flames rose from many places in the center of the city. We went back to our work and after a time the roar of the anti-aircraft guns and the rattle of machine guns came to an end. The planes were gone. The sky remained dotted with small clouds of smoke where the shells of the guns had exploded. But they had brought down no enemy planes. On this day all the Chinese planes were at the front, fighting, and the Japanese had made good use of their time.

This raid was revenge for a Japanese defeat. Three nights ago two companies of the Eighth Route Army made a swift descent on the Japanese airdrome five miles from Yenmenpao, behind the Japanese front at Sinkow. There were twenty-four planes there. The two companies of the 115th Division of the Eighth Route Army had swept down from the hills and destroyed twenty-one planes before the Japanese woke up. Three planes escaped damage because one of the Chinese companies became excited and failed to carry out orders. One company was to stand guard and protect the other company destroying the planes. But the company ordered to stand guard lost its head when they saw these planes that had brought such destruction to their people. Fearing that the other company could not destroy them all before the Japanese attacked, this company also rushed forward and helped in the destruction. When the Japanese came, three planes remained undestroyed, and the Chinese had to retreat.

Today the Japanese replied by sending four bombers from Paoting, in Hopei Province far to the east, to bomb Taiyüan.

When the air raid was over, I posted my interview with General Fu, we took our baggage to the truck, and started out

toward the northern front. Actually behind the Japanese lines there is the vast region held by the Eighth Route Army, and somewhere there is its headquarters. That is where I am going.

3

With the Roving Headquarters of Chu Teh

Somewhere in the Wutai Mountains,
North Shansi
October 23, 1937

AM writing this from the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army, in North Shansi, somewhere on a range of mountains behind the lines of the Japanese. Twenty to thirty miles away is the chief concentration of the Japanese. To the south of them, on the surrounding mountains, are the positions of the Shansi Provincial and Central Government armies.

We left Taiyüan yesterday noon by truck, passed along the plain north of the city toward the front, then made our way through valleys bordered by stony mountains. In many places we saw signs of destruction caused by Japanese bombers. Roads had been destroyed and the railway to the north damaged. Since I had worked all night, I was tired. The two Chinese newspapermen had slept only two or three hours. So we all slept now. I awoke at times and saw that we had not yet been bombed, and that we were still rolling along valleys bordered by stony mountains. Darkness found us still on the road. We began to meet motor trucks filled with armed Chinese soldiers. They seemed to be coming from some front,

but they were so cheerful that it was clear that they were not defeated troops. We must have passed fifty of these trucks, all bristling with armed men. They could not tell us where they came from or where they were going. I felt that this night transport was a dangerous thing. The headlights of the trucks could be seen for miles, and it seemed the easiest thing in the world for the Japanese planes to bomb them. I learned later that the Japanese had bombed two trucks filled with gasoline the night before and had found them by their headlights. The noise of the trucks had prevented the chauffeurs from hearing the roar of the approaching planes. We met large numbers of marching men, with baggage trains of mules and horses. They were all coming from the Wutai mountains, but they were not Eighth Route Army men.

It was late at night when we reached a walled town in the Wutai mountains. This town the Japanese planes honor each day by air raids. The organization known as the Front Mobilization Committee put us up for the night. Young, cheerful fellows from the Eighth Route Army were in charge. They told us that they had begun organizing young peasants for Partisan warfare[5] three weeks before, that nearly fifteen hundred men in this region have joined the Partisans. They were given training in Partisan tactics for two weeks and sent to the front a few days ago. New volunteers come in each day. All are peasants. They never become regular parts of the army, but remain tillers of the land during seasons when there is work. Many of the Partisans, typical North Chinese men, wandered into the room and stood looking at us, smiling and replying to our questions.

[5] Irregular bands of farmers and villagers are armed and trained in guerrilla tactics, defending their own homes and harassing the enemy from the hills and behind the lines

Early the next morning we left our baggage behind and quit the town hurriedly to avoid the air raids. Many buildings in the town are heaps of dust and stone, the city walls have been broken in places, great holes in and near the town show where bombs landed, and we were told that about ten peasants and thirty farm animals have been killed here in the past couple of weeks. But the people have dug underground caves and so have some protection.

We began a long walk up into the mountains over stony paths. Slogans and proclamations of the Eighth Route Army were pasted or written on the walls of the towns, temples and old archways that had once led to towns long since sunk in dust. On the walls of one temple we read the slogans:

"Slaves without a country must never be traitors!"

"Boycott all Japanese goods."

"All people, organize and arm yourselves."

Inside the temple was a pasted proclamation signed by Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army, and Peng Teh-hwei, second in command. This proclamation was written in very simple sentences which everyone with an elementary knowledge of Chinese could read. It was clearly directed to the peasant population. It read:

"Our army has obeyed the order to go to the front to fight for national salvation. We support the leadership of the Central Government to drive the Japanese robbers from our land. We work for the cooperation of all the people of our country, and the people of France, U.S.S.R., England, and America. We defend North China and the Northwest. We will continue to fight and recover the Northeast. We will carry out the policy of the united front. We have our anti-Japanese, national salvation program, and for this we will fight.

"Our army will buy things from the citizens at market prices. We strongly forbid any man in our army to take the carts of the people for transportation, or to force any man to work for us without pay. No man in our army may take anything which belongs to the people. Our army is an army to guard and protect our fellow-countrymen.

"Any person who acts as a traitor will be tried by martial law.

"We hope all our countrymen will join national salvation work. The anti-Japanese war must end in victory."

We passed the temple and were toiling upward along a stony path when my two companions began to question me about Chu Teh and Peng Teh-hwei. I said that Peng Teh-hwei would be one of the greatest military leaders of Asia, just as Mao Tse-tung would one day be the greatest political leader of Asia. I was describing Peng Teh-hwei as a strong, heavy-set fellow of boundless energy when we halted. A horse stood across the pathway and beside it two men stood talking. One of the men had a broad grin on his face. It was an exceptionally broad grin, and the man was in blue military uniform. There is only one man in the Eighth Route Army with a mouth big enough to grin until his face is split from ear to ear. That man is Peng Teh-hwei, whom I had just been calling the greatest military leader in the Asia of the future. I had forgotten to tell my companions that he also could carry off first honors as champion grinner—when the occasion required. And here he stood, broad, stocky, as strong as an ox, in the middle of a mountain path, with the bare stone hills behind him. He held the reins of his horse over one arm. With the other he was greeting us.

From looking at and listening to Peng Teh-hwei, you would

never dream that the northern front was in danger from the Japanese. He had hardly ceased greeting us when he said:

"Things are excellent with our Army. We have taken back Pinghsingkwan, Yenmenkwan, Fuping, Sinchow, Ningwu. Five nights ago we destroyed twenty-one enemy airplanes and each day we capture so much ammunition from the enemy that we can't transport it. We have taken . . . ." here he rattled off a string of names of towns in various parts of North Shansi and in Western Hopei Province. "General Chiang Kai-shek," he said, smiling happily, "has just sent an order to his troops to hold the northern front, and said that any man who retreated would be shot."

Peng Teh-hwei was on his way to Taiyüan, but, he said, he would return in two days. And with that he was off down the stony path. With him went his one guard and his *mafoo*. He wore no insignia of rank though the Nanking Government has conferred upon him and Chu Teh the rank of full generals. But no commander in the Eighth Route Army wears a sign of a title. They are, and will remain, "comrades."

A short distance farther on we met our friend, the *Ta Kung Pao* correspondent, returning from three days at the front headquarters. We greeted each other like long lost friends, and then he went on his way. He is going to Lanchow, in Kansu, making a tour of the entire northern and northwestern battlefronts. Some Chinese newspapers, and a few Chinese newspapermen, can rank with the best in the world.

After hours of tramping, we reached the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army and entered a courtyard in which Lin Piao, commander of the First Division, and Nieh Jungchen, his political commissar, stood talking with Jen Peh-si,

political commissar of the whole army, and his assistant, Ting Hsiao-ping. We delivered packages of newspapers and magazines from many lands. Here was a pile of the *Izvestia* from Moscow, which was seized upon by someone. Here were copies of the *Moscow Daily News*. Here also were copies of the *New Masses, The Nation, The Communist,* and *Asia,* from New York. And here was a German magazine from Prague. We brought also a bundle of foreign and Chinese newspapers and magazines published in Shanghai. And so, of course, we were welcomed not for ourselves alone but for the treasures we brought. We were soon busy selecting duplicates of these newspapers to send to Ho Lung's headquarters somewhere toward the west.

We told the news we had from the outside, though some of it is already known here at headquarters. They have a good radio, but the news is not detailed in any respect. Then they gave us news from the front. At some place, last night, Hsu Hai-tung had swept down on a Japanese transport and captured thirteen truckloads of supplies. These include winter overcoats, food, and gasoline.

Men in headquarters began showing us captured trophies of war. Nearly all the men here now have winter overcoats with hoods, and they brought out handfuls of fine Japanese automatic pistols. They have many big Japanese horses here also. Tomorrow Hsu Hai-tung will be sending some more coats this way.

The Eighth Route Army remains the Workers and Peasants Army in its methods: it is arming itself and the people of the North exactly as it armed the workers and peasants of South China. It is capturing rifles, pistols, machine guns, trucks, tanks, food supplies, clothing, from the Japanese.

I am too weary to go over to Chu Teh's headquarters to greet him. Tomorrow I shall go. But his wife, Kang Keh-chin, has come to welcome us. She comes smiling, this simple, capable peasant girl from Kiangsi, one of the best trained women in the army. She has just arrived from the Anti-Japanese University in Yenan, in North Shensi Province, and she will soon take up political work in the army. She is a fine woman, not yet thirty. She goes, and I sleep.

Eighth Route Army Headquarters
October 24, 1937

The moon was still high in the sky when I awoke this morning. I watched the light on the old tiled roofs in the courtyard before my window. The faint distant strains of music came to me. First a few sounds, then a few others, as if the notes of an orchestra were escaping into the early dawn. But I could not make out from which direction they came, and I was too lazy to get out of bed into the frosty morning air. But something very beautiful was being played somewhere in the distance, something so sweet, so entrancing, that I lifted myself from my bed and strained my ears to hear.

At last I arose, wrapped my winter coat about me, slipped into my shoes and went out. The dawn was coming, fading the light of the moon which still hung in the sky. From somewhere beyond our courtyard, with its tiled, gargoyled roofs, the orchestra continued to play. I left the courtyard, passed the guard at the entrance, and went down the silent lanes into the forest beyond. And there I found the orchestra. It was the music of dawn, of the coming of the day. A bird's trill sounded here, sounded there. Another bird's call sounded near at hand. Beyond, a flock of birds sang until their spirits seemed

to be escaping them. The leaves of the forest rustled. A cock crowed and another cock answered, and then many cocks crowed. The faint echo of a dog's bark came, and the low, soft lowing of a cow came like the notes of a distant musical instrument. All the life of the earth was awakening. The forest and the life within the forest stirred. I stood in wonderment and listened to this music, so sweet, so unutterably sweet. Then through this faint, discernible and yet almost indiscernible music came a new sound. The first bugle call of the day. It came, gentle, coaxing, and it seemed to be shaking the shoulders of the fighters gently, gently, saying, "Come now, get up, do get up, please get up! Comrade, do not be lazy, look, the day is here!"

This particular bugle call always makes me smile. It is like a mother talking to her children. The later ones are orders, but this one is filled with tender, affectionate coaxing.

The sleepers heard, sat up on their *k'angs,* and stepped out into their shoes. Most of them sleep fully clad except for their shoes. I did not see them arise but I knew they had, because the spell of the morning was broken. The day had come. The mountains that encircle us turned blue under the flood of light. I turned back, but halted on the way to greet my beloved pony, Yunnan, who has a stable across the lane from me. He lives in style, with no companion except my mule. This is necessary because he is a ferocious little beast and he fights all the other horses. But they fight him, and since they are larger than he is, they eat his food so that he never gets enough to eat. Last night Chu Teh sent him over to me, regretfully. I had sent him to the front, and Chu Teh himself had brought him up here. I thought that if Chu Teh liked him I might agree to surrender him. But I can't do it! So Yunnan

and I stand here, and though he has forgotten me, I love him still. He is small, but he is as swift as light, and when he runs he lifts his feet high in the air. He seems to be a small edition of an Arabian steed. Though he comes from the far south, he is now growing a long coat of thick hair for protection in the northern winter, just like the Mongolian horses.

I went over to see Chu Teh. He sat out on the terrace of his headquarters, and was being shaved by the barber. With a towel around his shoulders, he arose to greet me, his broad, dark face smiling a welcome. Chu Teh's name arouses terror in the hearts of his enemies. That is easy to understand. But I personally believe him to be the kindest, gentlest man I have ever known. He is a man of the utmost simplicity, and he does not know the meaning of pride. He is fifty and more now, but his mind remains alert, alive, and he is anxious to learn from all people. In no particular is he selfish or moved by personal motives. These qualities have won for him the devotion of the whole army which he commands.

He sat and talked informally with us for several hours, and of nothing but military matters. He spoke with pride of the Eighth Route Army, of its long succession of victories. As we talked of their fighting, of the Japanese, and of the way the Japanese invaders slaughter the population of whole villages and towns, I saw something in this man which I had never seen before. Here was the warrior, the Chinese patriot, the Chinese Communist, speaking. His face, his voice, his whole being expressed relentless hatred of the invaders. He has read the captured Japanese diaries, but they have not given him the false hope that the Japanese Army will revolt. He told us how the Japanese troops refuse to be taken captive, and do not give up their arms until killed.

"But this is due," he said, "not to their fearlessness, but to their fear. They have slaughtered so many of our people that they think we will take them captive and then kill them. They kill all captives, they kill peasants, they rape and then slaughter our women, and they kill even our babies. When we finally surround them, they fight desperately, sure that they will be killed."

Chu Teh is a gentle, tender man when with his friends and comrades. But when at war he is a grim, relentless fighter.

While we talked Peng Teh-hwei walked in, grinning, with news from the front. General Chiang Kai-shek had ordered all troops to strengthen their defenses and hold them tenaciously for another month. We went to lunch together and the staff discussed the details of the front defenses, held by Central Government forces and General Yen's Shansi Army. Chu Teh held a telegram in his hand, listening to the rest of the staff. His glasses had sunk far down on his nose and he was peering over the top of them. His cap was thrust halfway back on his shaved head. His eyes were concentrated black points, tense with listening and thinking.

Chu Teh turned to the military maps that line the walls and part of the ceiling of two rooms, and explained them to us. Peng Teh-hwei told of a manifesto circulated by some soldiers in the Japanese Army which the Eighth Route has captured. It has three main points: The Japanese invasion of China is a crime. China is not the enemy of the Japanese people; it is the Japanese military lords who are the enemy. Lastly, all Japanese must unite to fight the militarists.

Chu Teh gave us permission to go to the front when we wish. We will go with some fighting unit. We left the General Staff working around a table, planning a new offensive

of the Eighth Route Army in the rear of the enemy. A messenger leaves tomorrow and we can send mail. So we go back to our rooms to work.

It is now almost midnight. We have been writing. Hsu Chuen still plugs onward, but Chou Li-po has fallen by the wayside and lies asleep on the *k'ang* at the far end of the room, on which our guards peacefully snore.

Eighth Route Army Headquarters
October 25, 1937

To our breakfast of rice and vegetables, two new things were added this morning—a tin of vegetables and meat, and a sack of biscuits captured from the Japanese. Headquarters has received many boxes of war trophies. A box of overcoats has also come, and some more medals and insignia stripes taken from the Japanese dead. Some Japanese captives are being sent over by Ho Lung. In an engagement yesterday, one of Ho Lung's Partisan units, peasants from the near-by farms, killed sixty Japanese, but lost not one man. Each day, and often many times a day, men come into our courtyard with the latest news. A Partisan unit has killed twenty Japanese here, forty there, sixty at another place; they have captured fifteen supply trucks, fifty supply trucks, they have retaken another city. The reports come in all the time. It is impossible to list them all. But the Eighth Route Army has no real front. Wherever an Eighth Route Army man is standing, there is a front. And so their "front" extends from Chahar Province to the north, all around Tatung, to Suiyüan in the west and to the Pinghan railway line to the east. This army is fighting in a hundred different places at the same time. I shall soon review their activities, their achievements, their losses.

October 31, 1937

We have been on the march almost daily. Instead of crossing the Chentai railway last night as we planned, our headquarters decided we should go to a village ten li (about three and one-half miles) from the railway line and cross tomorrow night. It would certainly be a hard march if we attempted to cross tonight. From here to the railway it is about eighty to ninety li, and to make this distance from midnight to dawn, with the heavily burdened animals, would be too much.

This morning we got up at three or a little after, and by half past four we are slowly moving through the narrow streets of the village. The moon has rapidly waned and our only light comes from the stars and our flashlights. The narrow streets are clogged with men and animals, and there is a medley of noise beyond description. The mules and donkeys bray, the horses neigh, squeal and kick, and peasant drivers crack their whips until they sound like pistol shots, and there are shouts that rival the braying of mules. *"Ma-di-keh-pi!"* shout the drivers to some recalcitrant donkey or mule, and the ancient folk curse of Asia is echoed and re-echoed far and near.

Through this all-permeating medley of noise comes the sound of singing. Down the line in the distance men are singing in chorus, singing the song, "Fight Back to Your Manchurian Home." The singing comes clearly at times; then the discord of curses, neighing and braying and the tramping of hoofs drown it. Sometimes it seems that the medley of noise rises and falls in waves, for the music comes clearly to us at times, then is lost except for a few notes that force their way through.

At last we move forward, along streets bordered by high

mud walls or by mud buildings. We pass temples couched beneath dark, widespreading pines that twist and coil their ancient trunks and branches exactly as old Chinese artists painted them on scrolls of silk. The early morning wind, bitter cold, sweeps through the pines with a sound like the waves of the sea. I recall my childhood in the pine-clad mountains of western America. The sound of the wind through the pines filled me then with melancholy and with the thoughts of life and death. Now this returns to me in full force as we pass slowly beneath these ancient and beautiful trees that complain to the stars. The temple roofs, tiled and gargoyled, are dark outlines of beauty.

We leave the village and march to the south. Men try to keep their hands warm by tucking them in their sleeves. The dawn comes and the clouds, hanging low over a distant range of mountains, rise and cover the sky. It is an ugly, cold, dreary morning. We are out of temper and the cold unfriendly morning fits our mood. The manager of our group sent us an extra mule this morning. Li-po and Hsu Chuen are both almost disabled by injured and blistered feet. We were happy about the mule—until some former Fourth Front Red Army men, quartered in our compound last night, simply took possession of the mule for their own use. If we needed an extra mule, they said, it was just too bad, and if we had extra luggage, we could just carry it on our own backs. One of my guards used me as an argument. I was a foreign friend, and I had an injured back and we needed the mule. Well, that was just too bad, said the Fourth Front Army men. And away went the mule!

Two of our guards are Fourth Front Army men. One is obedient and humble, as if he had been in one of the ordinary

militarist armies. And one is often petulant, and out of humor at disagreeable things. Well, I have little to say, for I am often that myself. But we all can learn from my Kiangsi guard, Kuo Shen-hwa. He is from the former First Front Army, from the old Central Soviet district, and he made the long march. He was a squad commander, and then was trained as a body-guard. He is a Kiangsi peasant about twenty-five years of age; he is married and has a wife and child in Kiangsi. He is a remarkable man in many ways. His voice fits the open air, fits an army. Last night I saw him in action, and my admiration was great. We arrived at the village late, after a march of ninety li. We were expecting to march again at midnight, to cross the tracks before dawn. But we had heard the zooming of Japanese planes over us a number of times during the day. This was perhaps the reason the peasants transporting our baggage decided to turn back. It was nine o'clock at night when they came to announce this unpleasant fact. They would not admit that they were scared, and they had no complaint about payment for their beasts and their labor. Their animals were tired, they said. Indeed that was true, but so were other animals. I was typing when they came in. Kuo Shen-hwa was the only one to hear them enter, and before they had stepped in the room he was out of bed and before them. When they told him why they had come, he did not curse them, nor was he even impatient. Instead, he told them that we were the Eighth Route Army of workers and peasants, marching to fight the Japanese. They themselves were peasants, and the people and the Eighth Route Army were one. They must stand together, work together, fight together. Were they dissatisfied with payment? No, they were not. Did they not know that the Eighth Route Army is the army of the people?

Yes, they knew that. Kuo Shen-hwa took them into the courtyard and I heard their voices for about an hour. Then they left. It was one hour later that Kuo returned. He had arranged for new animals. The peasants were afraid to go farther.

Then Kuo decided that he must first arrange for food for the middle of the next day, before he took his place by the side of the other sleepers. He went to the peasant woman whose house we occupied, bought flour from her, and asked her to make the flat, unleavened pancakes which we carry with us. Only when this was arranged and she was busy did he return. But before he went to rest, he placed a cup of coffee by the side of my typewriter. It was eleven before he went to sleep. All day long he had marched, and we expected to march again at midnight. Not one word of complaint came from him. In him there is no subservience, no unthinking obedience, no backwardness in political thought. He is also a trained military man, and the Mauser hanging from his hip is no decoration. He is one of those iron Communists who realize that, when necessary, a man must shoulder the whole burden of the struggle himself. I have watched him since he joined us at Sian, and I always feel that I have with me a rod of steel. Each day my admiration for him increases. When airplanes zoom in the sky, he turns slowly and watches to see in what direction they are going. No wave of fear or terror overcomes him. By my side, he calmly suggests that I ride my horse to such and such a place, or that I dismount and hide near-by.

When out of patience with other men, I think of Kuo Shen-hwa.

As the day advances, the sun returns to warm the earth. We ride steadily upgrade, through rolling hills, some terraced al-

most to the peak. Flocks of black and white sheep, and many goats, range the hills. The road is a broad motor road, unpaved. And passing through this country we suddenly see one reason for the Japanese invasion. The mountains and hills are filled with wealth. Often the road is cut entirely through thick veins of coal. In some places petroleum oozes from the earth. Whole regions are filled with iron. Below runs a small red stream. The entire bed of the stream, for miles and miles, is red with iron rust. The very water runs red with iron rust. Iron ore mountains lie right before our eyes.

This angers us. For years Japanese imperialists were given free reign in China. They traveled the length and breadth of China, mapping the country, photographing, marking all avenues of invasion, finding the regions which they needed first to fulfill their plans of the conquest of Asia. Shansi Province, rich in coal, iron, and petroleum, was one of their main objectives. The only areas in all China which they could not map were those ruled by the Soviets and guarded by the Red Army. When the Red Army left Kiangsi, it was the Japanese Military Staff in Shanghai that demanded the right of "newspapermen" to make a tour of that Province. This "right" they got—and they took with them their cameras. But the "newspapermen" were military spies, and what they had done in other areas of China, they then did in those portions of Kiangsi in which they traveled.

Now the Japanese armies of invasion face this same army, its chief hate in China. It matters little to them that the name is changed. The national united front, forged with infinite patience and labor—this the Japanese fear above all else. Their war in China, they tell the world, is against Communism. But the world knows that they would have begun this war

anyway. They wanted to force the Chinese Government to exterminate the Red Army and Communism so that their eventual war of conquest could be easier. Now the Eighth Route Army is all too small, and it has not had sufficient time to mobilize and arm the people. It works against time. It does not have sufficient arms. And some militarists still fear the mobilization and arming of the people. Yet nothing else can save China from ruthless rape by the Japanese.

We reach the summit of the low rolling hills and begin to descend. Here the streams run clear and the coal and iron veins have ended. Here all the mountains and hills are terraced, and none are bare as on the northern side. The crops have been gathered, and the yellow ears of corn rise in high pillars before every farmhouse. The kaoliang heads have been cut and the stalks still stand in the field, their leaves a deep red. The millet has been cut to the earth and piled in walls behind the farmhouses. Peasant men and women turn primitive wooden machines that separate the chaff from the grain. A donkey or an ox, its eyes covered with cloth, walks patiently in a circle, turning a huge round granite stone that revolves on another huge round granite stone, grinding corn or wheat into flour. On the walls of their homes, or on the walls of temples the slogans are written large:

"Improve the livelihood of the people!"

"The people must unite with the army to fight the Japanese!"

"Decrease taxes!"

"Drive the Japanese from China!"

"We must never become homeless slaves!"

"Arm yourselves; fight until the Japanese are all driven from China!"

"Soldiers and people unite!"

All of these slogans are the work of the Eighth Route Army. We are marching through some of the thirty districts of North Shansi in which the Eighth Route Army has been authorized to organize and arm the people.

We go upgrade again for hours, then come out on a broad level mesa, or tableland. In all directions we can see the terraced hills and mountains of loess, the richest soil on earth. The broad tableland and the endless terraces beyond are all gray. The earth has been plowed and in a few places planted with some winter crop. Some of the mountaintops are covered with a thin layer of snow. A cold piercing wind comes from them. There are few or no trees. The roads run in deep depressions, worn by the treading of human feet for thousands of years. Here these depressions are a little less than a man's height. From my horse I can see far. At other places, the roads run so deep that the perpendicular walls of loess rise above my head on either side. Now and then we come out on the surface. Three times we hear the zoom of airplanes and we halt in the shadow of the walls.

The marchers sing and laugh. The little *hsiao kweys* break from the line, run after each other into the fields, and roll and tumble like puppies. They march all day long, but they cover twice the distance of the ordinary marchers, by eternally chasing each other, racing here and there in play.

I am becoming so thoroughly "airplane conscious" that even at night I can awake with a belief that the bugle warning of an airplane approach has sounded. Today, after three air warnings inside of an hour, I began to feel like the man who would stand when any song was sung. At one time my group was at the base of a long sloping hill. Before us the broad road

was filled with marchers. From the top of the hill suddenly we heard a terrific shouting and down the hill the marchers began running toward us. I halted my horse and looked about for a clump of trees, a shady wall of loess, or a deep road to which I could race. Then I saw it was no airplane warning. Instead, right down the hill toward us came a jackrabbit racing for dear life, and right after him came all the marchers, including a dog. The jackrabbit had the better of the race, but as he came on, all the men about me took up the chase. We were indeed marching to the front against the Japanese, but just at this moment everyone near enough was chasing a jackrabbit. The little animal turned down a side road, and only the dog continued the chase.

When Li-po and Hsu Chuen came up, we laughed as I told them the story. But my guards did not laugh. Our serious-minded Kuo Shen-hwa remarked that he wanted to catch the rabbit for a fine supper. Then amusement left me. All of my guards have known days of starvation and weeks and months of half-starvation. All members of this army that made the historic long march of twenty thousand li have known such hunger that they ate horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, and, at times, rats. And often they did not have anything at all. When they finally left the mountain ranges of eternal snow and emerged into Kansu, tens of thousands of them were ragged, emaciated skeletons who lay down to rest by the roadside at night, crowded close together to keep warm, coughing their lungs out. Still they marched and fought, this army of the Chinese workers and peasants, and their "extermination" was the first demand of the Japanese and other imperialists. But now, rested and relatively well-fed and clothed, they march and fight the army of invasion. "The Red Army gives me a headache," a

Japanese officer's diary begins. That officer is now dead. He will have a headache no longer.

We approached the Chentai railway and watched the airplane that patrols its entire length, back and forth. From some distant place we heard bombing. We halted for a rest at a large walled town with a beautiful Buddhist temple. Ancient pines bend lovingly over the colored tiled roofs. Here, as in other places, there are Partisans. But all the Partisans from this town have gone to the front.

We marched on to spend the night in a half-deserted town, preparing to cross the railway this night. The peasant who gave my group a room moved about smiling and joyous. He refused money for a squash and some garlic, and he brought us two big heads of cabbage. We refused the food unless he accepted payment. Reluctantly he finally took our money. But he came in to keep the fire burning so our guards could cook. They bought some chickens and have been cheerfully slaughtering and plucking them. Kang Keh-chin told us later that the news reached her that I had arisen from my bed, taken off my coat, and cleaned and cut up the chickens.

"Big war news," Li-po remarked.

We prepare to march after midnight.

November 1, 1937

We are up at two and marching at three under the stars. On the horizon the slender edge of the moon watches us. The wind is bitterly cold. The earth is frozen and a thick, white layer of frost lies on the ground and coats every grass blade.

We finally reached the towering serrated walls of a big town which lay as silent as the dead. Skirting it, we entered the streets outside. This part of the town was entirely deserted

save for two soldiers who stood by a lantern before a building. The streets seemed endless and from afar we heard the whistle of a train. The tracks were not far away. Yet we marched and marched. Then we met the advance units of our people returning in haste. They had missed the way, could not cross the railway. There was no road. We turned and went back with them over the same streets. But no one knew where we were going. Some of us halted and asked the soldiers with the lanterns. They told us a long column of our army had passed this very road two hours before. So we turned once more and went back. Then we found the little white strips of paper, each with an arrow and cross, placed at streets or crossroads to show us the way. We followed these and after a time came to the railway, a single-track, narrow-gauge line.

It was dawn. We anxiously watched the sky, our ears attuned to every sound. We marched along the railway in two lines for fully forty minutes, sometimes running, sometimes walking, trying to reach another station before the Japanese planes found us. Down the track we heard the whistle of an engine. At last we neared a station. In the middle of the track lay a mangled corpse. Pools of blood lay along the railway ties for some distance. The reed hat of a peasant lay near-by. The man had run a long way before death overtook him. A little farther on we came to two more mangled corpses, one of them broken to pieces like a stuffed doll. The back was broken and the legs bent flat up the back. We learned that the Japanese airplanes regularly kill Chinese by machine-gun fire. One of the corpses had been run over, in addition, by the railway engine racing before an attacking Japanese plane.

We began to pass Chinese troops, a few of them wounded, retreating from the front. Some of them were running. We

reached the station, passing cars in which we could see a few men in uniform. The railway workers in the station ahead seemed to be standing by their guns, for the engine worked busily with a few cars. The Japanese have not yet bombed the station; they intend to take it and use it.

Six-thirty—We are now marching rapidly to the south and southeast, down through the cliffs of loess. Where are the Japanese planes? It is light and still they have not come. The whole thing shows that there are no traitors in our ranks, and that the people have not betrayed us.

We have marched about forty minutes, and the tail end of our column must still be marching along the railway line, when we hear the roar of approaching planes. We take to cover. Within the space of a minute, the broad white roads, so easily seen from the air, are completely deserted. We hide under trees, stacks of hay, shocks of wheat and kaoliang, and in the shadows of loess banks. We can see two Japanese planes patrolling the length of the railway. They have seen none of our marchers. When they have gone on, we march again, more rapidly. In a few minutes we hide again as they make their return trip. Then we are on the road once more. So it goes the entire morning, and before long we stop hiding. The high loess walls, with the road running deep between them, protect us. We can watch the planes from afar as they patrol the line. Sometimes a plane gets the idea of coming in our direction. Then our pack animals, camouflaged with cornstalks, grass and leaves, halt. I ride my pony to a clump of pines and from their shelter watch the raiders.

Once on the road again, we talk of our work, we consult our maps and find the place where our headquarters will soon be located. We try to buy candles in all villages or towns

through which we pass. There are none. In these places the people use a light made from a wick placed in a small bowl of oil. What a problem! Chu Teh told us that soon we must work and fight at night and sleep through the day. We asked the manager of our unit if he could manage candles, but he said he could not. He would give us an extra large bowl filled with oil. We learned that some distance from here is a district town which might have candles. Tomorrow two of our guards can ride there and bring some back.

We approach the village where we will remain for the rest of this day and all day tomorrow. One of my guards, riding a mule by my side, watches the approach of a Japanese airplane. It comes straight toward us. We make a dash for the village and toward a huge tree in the center of a square. The plane zooms over and is gone.

Here the entire headquarters is housed for two nights and a day. My two companions and three guards and I are given a room in the great, spreading building of a former official under the Manchu Dynasty. The men take the *k'ang* along one side of the room and my camp bed is put up at the other. The building is very beautiful, with decorated tile roofs, a series of courtyards surrounded by latticed windows, and great spreading green plants in the center of the court. Our room is furnished with heavy mahogany cupboards that reach halfway to the high ceiling; there are long, narrow, carved tables down the length of the room, and chests, tables, chairs and stools. This furniture is decorated with heavy brass hinges and locks, and the tables are richly carved. Around the three sides of the *k'ang,* the walls are lacquered, first with a broad strip of Chinese red with black decorations, then with a strip of green with designs delicately planned, then with a border

scroll, then with a broad black border with green designs. Old Chinese paintings, on scrolls, hang on the walls.

We study the room with interest. The owner of this house was a big landlord and money-lender, and here in this room is the paraphernalia of such a family. Set within a framework, and suspended from the upper beam, is a pair of scales, clearly for weighing money. In the drawers of the framework is an abacus—a Chinese counting board. In a leather casket are big brown beans, all apparently selected for their identical weights.

On the high cupboards, and in a little room behind them, are all the measuring baskets and round boxes used by landlords when measuring the produce of their peasants. Like all such rich buildings, the floor is of great blocks of stone carefully polished. Beyond our courtyard are courtyards for storing grain and other foodstuffs, and one big yard with stables for animals.

We ask each other what all of this cost the Chinese peasant. Certainly a lot. The present descendants of the Manchu official have run away, fearing the Japanese. Some distant poor relatives have remained behind caring for the place. But the women, girls, and children of these poor people have also run away, as have most of the townspeople.

Nine P. M.—We are witnessing a remarkable thing in this town. Large numbers of the people who had fled from this and near-by villages have come streaming back. News spreads like wildfire amongst the people that the Eighth Route Army has come. And the people picked up their bundles, or loaded their donkeys, and returned to their homes. Tonight a delegation of townspeople went to our military headquarters and thanked them for coming. They asked them to remain to protect the people. And tonight, just as I write this, the wife

of one of the caretakers of this building came, with her children clustered about her, bringing our unit a bowl of brown rolls stuffed with mashed brown beans. This she begged us to take, and told us that we are welcome. Three of her little children stood about her, gripping her black trousers. She hopes we will remain. Would we like chickens? No, she refuses all payment, but would like to present our party with a chicken. We thank her and refuse. If we take chickens, we will pay for them. She would really like to give them, but we refuse, thanking her sincerely. My guards go with her outside and argue her into taking thirty cents. She takes it and then returns ten cents.

A man of the Political Department talked with us tonight. "We will organize these people," he said, "and train the men in Partisan tactics. We have asked General Yen Hsi-shan to send new rifles at once. We will arm the people so they can protect themselves and fight the Japanese. We started work here today. Tomorrow the Political Department will have workers in every village in this region. But we have done something more," he said. "We have sent men to the various Shansi and Szechwan troops and to the troops of General Sung Lien-chung. Our speakers will talk to the troops and work among them. The first and most urgent work will be to talk to them about the protection of the people. There must be no looting and no woman or girl must fear a man in uniform, but must, instead, look to him as her protector. Farther to the east, the Eighth Route Army units have already sent men to the various troops in that region."

The Japanese have advanced along the Chentai railway to the station of Yangchien, not very far from our headquarters. Some Chinese troops have been defeated. General Hwang

Sh'ao-hsung is commanding the Chinese armies still fighting there. He is said to be an able commander. With the arrival of strong forces from the Eighth Route Army, it is hoped to break the advance of the enemy and put new courage and hope in the Chinese troops still fighting in that section, refusing to retreat.

November 2, 1937

Someone unearthed eight packages of fine big candles in this village and brought them to me! I bought the lot and we now have enough candles for one month. The price is less than we had to pay even in Sian.

We remain here for this day and everyone is at work.

Below Yangchien on the Chentai line, a battle is going on. It started early this morning at daybreak and we will not know the results until it is over. The battlefield is not far from here, and all day long Japanese bombers have scouted all over the country, looking for possible re-enforcements to the Chinese troops. These bombers have roared over this village all day long. I went for a short walk and we took shelter in doorways three times within half an hour. We went to the outskirts of the village and there met two groups of villagers returning home. They had fled a week ago, carrying all they could. They heard the Eighth Route Army had come here, and they started home at once; they walked one hundred li yesterday and today. All the adults carried padded quilts and small bundles on their backs. They hid with us in the doorways while Japanese planes roared above us.

HEADQUARTERS OF CHU TEH

November 3, 1937

Yesterday's battle ended with the Chinese troops retreating from their positions at Yangchüan to Chang Chin Chen farther west on the Chentai railway. The chief concentration of the Japanese is now at Pintingchow, about halfway from Niangtzekwan to Taiyüan.

I talked with Chu Teh. He was cheerful, perfectly calm. The defeat of the Chinese troops (not the Eighth Route) yesterday did not mean much, he said. "If the Japanese want to march on toward Taiyüan, let them," he said. "We will then cut off their rear, destroy all their communications, split them up in small groups and destroy them. The Chinese forces are much larger than the Japanese and we can surround them on all sides. The Chinese troops are now concentrated at Showyang."

Day before yesterday we crossed the railway tracks at Showyang. Yesterday, throughout the day, six Japanese bombers simply "scraped the skies," so to speak, in search of the newly arrived Eighth Route Army. They know we have come, but they do not know where we are. Already two of the units of the army have attacked their flanks at Yangchüan, while Liu Peh-cheng, commanding another force down on the Shansi-Hopei border, has destroyed the Chentai railway for a long distance. It will take the Japanese a long time to repair it, and then it will be cut again either there or in a dozen other places. We have reports that the Japanese troops are very tired. That means little. They are obedient soldiers, and they will march on. Now, with the Eighth Route Army on both sides of the Chentai railway in their rear, they will *have* to march on. They dare not retreat. The Eighth Route Army is at work with its famous flanking and rear attacks.

The Japanese are moving in Shansi Province on this eastern front from three different directions now: along the railway, which is now cut and where the Eighth Route is harassing their flanks and rear; from Pintingchow they have sent out four regiments to the southwest; and they have sent two full regiments—about six thousand men—along a road some fifty li south of the railway on the border, to Yangchüan. So they are driving into the province by the roads also.

At Tungyingtow, a strategic mountain near Yangchüan, the Eighth Route Army commander, Chen Ken, commands a force of strong troops, and has just built defenses. An Eighth Route unit arrived at the Mataling mountain range south of Pintingchow day before yesterday and met the four regiments of enemy troops coming from that direction. The battle continued all day yesterday, and our forces killed about one thousand of the enemy and captured supplies.

Day before yesterday the Eighth Route Army, and also the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, issued separate manifestos to the Japanese soldiers, calling upon them to cease the robber war they are waging at the commands of their militarists who are enemies of both the Chinese and Japanese people. Chinese fliers from the Central Government, of whom there are a few in this region, eagerly took to the air and dropped the manifestos over the Japanese lines.

Well, the Japanese know at last that the Eighth Route Army is in this region. They felt the effects yesterday. They know that the Eighth Route is not only here on the south of the railway line, but that it is on the northern side also, and is closing in on their rear with a pincer movement. They know it by the cutting of the railway in their rear, and they know it because one thousand of them lie dead after yesterday's bat-

tle. They know it because some of the Chinese troops have met them in merciless warfare and have not retreated. They know it from the two manifestos.

On the northern front—were the Japanese glad! They were so happy that the Eighth Route Army had left the northern front for the eastern front—so they thought—that they tried to take supplies down to their main concentration point at Sinkow, where Shansi and Central Government troops are holding back the main Japanese forces, bombarding them each day. The enemy thought they could at last send shells and ammunition through to Sinkow. So they sent down seventy to eighty military trucks, heavily laden with shells and other ammunition, and also supplies. Two hundred of their soldiers rode on the trucks, bowling along like gentlemen. A unit of Ho Lung's troops, helped by peasant Partisans, fell upon the trucks like a few tons of brick. They stopped six of them with hand grenades, destroyed ten in the fighting, and stopped the rest of them by destroying the roads. The two hundred Japanese soldiers were all killed. Among them was a company officer and his deputy. The Chinese forces got large quantities of arms and ammunition, including two light machine guns, rifles, pistols, and many other supplies. The Japanese tried advancing along another route. An army Partisan group mined the road and destroyed two enemy trucks on November 2nd.

The town of Whenyüan, which has changed hands a number of times, has been taken back by the Eighth Route Army once more. That is on the northern front, outside the Great Wall. It was recaptured from the Japanese on November 1st, and a number of enemy soldiers were killed.

The Chinese Central Government forces still hold the Jap-

anese at Sinkow. There is no change in the situation there. The enemy hopes to break through the Eighth Route forces now holding the north, and get reenforcements to their troops at Sinkow so they can advance to Taiyüan.

We are now at a small village south of the railway. Last night we were told to be ready to march at midnight to this place. We prepared. But the manager of our group is so determined to get at the Japanese, it seems, that he awoke us at ten, just three hours after we had gone to bed. I argued that it was not yet twelve, but he argued that my watch was wrong, so we got up and prepared. By eleven o'clock we were ready to march. Headquarters had not even arisen! One hour later the bugle call awoke them, and later their breakfast bugle call sounded, and then later still the bugle to prepare to march. It was two o'clock when the bugle call for marching sounded. And the last hour we spent standing amongst the animals and lines of men on a road beyond the village. There was a hell of a noise, as usual, with the braying of donkeys and mules, the neighing and stamping of horses, and the shouts of men, and singing. But when we began to march, silence fell upon us, and all we could hear was the clank of hoofs on the stony and treacherous mountain paths. The little *hsiao kweys,* given to all kinds of laughter and pranks, whispered lest the Japanese, some three to four miles away, hear them! No one talked aloud. The order came to use no flashlights. We marched by the faint light of the stars. I watched the great dipper over my left shoulder, and the polar star below it. Sometimes it was directly to my left, sometimes a bit behind me. As we advanced, our eyes became used to the darkness.

The paths down which we went were so terrible that I dared not ride. So with my two guards on either side of me, I

went down and up, down into stony river beds through which icy water tumbled, then up terrible stony paths again, and down again. And so through the whole night. Dark mountains loomed on either side. Now and then there was the brief flare of a flashlight, as the advance guard searched for the right path. We began to straggle in units after a few hours. Then we watched the roadside for the bits of paper left to guide us. The bits of paper often gave us a figure—30, 20, or 10—telling how many more li we had to march. There were few or no bridges over the broad icy rivers, and nearly everyone had wet feet. But the men crossed without complaint and marched on and on. When the dawn came, many were limping and all were weary. But they went on and I heard snatches of song. I was able to ride along the good stretches of road and across the rivers. I at least kept my feet dry. Later we saw that the skin of Li-po's feet was split open down to the raw flesh, along the soles. But he has not complained. He has walked more slowly at times, and with a faraway look has replied to my questions, "It does not matter."

In the darkness I lost track of my horse a number of times. But he found me. Two or three times I heard the low rumble that is a horse's talk of satisfaction, and then felt his nose nudging me. I wanted to throw my arms around his neck each time. But when the dawn came, and I rode along level roads, I cursed him soundly. For he tried to tear up the earth, "running after the women," so to speak. There is in our column a little bay mare, jealously chaperoned by a boy about eighteen years of age. For this lady my Yunnan has an affection. Her reply to his indelicate advances was to lift her hind legs and strike out at him in a way that belied her meek appearance. But she carried a pack and it fell off. My Yunnan responded

to her attack by whirling around and trying to kick the stuffings out of her. It did not matter that I was on his back. Not in the least! And now, that chaperoning guardian of the little mare carries a club just for use against my Yunnan. I have almost fallen asleep at times, but I am brought back to full consciousness by the glaring eyes and ferocious face of that lad coming toward my pony. Realizing that we were in for another fight, I turned around and sought a more secure position in the column.

There is an old Hindu book which, if I remember correctly, is something like the *Karma Yoga*. It is a book telling of the ways and means of what we may call the "man-woman business." One passage in that book says it is bad luck for a couple to become amorous at a crossroads. Bad luck, indeed! It is most dangerous. I thought of this book today.

It was nearing nine in the morning when a small straggling group of us picked our way across a river bed filled with stones that someone seems to have sharpened to knife-like edges. Before us lay the village which was to be our headquarters for a day. Then, from the east, coming up the valley around a mountain, we saw a long column of slow-moving soldiers. They moved wearily, as if they had marched all night. We halted and watched and I took some pictures. This was the Third Army, moving from a position where the Chinese troops had been defeated, to the west, where they are to be reorganized to fight again. They had no animals with them, and carried all their arms and ammunition. As they passed, voices amongst them cried out. Once we heard, "We have no overcoats! We have no overcoats!" There were a few people in the village ahead of us watching from a stone wall. The weary soldiers seemed to be crying their complaints to the

morning air, and to no one in particular. Then their commander gave an order, and it was shouted down the line from man to man, "Order to rest! Order to rest!" They marched on. The resting place had not yet come. Then came the strange cries again, "We are tired! We are tired!"

This is one of the best armies of the Central Government, I am told. They are good fighters. They carried no packs on their backs, they had no overcoats. I wondered how they sleep, how they keep warm. When they saw a foreign face their cries ceased and in astonishment they gazed at me, and some of them smiled and halted to have their pictures taken.

We came into a half-deserted village and found two empty rooms in the home of what appears to be a middle-class peasant. Since three doors of the mud and stone buildings were locked with iron Chinese locks and chains, we went into the two empty ones and occupied them. Later we found one peasant who lives in one of the padlocked rooms. His wife and daughter have fled with the other women to the mountains. He is a poor peasant, as are the other families that live in the other rooms. The men talked curiously with us. We tried to get them to bring their women back, but they are afraid of armies. It will take another day or two for the Political Department of headquarters to convince them that the Eighth Route Army is the protector of the people. The women will be returning soon, just as they have at other places. And here we will leave men to organize and arm the people into Partisans, just as we do everywhere. We left two armed men in the village where we spent the two nights before this. This was the request of the people, who sent a delegation to our military headquarters.

We leave here tomorrow morning for a new position.

I wonder at the Chinese people. Our only food is millet or rice, and one vegetable. Today we had rice and turnips. Sometimes it is squash or potatoes. And on this we live. There is no fat, no sugar, and for days no meat at all. I have a little money left which I borrowed from a friend to prepare for this march. So I am able to buy an occasional chicken. My whole group of six eat it. This gives us a little protein and a tiny bit of fat. The guards' shoes are nearly worn out and they have no others. Nor can we buy anything. There is absolutely nothing to buy here. This region seems very, very poor. They have millet, kaoliang, and squash, and a few potatoes about as large as walnuts. Even the chickens are very scarce and very thin. We bought one today but it had no fat at all. We bought a squash from the poor peasant. But there are many armies in this region, and I wonder what the people will live on during the winter. We buy everything we take, but much of our rice is transported on donkeys and mules with us. It is many days' march over terrible roads to Taiyüan and the problem of feeding and clothing an army during the winter months, in this region, is almost unbelievably difficult. There are no motor roads—and no motor trucks. It is almost impossible to find any man in these villages who has enough money to change one Chinese dollar. We could not change a dollar to buy one chicken, but had to buy another chicken this afternoon, a squash, and some corn for my horse and mule. For I am using the little money I have left to keep my horse and mule in good condition. If either dies, I do not know what I shall do. For our future marching is very hard. I shall have to walk much of the time also.

Today my two companions and I stripped our luggage down to the barest essentials. We each have the one suit we

wear, our winter coats, an extra pair of socks or so, and we are rich in having one extra pair of shoes each which we bought in Sian. My luggage consists almost entirely of my typewriter, my typewriting paper, carbon paper, my camera, films and typing ribbons. I even had to give up my first-aid medicine. My camp bed I gave to the peasant here. It was a great thing for me. I could sleep alone, and it freed me from the near-certainty of getting lice. The *k'angs* of the poor peasants often have lice in them. This morning, when we arrived here, I watched some of our armed forces sitting in doorways, stripped to the waist, picking lice out of their coats. They already have them. Yet up to now they have been free of them. Lice in North China in winter mean typhus. Lice in wartime are always a typhus danger. For the North Chinese men typhus does not generally mean death. They are somewhat immune to it. But our army is mostly of southern men, and I fear they are in the same danger as foreigners from typhus—and that means death in a large proportion of the cases. We cannot afford anti-typhus vaccine. It costs $9.00 for one injection series. I have not received injections either. I tried it a year ago and nearly died of heart failure.

But still I cannot take my camp bed—and must sleep on the *k'angs*. From now on I have one donkey and my little mule, to carry everything for my party of six. My luggage is the heaviest. It is typewriting and camera supplies. In these regions we cannot buy any kind of paper whatever. Whatever we intend to use we must carry with us.

Later: Today the two other peasants who live in the locked rooms returned. One was a very poor man. He came into our room and asked politely and humbly for something. We could not understand his dialect at all. Not one of us could under-

stand. Finally he dared point at something and we saw it was an old rope hanging on an inside door. He wanted his rope but he had been afraid to come and take it, or to ask for it by pointing. For our guards are armed men! And he has had experience with armed men! We laughed and gave him his rope. On his head was a bloody cut, as if he had fallen. I disinfected it with iodine and then he said he would of course pay. He made a gesture of payment and we assured him that we did not want payment. He watched us with suspicion—this strange army that gave back a man's rope or treated his injury free. Ten minutes later he came back and asked us to treat his injured foot. It was useless. His foot is worn to the flesh through a hole in his old cloth shoes. He needs a new pair of shoes. And we have none even for ourselves. One of my guards took him to our doctor who bound up his foot and told him to put a patch over his old ragged shoe.

The peasant men have returned—but not yet the women and girls. What problems China has! It seems that all the problems of thousands of years rest upon the shoulders of the people. The Chinese armies are fighting for the first and most essential of all necessities—national liberation. But that is only the beginning, and even the prerequisites for the victory of the Chinese armies is not yet fulfilled—that is, the adoption of such democratic social, economic and political measures that the masses of the people really feel that they have something to fight for, something to die for if necessary, but, above all, something to live for. Again and again as we go through the country, I am deeply, irrevocably convinced that the principles embodied in the heart of the Eighth Route Army are the principles that will guide and save China, that will give the greatest of impulses to the liberation of all subjected Asiatic

nations, and bring to life a new human society. This conviction in my own mind and heart gives me the greatest peace that I have ever known.

November 4, 1937

Just as I sent off my diary notes for today, Chu Teh came in to see us. He was much worried and his usual air of enthusiasm was gone. The Japanese have occupied Showyang, one of the main towns on the Chentai railway leading to Taiyüan, he told us. They finally occupied it yesterday morning while we were marching in this direction. We crossed the railway tracks at that station. It is but one hundred and eighty li from Taiyüan. The next strategic point is Yütze, which connects with the Tungpu railway—the single track railway that runs the length of Shansi Province from north to south. The Szechwan troops and the other Central Government troops at Showyang and at other points in this region where we are, seemed to have retreated without determined fighting. In this whole region now, it seems, no Chinese troops except the Eighth Route Army are fighting. Some of the defeated troops have been reassembled and reorganized, and have marched on to Yütze to meet the Japanese there. Chu Teh had one hope —that within four or five days, reinforcements from Tang En-po's 13th Army, and from Liu Hsiang's Szechwan Army, would arrive. He expects seven Szechwan divisions to reenforce us in this region. Well, Tang En-po's troops can fight. They fought well at Nankow Pass, though with mistaken tactics. As for General Liu Hsiang's troops—they are not so good. They fought the Red Army two years ago, and the Red Army simply finished whole divisions of them. Two Szechwan generals, who knew Chu Teh years ago when he was a

brigade commander in the Yunnan Army, visited him. Chu Teh takes pride and comfort in the fact that the arrival of the Eighth Route Army, with a number of victories behind it, has given new hope and courage to the other Chinese armies here.

But Chu was worried and was given to silence because of another development; the Japanese have sent nine thousand men of their 20th Division southwest from Pintingchow on the Chentai railway, and they have arrived within thirty li (ten miles) of our headquarters. To stop them the Eighth Route Army has only about one thousand men in that sector. Lin Piao is field commander, and Chen Kwang is commanding on the battlefield. Since we arrived here, the Eighth Route Army has given up positional warfare such as Liu Peh-cheng's troops were fighting under General Yen Hsi-shan's orders. They now fight with the tactics for which they are famous—guerrilla warfare on a broad, organized scale. Fighting in this region just north of us began this afternoon. We do not yet know what the result will be.

Anyway, our headquarters is ready to move at dawn tomorrow morning. But the people who fled from here have not all returned. Only some of the men have come back, and alone, to see if they dare bring their families. The women, and the donkeys and mules on which they, their children and few household goods were transported, have not yet returned. So we do not have enough animals to transport our food and luggage. The whole Political Department has just five donkeys, and they must carry our rice, brought with us from the northern part of the province. We do not know how we shall move. The peasant who lives in this compound with us has agreed to help carry the goods of our group, and to get some

Chu Teh, commander in chief of the Eighth Route Army, and his wife, Kang Keh-chin. Chu Teh has just put on the uniform of the Central Government armies, while Kang Keh-chin still wears the uniform of the Red Army

Eighth Route Army men in battle. The dead bodies, clad in overcoats, are those of Japanese.

A line of soldiers, while on the march, passes, on the crest of a hill, one of the rarest sights in north Shansi, a tree.

of his friends to help. But that does not solve the problem. The headman of the village went out into the hills and other villages to call back the people and their donkeys. But when they heard that we were moving, they absolutely refused to listen to him at all. Had we remained, they would have returned. But we want to hire their donkeys to move with, and so they stay where they are! The headman wept when he told us this. Tomorrow morning we will all go like burdened animals ourselves, and some of our things must be left behind.

We can always talk with Chu Teh like a close friend. We can get information and we can gossip, though there is no time or inclination for any of us to gossip these days. Today his worries bore heavily upon him. Now and then, as we talked, we stopped to listen to the roar of the big Japanese guns to the northeast of us. And after Chu was gone we sat for a long time listening to those guns and now and then to the distant hammering of machine guns. The Japanese outnumber the Eighth Route Army nine to one over there, and their equipment is a hundred to one. We might suffer a defeat. The other units of the Eighth Route Army are fighting in other places, Liu Peh-cheng's army farther east. The battle now going on to the north and northeast of us is commanded by Lin Piao, one of the most brilliant of young Chinese military tacticians. He commands the famous First Front Army of the Workers and Peasants Red Army from Kiangsi. This is now one unit of the Eighth Route Army. It is made up almost entirely of Kiangsi workers and peasants. Ho Lung's Second Front Army, another unit of the newly named force, is in North Shansi, in the rear of the enemy—rather between two enemy lines. Liu Peh-cheng, formerly chief of staff to the Red Army, now commands the former Fourth Front Army,

once known as the Fourth Red Army Corps commanded by Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien. Hsu is now vice-commander. Lin Piao's forces and Liu Peh-cheng's forces are now on both sides of the Chentai railway north and east of us, and one small unit of Lin Piao's men are fighting the Japanese just over the hills. Chen Kwang, commanding on the battlefield, is a poor peasant from South Hunan Province, who was a peasant Partisan and then became one of the most dogged commanders of the Red Army.

Li-po and I left Chu Teh and went to visit some other departments. We found the "Enemy Department" of the Political Department studying Japanese documents. These men all speak Japanese, some being students returned from Japan; one is Tsai Chen, a Chinese from Formosa. They take charge of all captured enemy documents, diaries, and other material; they have charge of enemy captives, and they conduct propaganda among the enemy troops. The Communist Party and the Eighth Route Army have just issued two manifestos to the Japanese troops. This action was taken after they read the diaries of Japanese captives and the Japanese dead, in the pockets of many of whom they found a long manifesto from the Japanese Communist Party calling upon the Japanese troops to refuse to fight the Chinese. Their real enemies, read the manifesto, are the Japanese militarists. Tsai Chen gave us a copy of the manifesto of the Eighth Route Army. It reads:

"Dear Japanese Soldiers and Officers:
Let us shout so that all of you may hear us:
1. Against this imperialist war of invasion.
2. Never be deceived by the capitalists, landlords, militarists and Fascists, nor be their victims.

3. Your parents and wives weep for you, hoping you will live. Struggle to return to your homes.
4. Japanese capitalists, landlords, militarists and Fascists are enemies of both the Japanese and the Chinese working people.
5. The Japanese workers and the whole Chinese nation must unite against this war.
6. The Chinese Eighth Route Army is the weapon of the democratic people of the whole world.
7. The Chinese Eighth Route Army is the fighting comrade of the Japanese toiling people.
8. The Chinese Eighth Route Army does not kill captives but, instead, is very kind to them.
9. Japanese soldiers, your fight for the peace of the world must be carried on jointly with the Chinese Army.
10. Do not kill your own brothers, Chinese workers and peasants.
11. Turn your rifles toward your own militarists and Fascists.
12. Fight for a democratic Japan.
13. Build up the Japanese People's Front.
14. The workers of all countries and of the oppressed nations must unite.
15. Long live the workers of Japan, and the Chinese nation.

Political Department of the
Chinese Eighth Route Army."

After talking with the Enemy Department, Li-po and I went into the streets of this small town, which is little more than a village. Already the walls of the houses were covered with slogans and with new propaganda posters. There were the illustrated black and white posters that tell the story, in

pictures and a few simple words, of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and North China south of the Great Wall. There was the proclamation to the people signed by Chu Teh and Peng Teh-hwei which we saw first in the little temple in North Shansi. Along the length of one building were ten big posters, with simple explanations and with black and white illustrations. These were the ten united front principles of the Communist Party of China in pictures. These principles are to be found explained in every form everywhere now. They are: (1) war on Japan and the recovery of all lost territory; (2) the confiscation of Japanese property in China and its use for national defense; the confiscation of all property of traitors and its use to support the refugees and other destitute people; (3) improvement of the livelihood of the people through efforts to prevent famines and floods; (4) removal of all unnecessary and exorbitant taxes, reorganization of the finances of the country, and development of trade and industry; (5) increase in wages and improvement of the living conditions of the workers, peasants and students; (6) universal, free and compulsory education; (7) work for the unemployed; (8) further adoption of democratic principles in government and release of all political prisoners; (9) equality of all races in China and the defense of the lives and property of Chinese people living abroad; (10) the unity of all opponents of Japanese imperialism—the people of Korea, Formosa, and the Japanese common people, cooperation with all nations who sympathize with China, and friendship with all that remain neutral in this war.

Passing on down the darkening streets, we saw people standing before a speaker and we heard a voice discussing something carefully and patiently, saying often to the crowd,

"Do you understand?" The crowd would answer, "We understand." Going near, we saw that the crowd consisted of about thirty or more of our army, without arms, and the speaker was their platoon commander. One of the thousands of problems of China was pictured before us. The commander was telling his men that he knew that they and others had had no food that day. Each department must carry its own food; some departments now do not have enough, and many men have not eaten. We have marched far and we have used up much of the rice and millet we brought along. Now we cannot buy food, and we cannot hire enough animals to transport what we have. We have sent men far and wide to buy millet, but they have not returned. The men of the Eighth Route Army must not go to the headman of the village and ask him for food. The village head can help us only in big things concerned with our general plan of defense. Our own problems we must solve alone.

The speaker then took up another matter. The men knew, he said, of the three main rules and the eight minor rules of the Eighth Route Army. The eight minor rules include a number which every man must observe in all villages. They must keep the rooms clean, and leave them clean when they depart. If they sleep on a door, or on straw, these must be returned. All things borrowed must be returned, and if lost or broken must be reported so the company can pay for them. No woman or girl may be molested, and nothing may be stolen or taken from the people. Men must use the toilets of the people (which are square holes in the ground with boards or stones over them with cracks between), or they must dig holes in the earth and fill them up when they leave. Men must

be careful because this is a fundamental health measure protecting the people and themselves.

"Do you understand?" the speaker asked. The men replied, "We understand."

Then the platoon of men began to sing. They sang a song that one can hear wherever the Communists and their armies are to be found, the song of the three major and eight minor principles of the army! These principles have been set to music, and the music is beautiful. Tonight, as these hungry men sang, and then as they marched away to their beds of straw or cornstalks spread on mud floors, their singing had more meaning to me than ever before. Their voices were like a string orchestra in the night. I, who had had food this day, realized that I can never know fully the meaning, the essence of the Chinese struggle for liberation which lies embedded in the hearts of these workers and peasants. I am still an onlooker and my position is privileged. I will always have food though these men hunger. I will have clothing and a warm bed though they freeze. They will fight and many of them will lie on frozen battlefields. I will be an onlooker. I watched them blend with the darkness of the street; they still sang. And I hungered for the spark of vision that would enable me to see into their minds and hearts and picture their convictions about the great struggle for which they give more than their lives.

It was perhaps to ease our hearts that Li-po and I went down to Chu Teh's headquarters. The roar of big Japanese guns came from over the hills. Chu Teh and Jen Peh-si welcomed us and one of their smiling guards brought us Chinese tea served in the enamel cups we all carry. Jen Peh-si began to tell us that we had just missed two hundred miners who

came over from Pintingchow, the Japanese stronghold on the Chentai railway. When the rich men, and later the Chinese troops, fled before the Japanese armies, these miners remained, took rifles from the small local arsenal, and waged guerrilla warfare on the enemy. They mined and blew up the railway repeatedly. They were the first Volunteers along the railway and from the beginning they had contact with the Eighth Route Army men in North Shansi. They continued to fight under terrible difficulties, and they had come here without shoes, or with shoes worn down to shreds. They had eaten but once a day and sometimes not that, they had no winter overcoats and only their summer clothing of overall material. We had a few extra pairs of shoes which we gave them, and we gave them food and all we could. They came to ask if they should join the Eighth Route Army or should continue to operate as Volunteers. For the time being they will continue guerrilla fighting. They left this same night for guerrilla attacks along the railway at another point.

Jen Peh-si then told us more of the Volunteer movement. The Partisans are organized by the Eighth Route Army, and are now led by it so that they are a branch of the army. In North Shansi, in Chahar, and in Suiyüan Provinces, there are now from five to six thousand Volunteers in regions occupied by the Japanese. They struggle under unheard-of difficulties. They are without winter clothing, without sufficient food, without money. These Volunteers are not organically connected with the Eighth Route Army, though Communist organizers have started many of the groups.

4

Battles and Raids with the Forces of Lin Piao

November 5, 1937

WE DO not move headquarters today. This morning at four-thirty the bugles woke me. They came faintly and sleepily, as always. All the bugles seemed to be in action. Then one little bugler seemed to get a great idea. He began to play a melody. He played it over and over again. It was the melody of an old Red Army song of victory. One of my guards heard it, leaped from his bed and was gone through the courtyard like a bullet. He came back ten minutes later shouting, "Big victory! Big victory!" And everyone sprang out of bed to hear that Lin Piao's troops beyond the range of hills had dealt the Japanese a serious blow. The enemy had come down, nine thousand of them, in columns, from Pintingchow; the Eighth Route had retreated to a village, Kwangyang, and had awaited them in the hills. They had cut their column, held the front part back with heavy fighting, and destroyed about one thousand of those in the rear. They took five hundred horses and mules and vast quantities of supplies, and also some prisoners.

Not all of this news was given by my guard. Hsu Chuen had rushed out to the Enemy Department to learn that they were going to the front, and we could go along. He had gone

to get Chu Teh's permission, and Chu Teh gave it gladly and came in person to our room to give us the details of the victory. We must be careful, he said, for many Japanese planes are flying over that whole region.

In half an hour we were on the road, taking only our bedding, and I my typewriter and camera. Half an hour out we met the first airplane scouting over the region. The bugle call in our headquarters came faintly to us as we lay down by the side of cliffs. We knew that the fight was still going on, that the Japanese were split up in small units all over the hills. A special detachment of armed men escorted us lest we meet any of them. On all the hills leading to our headquarters we could see improvised lookouts in which our sentinels sat. We met a strong, handsome young peasant hurrying along the road toward headquarters and we knew that he belonged to our intelligence service and was bringing news.

After about three hours we reached a village three or four li from the scene of the battle. One of our party had reached there before us, taking our armed escort with him without waiting for us. So we remained stuck in the village, unable to go to the battlefield. I cursed the very stars. Well, we could look about. The little village was clogged to its very gullet with captured animals and supplies. Here were hundreds of horses and mules loaded with Japanese ammunition, uniforms, caps, and medicine. They were ready to be sent to the rear. In one room we found a Japanese captive and talked with him. He is a radio worker from Osaka, and he speaks some English. He did not seem unhappy and the men in charge had put him at his ease and served him food. He said he did not know why the Japanese Army fights China—he was in the army and he obeyed.

In a big compound we found thirty-eight peasants from Manchuria who had been recruited for the Japanese by Chinese traitors. These traitors had told the men that they would give them work for many months and pay them for it. The men accepted. Then they found themselves beasts of burden in the Japanese Army of invasion. They had received no money, and they had been fed but once a day. At night, to prevent their escape, the Japanese had chained each man by one hand to the leg of a horse.

These Chinese peasants from Manchuria were a terrible sight to see. When we entered they arose, removed their miserable rags that served as hats and bowed low as the Japanese had forced them to do. They were emaciated and debased. Their bodies bore the marks of constant beatings. I watched them when they were formed in two lines to be removed to a village some four li to the rear. For we all were moving at once. This village might be raided any minute by Japanese soldiers roaming the hills about. I watched the Manchurian peasants form in two lines and listened to an Eighth Route Army man talk to them. They were now amongst their own people, and with an army of workers and peasants like themselves, the speaker said. Henceforth they were comrades together and he hoped they would join us in fighting the enemy and in struggling for a better life for all the people of China. Were they willing? A movement went through the lines of ragged men. "Tell us how," one of them said, and others said, "Tell us how!" Tears blinded me and I turned away. Later I saw these men as stretcher carriers for the Eighth Route Army wounded. They had been given shoes and peasant clothing, and I saw some of them coming down a hill, the stretchers high on their shoulders. Two carried the stretcher

and two others eagerly ran by the side of the wounded man, watching him anxiously and with the most devoted attention, lest he fall or slide as their companions went down the steep decline. There was an eagerness about these men that was deeply moving. Their faces were literally alight with joy and pride. I talked with one of the wounded men carried by four of the Manchurian peasants.

But where are the words on this earth to describe that wounded man? He was an Eighth Route Army peasant from Hupeh Province and his age was about thirty. He had been in the Red Army from its earliest days. He had been wounded seven times, and I saw some of the old black scars. Now he was wounded by machine-gun fire, through the right arm and through the chest. When I say he was a peasant, I do not mean any stupid, slow-moving or slow-thinking person. His face was sharply carved and he was thin; it was a face that would make you turn and look, alight with intelligence and consciousness. The eyes were large and brown and now were filled with suffering. He talked slowly and then rested, and his eyes ranged from one to the other of us. Our army has no medicine to deaden his anguish. And he asked us if we had any. I had a sleeping drug and I gave it to him.

One thing I shall never forget in this man. When we first asked him at what place ahead of us he had been wounded, he said he would not tell us. Only after we had told him who we were, and after we had assured him that I was no enemy, and no one who would betray, did he tell us the name of the place. For there his comrades are still fighting.

The liberated Manchurian peasants lifted him to their shoulders and carried him away to a rear hospital.

The village in the rear to which we were going was but

four li away—that is, a mile and a third. But it took us over two hours to reach it. It was not our long line of animals, burdened with trophies of war, that halted us, though they moved slowly. Ahead of me moved a very high thin Japanese horse loaded with two huge trunks bearing the mark of the Red Cross. That was medicine. Some mules carried boxes of ammunition. All moved slowly, and it was a miracle only that no Japanese bombers came to blow us into eternity. For the paths were narrow and often there would have been no escape on either side. Bare, perpendicular cliffs towered on one side, and on the other was a chasm through which a river plunged.

It took us so long to go the mile and a third because the valley, the paths, the river bed became filled with a whole division of the Eighth Route Army rushing to the front to re-enforce Lin Piao's troops. When I say "rush," I mean "rush." They marched in units of about a thousand men. They came swiftly as if it were early morning and they had just arisen from bed. Yet they had marched most of the night. They carried their rifles, some men two, their dismantled machine guns, and their bedding rolls on their backs. They had few animals, and these came plodding in the rear burdened with more arms and ammunition. One wave of a thousand would pass, as we halted to give them the right of way, then we would go on for a few minutes and stand aside for another column. Or sometimes we halted, hailed old friends who rushed at us with outstretched arms, talked a few breathless, incomplete words, and then were gone as a new blue-gray wave was upon us. When they came down the hills they broke into a run. The rest of the time they marched with remarkable swiftness. There was about them an eagerness, an

exultation, that did not express itself in laughter, though there was much laughter and now and then a snatch of singing. We passed whole battalions clothed in Japanese overcoats and some in Japanese uniforms. There must have been two to three thousand men clad like this—and we knew that each coat had meant a dead Japanese. These men carried on their shoulders the certain signs of their victory. We admired the coats. They are almost the color of the earth in this autumn and winter weather. If an airplane comes, a man has but to stand still, and he cannot be seen. Some of our men also carried warm woolen Japanese blankets on their backs instead of cheap gray cotton ones. They all wore the Chinese caps and Chinese soft shoes and leggings, and their caps bore either the white sun on the blue field, or the red star. For many of them still wear the red star of the Red Army. And many men still wear the Red Army uniform with the red bar on the collar.

I saw a new column coming rapidly toward us, and a man at the head of it suddenly shouted my name and began running forward. As he came near I saw it was Chen Ken, the brilliant young commander, formerly of the 12th Division of the Fourth Front Red Army, then commander of the first division of the First Front Army, then leader of a battalion in the Anti-Japanese University at Yenan, in North Shensi. He had gone to the front and was now a commander in the 129th Division of the Eighth Route Army. He had been holding a position near Siyang to the east. I immediately asked him to allow us to go with him. He did not know how to arrange it. The division commander, Liu Peh-cheng, was coming, he said—we should ask him. We halted and he was gone, racing down the road to the head of his column, while

we went on looking for Liu Peh-cheng. At last we found him with his staff, and our question confronted him with a problem he did not know how to solve. He did not know what the conditions were on the battlefront, he said, he did not know how to protect us; perhaps we could wait in the Political Department there in that little village.

I cursed myself later for doing this instead of just turning about and going with him. We all knew that on this night there would be fierce fighting throughout this region. It was in the midst of it that we longed to be. We all hate sitting even two or three li in the rear, with the sound of bombardment in our ears.

The Political Department in the little village was a mess. There were two men in charge, but they did not know what to do about anything. One of them was organizing the captured war trophies—the military maps, the Japanese banners, the "thousand stitch cloths" made by Japanese women to guard soldiers against bullets, and the Buddhist charms designed for the same purposes. But the latter had been useless when the Eighth Route Army met their bearers, whose dead bodies lined the roads for miles on the battlefield. This same man was looking over a big pile of Japanese bank notes. There were 4,400 yen. He handed us bundles of them. They are utterly useless, he said, for we use only Chinese money! At Pinghsiangkwan in North Shansi, the Army burned piles of this money, and here on the battlefield they tore up thousands of dollars and sent it sailing on the wind. And why, I asked, did they do this with money, while they were willing to use Japanese ammunition, medicine, clothing and food? The money was useless, the man replied. Then I insisted that it be carefuly collected from the pockets of everyone about, and

sent in bundles to General Headquarters, to be sent to Mao Tse-tung in Yenan, North Shensi, who could have it exchanged. This astounded everyone, but they gladly did as we said. Later I saw men disgorging Japanese yen. They were sending it to General Headquarters.

This night a new Japanese captive, a company commander, was brought in. His name is Saaki, and he was a merchant from Osaka. On September 13th he left Osaka, passed through Korea into Manchuria, and stayed in Chinchow ten days. On October 10th he arrived at Fengtai near Peiping, then went on to Paoting, to Shihchiachwang, then up the Chentai railway to Pinting. I asked him why he fought the Chinese, and he said because Chinese have for years been killing Japanese. The papers he read told him so. China was also in great disorder, he said, and no Japanese life was safe. No, he had never heard that Japanese and other foreigners killed Chinese. I told him he was not in China because Chinese kill Japanese, but he was here because Japanese militarists and capitalists want the vast wealth of China; and that neither he nor any of the ordinary Japanese people will get any of it. They will merely be stupid tools to help their ruling class hold this wealth. Yes, he said, he supposed that the Japanese people would get nothing from China—only the big people would get something.

He said the Japanese are fighting for justice, and that soon Nanking will make peace. He was very confident that the Japanese Army would be victorious, and that after Nanking and Tokyo make peace on Tokyo's terms, there will be peace in China. We told him that while Japanese armies are on Chinese soil there will be no peace in China—that the Chinese Eighth Route Army that holds him captive, and the

other armies and people of China will fight until the last Japanese is driven from Chinese soil. He smiled a little at this, as if we were children. He had supreme faith in the Japanese war machine and he was not afraid of saying so.

Later, Lin Piao talked with him. He told Lin Piao that by the rules of the Japanese Army he can never return to Japan, because he has been taken captive. He asked for a gun or a sword, that he might be allowed to return to his division and fight again and save his honor! But he and the Japanese worker who had also been captured were sent to General Headquarters, along with other prisoners. The worker will be kept and educated, I am told, and the officer given money and sent home. This officer is not only a merchant but he has a bank account and lives off the interest on his money. To expect anything from such a man seems madness. The Japanese militarists have told all their soldiers that the Chinese kill all captives. This is why the soldiers fight to the last rather than be taken captive.

The worker-captive seemed innocent enough, I told my companions. Then they showed me his diary, taken from his body. Here is a passage from it:

"Diary of E. Matsui:

"October 29th. Before we started a company commander told us that our army at Chihungchen had been attacked by the enemy. We must be careful. We were there on the 25th. It was at this same place that our regiment first met the enemy. Because the people of this place are very dangerous, we killed more than thirty young men, and then left. After walking a short distance, we stopped. Today we ate yellow beans with rice. Very good."

In the diary there was not one word of horror that the

Terraced hills of rich loess earth in northern Shansi

Field kitchen, Eighth Route Army

Mao Tse-tung, leader of the Chinese Communist Party

Ting Ling, famous Chinese writer and leader of a "Front Service Group" of the Eighth Route Army

Japanese Army had taken thirty young Chinese men out and slaughtered them "because the people of this place are very dangerous."

Back in the dark corner of the room in which we spend this night I have found two rosebushes, half dead. On one there is a lone red bud. It is as red as blood. It lifts its head above piles of broken jars, pans, chairs, and a thousand other things. I sleep near-by, on top of a long, narrow, low chest.

November 6, 1937

We are going with the Enemy Department to Lin Piao's field headquarters. The place is secret, and we can find it only with peasant guides. A regimental representative in the village gave us a note to a village beyond, where a young peasant came out to guide us. On the walls of the village were slogans, proclamations of various kinds, and manifestos of the Eighth Route Army. Here were the ten principles of the Communist Party, and a special manifesto of the Political Department of the 115th Division of the Eighth Route Army, to the masses, telling them the principles of the Eighth Route Army, and asking for their cooperation. This manifesto read:

"The Japanese have attacked China; they loot, rape, and rob our people and burn our houses in an attempt to conquer and destroy our nation. Manchuria has been lost and now North China, Shanghai and Nanking are being fiercely attacked.

"Our army is beginning the fight against the Japanese. We must destroy them. We fear nothing. We hate all they represent. Our army has strict rules. We never force people to carry things for us, we never force people to give us money. We buy according to the market prices. We never beat the

people or force them to do anything. We hope our fellow countrymen will never fear us, and that our soldiers and the people will unite and go together to the front to fight. We call upon the people to organize, and we will give them arms. We must arrest all traitors and spies of the enemy. We must post sentinels everywhere. Men with money must give it. Those with surplus food must give. Those with false power must surrender it to the people. Those with guns must fight. We must develop Partisan warfare and cut off the enemy communications and attack their trucks.

"People of the whole country, unite to fight! Victory will be ours!"

Now we have the armed escort that was taken to the front by one of our party. This man, from the army of General Yang Hu-chen, has returned from the battlefield. Rows of Japanese dead, mingled with dead mules and horses, lay for over a mile, he said. He brought back some secret documents taken from the body of an officer.

We go up and around, over, down and around again, these cone-shaped mountains. We are constantly seeing airplanes. By the end of the day we have met thirteen in all. Once we saw three flying in formation, and later, five. They flew lower than usual, looking for our army. We crouched by the side of cliffs and waited for them to pass. But my pony Yunnan will not crouch, and he is a danger to everyone. Donkeys and mules and horses stop dumbly and wait, but my miserable pony jumps up and down in one place, rearing and kicking, and the airplane that cannot see him and machine-gun him is no airplane. Along this route we met many groups of refugees leaving the region, guarded and guided by Eighth Route Army men. They have come from places where the

Japanese are fighting. Once we met a group along a narrow path. There were men, women, children, and donkeys among them. Neither group could pass. And just at this moment we heard the roar of planes and saw five of them coming directly over us. All who could raced for safer places, but the animals and the refugees halted and waited. When the planes had passed I came up on the path. The old peasant women, foot-bound and wrinkled with age, sat on their donkeys, unmoving. At the rear of the refugees, standing close against the cliff, were three little children perhaps four to six years old. They held each other's hands tightly and stood close together, perfectly motionless. Their eyes were big and frightened. The refugees carried all they possessed—padded quilts, a few rags and a few household utensils.

After what seemed endless hours of walking, climbing and riding, we reached Lin Piao's field headquarters. He had been up all night and he and some of his staff were now asleep on their one *k'ang* in a little room hung with military maps. I was in such pain that I lay down when they got up and from the *k'ang* I watched them at work. There are telephone lines stretched across this country, and one of them ended in Lin Piao's headquarters. Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien called from Kwang-yang village to report that the Japanese were attacking in large forces. Lin ordered the Eighth Route forces there to retreat a little. Later he ordered another retreat, carefully tracing the route of retreat on the map before him. The Eighth Route is waiting for a big battle. But the Japanese have brought in reenforcements, so now they have not just nine thousand men but perhaps two or three times that. Lin Piao and his staff are perfectly calm about it. "We cannot fight them openly," he told us. "There are too many of them. We

will employ Partisan warfare. We will select the places where we wish to fight." And so they were retreating and watching and waiting. When the big battle will come is not certain—tonight, tomorrow, tomorrow night. We do not know.

I asked to go to Liu Peh-cheng's field headquarters. Lin Piao said no. It was too dangerous. The Japanese are too numerous. If I go with our men, I would have to go with small Partisan groups that move very rapidly. I am not able to walk very far. So I lie on his *k'ang* and listen to the occasional bombardment. "What does it mean?" I ask. "Nothing," Lin says. "The Japanese fire without an objective. We have no 'positions,' so they can do nothing So they just fire for the psychological effect." He smiled his dry little smile. The airplanes drone over our headquarters, and, seeing nothing, are gone.

The place is jammed. Sardines have an easy time compared to us. There are but eight houses. Our group gets one of the "houses"—caves dug in the loess cliffs. On the *k'ang* sleep my two guards, my two newspaper companions, and, at the end, myself. At the foot of the *k'ang*, on a door, sleeps Tsai Chen of the Enemy Department. Farther back in the cave sleep eight or ten men, or more, on the floor, with some straw beneath them. We all take this for granted, and I suppose that I alone find it unusual.

One of our party has just returned from visiting friends in a village beyond. And what treasures he brings!—two fine Japanese pistols, some hard candy, and some concentrated food. He brings boiled water and with much excitement we prepare the concentrated food captured from the enemy. None of us has ever seen it before. But what a fine thing it is! If only our army could have some of it. Then the hard candy—

it was eaten with long-drawn sighs by most of the men, who have had no sugar for months.

One of the Enemy Department returns from Kwangyang village. He went to bring back two more Japanese captives. On the way he saw the approach of a company of enemy troops, and he had to make a big detour, and later lead men back to the place, where there must have been a fight by this time.

Nine P. M.—Someone is telling the story of the Sian incident, when Chiang Kai-shek was held by Chang Hsueh-liang, and calls upon me for verification. I have much to verify—I was there when it happened. Through the holes in the paper-covered window I see the brilliant outline of the new moon coming over the hills beyond. Two stars near-by are very bright. Before the window my pony champs the chopped cornstalks given him as food. We can buy no corn here. I recall that Lin Piao has given me another horse—one captured from the Japanese. He has also given me three Japanese overcoats for my guards. And he has given my two companions horses to ride. Henceforth we move in style. About me is the hum of voices and the deep breathing of some of our men who can sleep through anything. I want to go to the battlefield with some fighting group. How to arrange this is the one thought in my mind.

Field Headquarters of Lin Piao
November 7, 1937

It is three in the morning and I am awakened by the bombardment of Japanese guns. There are six explosions in rapid succession. I arise and go outdoors. The moon is gone and there are but few stars. From the direction of Kwang-

yang all is silent. I work until daybreak, sitting up in bed, with a candle by my side.

By six everyone is up and a drama is being enacted in this cave. A Chinese student who acted as translator for the Japanese armies has been captured and is brought in. He says he was a student at the special school for policemen established in Mukden by the Japanese. And he also "managed" the captured Chinese captives. He is being tried, and he pleads his case. He sits on the edge of our *k'ang* and so do a number of our men, and I lie in bed and listen. The poor gentleman was "forced" to act as translator for the Japanese. They just forced him and forced him and forced him! And to show his sincerity, he weeps. Our men listen in silence. One is very simple-minded, for he says to me, "The man is politically ignorant."

"Politically ignorant, hell!" I reply. "The Japanese had to chain the peasants to the feet of horses to keep them from running away; but this fellow was never chained to a horse or anything else." A dozen men agree with me and Tsai Chen's face wears an expression of cold hatred.

There is occasional bombardment and the explosion of airplane bombs from the regions north and northeast of us.

The Enemy Department has received new captured documents from the Japanese. Two of these are secret military documents from the Military Affairs Committee of the Nanking Government. Both of these give full details of Nanking's military plans, all of its armed forces and their locations and equipment at certain times, with Nanking's plans for defense. There are maps of every kind. These documents were captured from the Japanese last night. Here in our hands lie the most secret documents of Nanking, captured from the nation's enemy.

Field Headquarters of Lin Piao
November 7, 1937

This evening, as the shadows began to turn the deep ravines into black pits, I stood on the summit of a terraced mountain. A narrow path strewn with sharp stones led up out of a long dark ravine, around the terraces of stone, steadily upward, until it reached a point where I stood; then it dropped quickly downward into another ravine leading to the north, where it emptied into a valley running east and west through which twenty thousand Japanese troops were moving westward toward the city of Taiyüan.

Up this narrow, stony path came long lines of Chinese soldiers, marching with astounding swiftness. Their clothing was the blue-gray cotton which they always wear, their shoes were cotton cloth slippers with soft soles. Many wore string or rope sandals, and almost all had no stockings. Above their heads extended the ends of their rifles, with bayonets fixed. Some carried machine guns, and behind them toiled mules, heaving under heavy loads of ammunition. In pockets about the waist of each man were many hand grenades, and on their backs were small square packs with gray cotton blankets around them. Two battalions of the old Red Army from Kiangsi were marching to battle, marching with their two-hundred-li-a-day stride that has no equal on earth. They were outflanking the oncoming Japanese.

The shadows of night deepened and the coiling line of men merged with the darkness of the ravines below. One by one the men stepped up out of the darkness and passed along the path, then plunged down into darkness again. For three or four seconds each man passed before me, and as he passed, turned his face toward me. He spoke no word, but passed like

a shadow. His soft-soled shoes made no sound. Sometimes a rifle clanked against a shovel on a man's back. Some of the shadowy figures were heaving, and their faces gleamed with perspiration. But not one slackened that steady, swift pace that can cover twice or three times the marching distance of ordinary soldiers.

As each figure stepped up out of the shadows, the faces and figures of the Chinese people passed before me. These faces had been molded in a thousand battles. They were strong as steel, firmly set, grim. Yet there was no cruelty in them, no stupidity or dullness. There was a living, vital consciousness, and now an expression of surprise as they saw a foreigner standing behind their lines. All knew that no enemy could be there, so many smiled their welcome but spoke nothing. Some were men as tall and broad as the strongest Western soldier, some shorter and heavy-set, as strong as some of the animals carrying their ammunition, and some thin and wiry. Some were middle-aged men who looked like fathers of families and some were in their early twenties with the light of youth and great vision in their gleaming eyes.

One column passed. There was no one on the path before me; then out of the darkness stepped a peasant, clad as all peasants are, in blue denim, his head wrapped in a short face-towel knotted above the forehead so that the two ends spread out like little wings. Such peasants marched before each column, guiding it over the paths, and so intimately linked with the people is this Eighth Route Army that the men follow them, never doubting, never questioning. The peasants also turned their faces toward me, turned to look back without slackening their swift march, and plunged into the darkness beyond.

It seemed to me that I was passing through one of the greatest moments in Chinese history, and in the history of the world. The scene seemed unreal, yet as real as the stone cliffs. The iron Chinese people, destined to decide the fate of all Asia and, in countless ways the destiny of mankind, stepped up out of the darkness, passed, and then with swift and silent march, plunged into the darkness again. One big man passed by and I must have exclaimed at something. For he turned his face back toward me, laughing until he was lost in the darkness.

The figures appeared and disappeared, and a great excitement filled me. I wanted to follow, to go where they led, to be with these men of destiny. But the night had come and I still stood watching and waiting. Then there were no more and I stood on the mountaintop alone, looking down into the dark ravine. Somewhere over a path my guard was running and calling my name, searching for me. He came and we ran side by side, hand in hand, down over another path that overlooked the ravine into which the marchers had disappeared. We could neither hear nor see anything. We ran up the path of a higher hill beyond, but still we could not see or hear anything. Now my other guard also joined us, and we three hurried on from hill to hill, over to the north overlooking the valley through which the Japanese invaders were coming. A high hill with a clump of pines arose beyond, and we went swiftly toward it. A voice challenged us, my guards answered and the voice said, "Pass." We rounded the top of the hill near the pines and came to a large group of armed men standing silent. Beyond moved the dark outline of unarmed men, watching the valley beyond.

Lin Piao and his staff were on this hill. The chief-of-staff

came up to me, took me by the hand, and led me around the hill behind a low mud embankment. We sat on the earth so that only our heads could be seen above the embankment. Beyond us lay the long valley through which the Japanese were coming. We could not see any moving figures, but we saw what could only be the Japanese. For all the towns and villages in the countryside beyond were in flames. Kwangyang was burning, Shanlungchen and Hsialungchen to the northeast, and Sunta to the west, were in flames. From a mountainside to the east there were occasional bursts of fire and then intervals of silence, followed by the bursting of shells. Two big Japanese guns were bombarding the mountainsides beyond on the chance that they might hit something. Down the valley to the east came the dull hammering of machine guns and now and then the crack of rifles as if men were carefully selecting their object. From the direction in which the long lines of marchers had gone came no sound. They were crossing the valley before the advancing Japanese, then going up dark ravines to the northeast beyond Shanlungchen. Four thousand Japanese were in the valley at our feet, and twenty thousand all together converging on this point. They outnumbered us four to one. Lin Piao and his men moved cautiously over the hill, then farther down toward the burning town of Kwangyang.

What could burn in these poor towns and villages? The buildings are of mud and stone, the *k'angs* inside of mud. There remains only furniture, chests, chairs, and tables. But, above all, there were the crops. On the flat mud roofs of the buildings the peasants have heaped their year's crops. There they have piled yellow corn, millet, kaoliang, cornstalks to be used as feed for the animals through the winter. There were

heaped also piles of sticks and small branches of trees, gathered from the hillsides as fuel for the winter. All were burning. The Japanese had taken what they wanted, taken the congealed labor of the people, and burned the rest. To my mind came the description of a Chinese city of ancient days under the heel of the Tartars.

"We cannot fight the Japanese," Lin Piao had said to me yesterday. "There are too many of them. Our forces in this region are relatively few. We are the only army in the rear of the enemy, both here and in North Shansi, where the enemy has twenty thousand and more men at Sinkow alone. What we can do is split the enemy up in smaller groups wherever possible, and destroy them. We can harass them, cut their communication routes so they can get no reenforcements, no food, no supplies of any kind. We have already cut the Chentai railway here in many places. The Japanese are trying to rebuild this narrow-gauge line, widening it, so they can run trains from the Pinghan line over it. They are trying the same from Tatung in the North. But their work is more than difficult, and we destroy all they build."

It was late when we returned to headquarters. All the men in our cave were asleep, save for three who had also gone to the hill. The sleepers arose or sat up in their beds and asked what we had seen. Three went out to spend the night watching the battle. But there would be little fighting this night. It is a black night and you cannot distinguish friend from enemy.

Field Headquarters of Lin Piao
November 8, 1937

Some of us had hoped that there would be a victory this night to celebrate November 7th. But there was little fighting and our army spent the night taking up new positions. We awoke to the bursting of Japanese shells and the occasional rattle of machine guns. Right after breakfast, we told each other, we would go to some lookout to watch the fighting.

We wanted to go to the battlefield, and we got our wish—for the battlefield came to us. It came in the form of a bombardment from Japanese field guns. We were in the courtyard, with bowls of millet in our hands, when the first shell burst a few yards away, lifting a mule and what seemed a ton of earth a hundred feet into the air. We thought it accidental until the second shell came and we heard the swish of air from the bursting. Well, there was nothing to do but finish our breakfast inside, in the cave. And there was no reason to stop eating because, if the shells did not hit us we would miss breakfast, and if they did, the loss of a little breakfast millet would not matter much to the army. So we ate on and we sort of smiled at each other when another shell burst somewhere outside our headquarters. Tsai Chen raised his eyebrows and said to me, "You wanted to go to the battlefield?"

There was really no need to start bawling about things, so I took some more cabbage and admitted the fact. But it was the first time I had ever been shelled by field guns, and I must admit that I was nervous. Men were discussing the reason for the bombardment. No spies were necessary, they said. Outside our headquarters, on a high embankment, stood a long line of guards and troops off duty looking in the direc-

tion of the big guns and the machine-gun firing. The Japanese had undoubtedly seen them and taken a shot.

Then a sentinel came stumbling into our courtyard, blood streaming from his mouth and nose. He was shot through the thigh and had fallen and hurt his face. He was a boy no more than seventeen or eighteen and his hand trembled from the pain. And so I began my first-aid work in the army. I was busy at this when an order came from Lin Piao telling everyone to move to the rear, for this whole place would soon be a battlefield. Lin Piao then came in person and told us to return to General Headquarters because our forces were moving up and around the ravines back of headquarters, drawing the Japanese inland. There would be Partisan fighting throughout this region. He smiled a little as he spoke, and there was no excitement about him.

Soon we were going up the paths behind headquarters, passing a line of doctors, men nurses, and stretcher-bearers hurrying to the battlefield. These doctors and nurses are all workers and peasants trained in former years in the Red Army Medical School near Juikin in South Kiangsi, though in the last two years many young men have been trained in the Red Army Medical School in North Shensi Province. Then behind us the paths became a mass of rapidly moving men and animals. A regiment of our army was moving to new positions. They overtook us and our group mingled with them. They halted and took up positions in the gullies of the long ravine before us. Peasants streamed out of a nearby village, carrying everything they could. We saw that almost all the men were remaining behind. The refugees were women and children, old men and young boys. A commander told

us that four thousand of the enemy were coming through this ravine.

We saw our first airplane of the day a few yards farther on. We hid while it drummed slowly over us. We were torn between the necessity to obey orders and the desire to remain behind and watch the real fighting. Some of us climbed to the top of a hill and watched, but could not see any signs of the enemy. Another plane came droning overhead, but apparently saw nothing. We debated which was the worse—an airplane or a field gun. I held that you could hear an airplane approach, while a shell from a field gun would suddenly burst near you without warning. And, as if to demonstrate my meaning, a shell burst with a rattling sound somewhere down the mountainside.

Before long we were riding and walking steadily southward over a mountain range terraced from foot to summit. We could look for miles on either side on an endless sea of terraces. The soil was sometimes reddish, blue, or green, until the whole scene took on an opalescent color of great beauty. The terraces gave the scene the appearance of a rippling lake. Some of the terraces about us had been planted to some winter crop, and all had been plowed for the winter. But there were few or no people, and if the Japanese are not halted, there will be a famine in this region next year.

Before the town of Mafang, which had been our headquarters a few days ago, we took shelter from two more planes, then passed through the gates of the town. There was not a soul in sight, and the sound of our horses' hoofs on the cobblestone streets echoed against the deserted buildings. Proclamations, posters, slogans, cried their messages of liberation to the empty air. One lone man came down a narrow lane and

we asked him where the people were. They had gone with the Eighth Route Army, he said. The fighting was so near that they would not remain after our headquarters had left.

We went on and I learned that my pony has a good memory. For he turned up a lane and made straight for his old stable, nor could all my pulling halt him.

We found one building occupied by a company of our troops, left here as outposts. So we rested ourselves and our animals and cooked a meal of millet and carrots. We then rode farther, along the banks of a river that roared in clear torrents over its stony bed. The river would be beautiful, I thought, under other conditions. But now the roar of the water prevented us from hearing the approach of airplanes. The sun poured down on the valley, but the edges of the river were frozen, and the little mountain streams that emptied into it had been frozen as they fell. When we crossed the rivers, our horses broke through the ice lying between stones. Here all was peace, and the sound of bursting shells did not reach us. Some of the hills on either side were wastelands of stone and barren earth. But wherever humanly possible, the peasants had made good patches of land, building terraces eight to ten feet high of carefully selected long stones. Generations of labor lay embedded in these terraces.

The night fell and we still traveled, complaining against ourselves that we had lingered so long at Mafang. And with the darkness came an all-penetrating cold that made riding difficult. It was nine at night when we halted for rest in a peasant's house. While we were about it we may as well take our time, we said, so we all got on the warm *k'ang*, sitting or lying down, talking of the war while the peasants cooked millet for us. They had no vegetables at all except some tiny

potatoes which they washed and threw in, skin and all, into the boiling millet. There was no salt and no fat in the village, there were no eggs because there were no chickens. The peasants complained to us about a wandering band of men who came here a few days ago, saying they were from the Eighth Route Army. The people gave them food, and then the men left without paying. So the people had been cheated. The men were Partisans, the peasants said, and they had not a copper.

Well, the fact is that the Partisans are connected with the Eighth Route Army, and have been organized by it. They also often do not have a red cent. So we pay the poor peasants for the conduct of our comrades and go on through the night. Two young peasants go with us as guides, and it seems there is no end to the road before us. At midnight we reach a village a few li from our General Headquarters. Here our Intelligence Service has its headquarters. They put us up in one room of a compound where poor peasants lived. We lie feet to head like sardines in a tin, on the *k'ang*, and some of our party spread cornstalks on the mud floor and sleep there.

We awake to a bitterly cold morning. The village is so poor that it has no horsefeed, and my horse and mule and our other animals go without food. They champ a few dry cornstalks. There are no stables here for animals because there are no animals, and our horses fill the courtyard. I recall how shocked I once was when I saw soldiers, with their animals, billeted in the beautiful old buildings of the Temple of Heaven in Peiping. I now wondered if we would ever do that, if our necessity would ever be so great. We had certainly stabled our horses in the courtyard of some peasants' homes. The comfort was that the peasants made us welcome and saw nothing unusual in it. The only food they had in their houses

was millet, squash, and garlic. They had no salt, no fat of any kind, and it is doubtful if they had ever tasted sugar. A peasant woman and her husband in one of the houses were searching for something while I was in their place. It was something they had stuck in the mud wall and they could not find it. Their hands carefully felt over every inch of one wall. Finally they found it—it was a needle. The woman of the house owned a needle! I looked at it. It was homemade, big and coarse, but to have made such a thing was an achievement. From my breast pocket lapel I drew forth a fine needle and presented it to the woman. It was a great present, and she called in the woman next door to show it to her. I gave that woman a needle also. And so I made friends. They insisted that I share their millet for breakfast, and when we left the place, they all took us to the outskirts of the village and pointed out the road to us. And so we walked across the frozen earth, over the grass stiff with frost, to our General Headquarters.

5

Traveling with the Headquarters Staff of the Eighth Route Army

General Headquarters of the Eighth Route Army
November 9, 1937

THIS whole region is being organized into Partisan groups. Four li in one direction from our headquarters is a town where there are three hundred Partisans, and five li away are two hundred miners from Yangchüan. I walked to that village with my guards to take pictures of the miners. Our army has given them uniforms, shoes, and stockings. They have their own guns. They are of all ages, though the youngest is perhaps eighteen and carries only a big sword. The others are mature men, most of them between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, with a few much older. They are real proletarians, serious-minded and determined, thoughtful, somewhat reserved yet friendly.

A few li from here is a group of eighty Manchurian Volunteers, all students from Peiping, whom I shall soon visit. All together in this region there are now two thousand Partisans, all organized within less than one month, and many of them since our headquarters came here.

The Front Service Group, led by the well-known woman writer, Ting Ling, has arrived at General Headquarters. The

group conducts all kinds of propaganda among the people and troops. They present plays—the acting group is the best and largest. They teach the people patriotic songs, and they lecture. Some of them write stories of their experiences.

Ting Ling tells us many stories of the experiences the group had on their way from North Shensi Province, up the railway to Taiyüan and then down into Eastern Shansi. They have seven donkeys to carry their bedding rolls. All the rest of their baggage they carry themselves. They have no riding animals at all. They go from village to village, giving plays. They have been bombed by Japanese planes, and they have spoken to thousands of people calling upon them to organize and arm themselves.

The news that reaches us from the outside world is most fragmentary. We know that the Japanese have pushed forward from Sinkow in North Shansi. The Chinese troops fighting there retreated. We have reports from Ho Lung's forces in that region that large numbers of rifles, machine guns, ammunition of every kind were left behind, but by whom they do not know. At any rate, the Eighth Route Army recovered the weapons and supplies. From Ho Lung's headquarters come frequent reports also of daily small victories—of the capture of Japanese trucks, of the destruction of trucks, of the killing of a hundred Japanese here and another hundred there. But the withdrawal of the main body of the Eighth Route Army from that region to the eastern front weakened the northern front. Only one unit of the Eighth Route Army was left there and, split up into small units and fighting over a vast region, it is impossible to expect everything of it. The peasant Partisans, not more than a month

organized and trained, number ten thousand there now; still that is not enough, and not half of them have rifles. From over the mountains toward the front we just left, there is daily fighting, but over a broad area. The Japanese are learning the Eighth Route Army tactics! The Eighth Route Army has been getting in the rear of the enemy, and the enemy has been trying to get in the rear of it! The Japanese dare not use small units as we do, but move in big columns. But ten thousand of them pushed their way through the valley by Kwangyangchen, and the Eighth Route had to move men constantly to halt them. No big decisive battle is being fought in that region, but both sides have lost men. The Eighth Route has not had many killed, but many have been wounded.

News has come to us of the fighting around Yütze, of the Japanese attempt to encircle Taiyüan, and of their daily bombardment of Taiyüan by squadrons of airplanes. The city is in ruins. It is deserted—only a few people remain. There are a few newspaper reporters there, but they cannot even buy food enough to keep themselves alive. Jen Peh-si told us today that if we could get more men and some decent weapons we could still save Taiyüan.

But Amoy is invaded by the Japanese and they are beginning a campaign to occupy all Central and South China. In Nanking itself there is a pro-Japanese group that is advocating "peace" with the Japanese. This means exactly what the Japanese have been trying to push through—the formation of a puppet government of their henchmen in Nanking. There is a danger that this group may push through their policy.

Here at headquarters, we have discussed the meeting of the members of the Nine Power Treaty. Just as they met, the Japanese began a new campaign for the occupation of Central

and South China. We expect newspapers and magazines this week, but they will be weeks old.

Tonight the Front Service Group gave a performance in the streets of the village. One of the gates leading into the city was transformed into a theater by the group. About six feet up from the ground they built a platform across the gateway, strung their red curtain across the stage, and announced a play. The street leading to the gate and the street running across it became filled with the townspeople and our men. The roofs of the houses were black with men. The light on the stage consisted of two ancient hanging lamps of iron.

The group is really doing something fine! They have combined the old Chinese storyteller methods with modern theatrical ideas. They have developed singers of news, much like the minstrels of the Middle Ages. These modern Chinese "minstrels" tell the stories of events and battles in song, accompanying themselves with stringed instruments or drums and clappers.

One of the players appeared before the curtain, a pair of small clappers in one hand, to keep the rhythm of his talk. He spoke in old ballad form, telling the ten principles of the Communist Party of China. He told them in verse and he developed and interpreted them, sometimes sending the audience into gales of laughter. In another "piece," a blind minstrel, with his musical instrument, appeared in the home of a family and sang them the news from all the fronts of China. He brought news, he said, from the Eighth Route Army, which was "the Chu-Mao, the Red Army of China." He brought news of the miner Partisans of Yangchüan, and he sang of their fighting against the Japanese.

This evening two men from the village where Manchurian students are staying came over to headquarters to visit us. These students have come down from Taiyüan, walking all the way, seeking the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army. They heard it was over near the Hopei border, and they have had a big chase all over Eastern Shansi looking for us. They want to join the Eighth Route Army and fight the Japanese. I talked with the two men who came this evening, but I think they have no idea of what the Eighth Route Army is really like. These students are rich men, they are smartly clad, but they are politically more backward than the peasants. I asked them what they intended to do, and one of them remarked that "some will join this army and some will go into politics!" The remark sounded exactly like some American politician's speech. I asked the man where he had been educated, and he gave the name of an American institution. Really, American education leaves a deep mark on every man. Such men base their thoughts upon making money, upon opportunism and they lack even the basic elements of sincere political thought. They speak of "going into politics." Very well—one month in the Eighth Route Army will teach them the meaning of the national struggle, of the problems of China—and of their own ignorance in face of those problems. I wonder how many of these rich men's sons will remain in the Eighth Route Army for more than a month. Let them look at Li-po's feet, split open and bleeding from long marching, and they will see what an intellectual has to *begin* with.

Sikwei, Eastern Shansi
November 10, 1937

We have news that Taiyüan fell to the Japanese today. General Fu Tso-yi defended the city with six thousand of his troops. There is no news of General Fu or his men. We wonder if they have all been killed. General Yen Hsi-shan has only ten thousand men left. The rest of his army is finished. His property is gone. The Japanese rolled over his army, as they did over the Government armies that fought by positional warfare. The shells which the Japanese used at Sinkow to shell the Chinese positions were Chinese shells captured from General Yen's army. The main Japanese forces, more than twenty thousand, in the Kwangyangchen region where we have been, did not pass through the valley where the Eighth Route Army attacked. They made their way up paths north of the valley. They were accompanied by big guns and airplanes. The Eighth Route has none of these weapons. Not even one airplane was sent to help.

And so, last night, Lin Piao and Liu Peh-cheng arrived at General Headquarters for a conference. Tomorrow we move again. The Eighth Route Army is distributing its forces anew. It has decided that it will never cross the Yellow River, but will remain to the end with the people of North China, organizing and arming them, that it will remain until the Japanese are driven out.

The Japanese occupied an empty city when they took Taiyüan. There are eighty thousand men in that force and they are capturing the Tungpu railway and all the cities on its route. But the cities and surrounding regions are empty of people. The Japanese are living off the country, looting, taking the crops. But they find no Chinese to help them. The Chinese

soldiers, whatever else may be said of them, have not surrendered to the Japanese. Some armies have often retreated with almost no fighting. But, unlike the Manchurian armies in 1931, they did not go over to the enemy or wait to be captured.

Today I visited the miner Partisans again. I talked with three miners who helped the Eighth Route Army fight the Japanese at Kwangyangchen. One of them told me his story. He was once a soldier in General Feng Yu-hsiang's army, and later became a miner in the Kailin mines at Tangshan, Hopei Province. The Japanese invasion left him unemployed and he found a job in the terrible coal mines at Tatung, North Shansi, where he worked for twenty to thirty cents a day and lived like a dog. When the Communist Party began organizing the men he was arrested and sentenced to twelve years in the Taiyüan prison. With the Japanese invasion and the building of the national front, he was released and was sent to Yangchüan, on the Chentai railway, to organize the miners there into Partisans. The mines were closed and but two hundred miners remained. He organized them into an armed Partisan group, along with the railway workers there. They blew up the railway as the Japanese advanced; they helped the Eighth Route Army blow up the railroad line at various other places, and finally they fought from November 2nd to 4th at Kwangyangchen (southwest of Yangchüan) and helped the Eighth Route Army score its victory in the afternoon and night of November 4th.

The Partisans have their families with them. Li-po talked with the old mother of one of the men. She is sixty-one years old, gray-haired, strong, militant. She told him that she had two sons, one of whom is a Partisan here and the other a Volunteer.

"Do not think of taking care of me," she told them. "Go and fight the enemy. I order you!" She is now with the elder son and is sewing and knitting socks for all the Partisans. She is the mother of the whole group.

As they came down from Yangchüan the miners saw the dead bodies of many slaughtered Chinese youth. In many places the Japanese had taken one, two or three men from each family and killed them; they had sometimes killed all the young men of a village. They roped them together and then split their heads open with swords, on the general theory that living Chinese—particularly youth—are "dangerous." Many people, the miners said, merely watched the Japanese come. But now they have learned a bloody lesson. They know now what Japanese occupation means—and they are fighting it.

It was difficult to realize, except for the language, that I was talking to Chinese miners, and their wives, sisters and daughters. Some way or other, the miners of all countries look alike, move alike, have the same kind of hands into which coal dust is beaten or rubbed. There is a decision about them, a kind of grim attitude that is still friendly, and an intelligence that arouses respect. Their problems are almost the same, though the problems of the Chinese miners are greater and more difficult than those of Americans. They told of their miserable conditions of life, of their struggle to organize, and of imprisonment and torture. And yet, when the Japanese invasion began, they took up arms to defend their country. They have a great advantage, however, over the oppressed of other countries: they have the Eighth Route Army, an army of workers and peasants, to help them, to train them, to take them into its ranks.

We met groups of armed miners escorting more of their women to the rear. The women might have been the wives or daughters of American or European miners. Like their men, they were grim—perhaps a bit more grim than the men. Their hair was a bit stringy about their faces, they stood firmly on their feet, and they sometimes propped their hands on their hips or folded them across their waists in front of them.

I left the miners feeling once more that I am nothing but a writer, a mere onlooker. I look at their big, black-veined hands, at their cloth shoes worn down to their socks or bare feet, at their soiled shirts. I know there is no chance for me ever to know them and share their lives. I remain a teller of tales, a writer of things through which I have not lived. The real story of China can be told only by the Chinese workers and peasants themselves. Today that is impossible. I do not believe that my companions, Chinese though they are, can write the real story of the struggle of the Chinese people. They are true Chinese intellectuals, as removed from the life of the masses as I am. And one of them, Hsü Chuen, is first of all interested in "style."

If you ask him about a book, he will tell you first of its style. Later on you can pry out of him something of the content. Li-po is more interested in content, it is true. But the life he lives is so hard now that he is often too weary to make use of his experiences. Later on he will become hardened to this life, I think. What I write is not the essence of the Chinese struggle for liberation. It is the record of an observer.

November 12, 1937

We are moving south and west, from seventy to ninety li a day. This morning, as we left our place at dawn, we gave

"our" villages to the troops of Liu Peh-cheng, some of whom have moved here from the Chentai railway zone. They will occupy Eastern Shansi and will organize and arm the people, and with them fight the Japanese everywhere by Partisan warfare. Other units of the Eighth Route Army remain in Northwest and Northeast Shansi, Western Hopei Province, and extend up into Chahar and Suiyüan. And one force will occupy Western Shansi and there organize and arm the people for protracted warfare. Today I passed Chen Ken, regimental commander. He walked with his troops, and he smiled a greeting, lifting a hand in salutation. He was passing through the streets of a village, his troops behind him. We were going the other way. The street was one mass of gray-blue men. It rumbled with the tramp of feet of men and animals, and with the clank of steel. Beyond the village were spruce forests that line the valleys in this region. They are bare of leaves and the frozen earth is covered with white frost.

Later we halted to allow over three hundred horses, captured from the Japanese, to pass us. Some of the animals are in good condition and carry heavy burdens captured from the enemy. But many are wrecks, sick, diseased, injured. Most of them are Manchurian horses which the Japanese took from the people. From their appearance it is clear that the Japanese Army has treated them brutally and has worked them nearly to death. My party has two of these horses now carrying our luggage, and they will fall dead any time. All the care in the world cannot save them. They carry only light burdens, but these are too heavy.

In all the villages people gather to watch us pass. As we go southward we come into regions where the Eighth Route Army has never been before. When the news spread that an

army was coming, many of the people fled. Wherever we halt, our army holds meetings and explains what the Eighth Route Army is, what its principles are, and asks the people to bring back their families who will all be protected.

Many people who fled have already returned to their homes. They have built mud and stone stoves by the roadside, with huge iron kettles of boiling water. Before these they have set tables with their best earthenware bowls filled with hot water. Each man has from ten to twenty bowls which he constantly fills and refills for us. Peasants stand by and hand us the bowls of water, offering them with both hands. It is a touching sight. Often we turn a corner and far down the road see clouds of steam. The people are waiting for us. In some places they have big vats of boiled millet. They accept no money, but give all they can.

We travel over frozen roads and half-frozen rivers. And this evening we came to a village where the peasants in whose house my group had rooms were afraid of us. One room they kept for themselves, and in this all their women gathered. I got a glimpse of them through the door as one of the men brought us boiled water. But none of us could enter. We talked to the men and told them that they need have no fear of the Eighth Route Army. But our talk could not convince them. Tonight one of the men comes into our room and says he must sleep there, while another one sleeps in the next room. I ask why. One of my guards turns to the man and says, "You want to sleep here because you fear we will steal your things. But we are the army of workers and peasants. We steal nothing. We protect the people."

He continues to talk, but the man remains skeptical. He will sell us no chickens, no eggs, no vegetables, because he

thinks we will not pay. He will not rent us a mule or a donkey because he thinks they will never be returned. He has driven them to the hills. One of our guards urges him to rent one and come with us. He comes to me and says he will go, but it is only by force. We tell him we will do without his donkey or mule, though we are willing to pay in advance.

How helpless the people are before their so-called "protectors"! What bitter experience lies back of this attitude. Yet this night, at sunset, men went through the village beating a pan and shouting, *"Kai hwei! Kai hwei!"* (Meeting! Meeting!) Two men of this household remained behind to protect their women, and the others went to the meeting! Army men will remain here to organize Partisans. They also want the peasants to organize groups to help us transport our wounded into Shensi Province. In this work, Kang Keh-chin, the wife of Chu Teh, is very active. The older men and the younger boys will be organized in self-defense corps to protect their homes and villages, the younger men into Partisan groups.

November 13, 1937

It is bitterly cold and I can ride but a few minutes at a time. Our columns fill a broad gray valley with men and animals, blue-gray and ever moving. The hoofs of the horses make a sound of drumming like the distant roar of an approaching airplane. Men sing as they march and, when the valley narrows, the world seems filled with music.

When our animals ford the streams, the hair on their legs becomes frozen.

I am exhausted and sleepy. I see the frozen earth and the rivers covered with a thin sheet of ice. The cold of the dawn seems burdensome. The singing of the army fails to move me.

For I have lice! Last night I found one and felt others. I lay awake most of the night, startled by any movement of the blankets against me. I have always been filled with horror of lice. Once Ho Lung told me that I would never be an "old Red Army person" until I had had lice and the itch. I tried to argue that I had had detectives following me for years, and surely that was lice enough. But he seemed to think that was not enough. This morning I felt that I had been initiated into the army at last, and I became quite philosophical about them. Other people have them, why not I?

Today we halted for rest for fully an hour. The Front Service Group was near us and some of them began to dance Chinese dances. The orchestra consisted of a mouth organ played by one of the group. Ting Ling and I then taught the Virginia Reel to about a dozen of the men standing about. They threw off their packs and rifles and before long the road was a cloud of dust as they pranced back and forth, bowing to each other, going through the various movements. The mountains on either side echoed with their shouts and laughter, and the onlookers gathered in crowds, beating time with their hands. The "orchestra" was drowned completely.

Then we were on the road again and at night reached Yüshe, this place of rest. As we approached it, we passed between two high cliffs. Outlined against the sky on the very edge of one of the cliffs stood the dark forms of two long rows of men. They were Partisans who had gathered there to watch the passing of our army. We could see one man standing before them, sometimes lifting his hand as he talked.

Yüshe is a *hsien* [6] town of a few thousand, with two long

[6] *Hsien,* an administrative district somewhat similar to a county; "*hsien* town" is the county seat.

main streets. At the end of one is a large Confucian temple. There were big signs in the street calling people to a mass meeting in the Confucian temple, and soon hundreds of people, all of them armed, came marching in from a near-by town. One of these was a tall, strong young woman. In the little postoffice, the postmaster literally bubbled over with enthusiasm for Chu Teh and the Eighth Route Army. He had rushed out along the roads to meet the army and had talked in person to Chu Teh. He would never get over it, and he told us over and over again that Chu Teh and he walked side by side and that Chu Teh was just like any ordinary man, plain and simple and sincere.

I turned the postoffice upside down by trying to send an air mail letter to Europe. A postal worker who was out looking at the army was called in for a conference. First they decided that there was no way to send the air mail letter; then they decided that there was but it would cost three dollars. Li-po, standing by my side, gasped as if giving up the ghost. He had never heard of a letter costing so much money and afterwards he muttered, "three dollars," over and over.

The postoffice unearthed three dollars' worth of stamps for the one letter, but then had only two dollars more of stamps to sell us. Afterwards the little postmaster came to the mass meeting looking for me, and, with touching eagerness, told me there was no air mail and the letter would cost only fifty cents. Li-po came up for air and the little postmaster was delighted at saving money for a "friend of China," as he eagerly told the audience about me.

His desire to be friendly to a friend of China, and the same spirit in the people about me made me feel sad. But my sadness was brought to an end by the arrival of Chu Teh, with

two Japanese captives. The audience sang national songs, standing as Chu Teh passed down the aisle cleared for him. It was a sight to see—Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army, being enthusiastically welcomed by the Partisans of this and neighboring towns, by the town's policemen, by a company of the Shansi Army, by the local National Salvation Association, and the whole population. The school children stood together and their voices raised in singing were like hundreds of violins.

It was nearly dark and Chu Teh's form was a gray outline. The Japanese captives sat at a table. The magistrate spoke briefly. Everyone knew the name of Chu Teh, he said. For many years they had heard of him. And now the whole town welcomed him.

Chu Teh's voice is not very strong and often it did not reach the entire audience. But it is filled with the deepest sincerity, with a touch of sadness, and with love. Under the present difficult situation, he said, the Eighth Route Army was fortunate in having the masses to help it.

"Our experience in North Shansi," he said, "shows that if we have mass support and help, we can be victorious over the enemy invaders. The Eighth Route Army needs the help of the people, and the people need the help of the Eighth Route Army. They depend entirely on each other, and if they work and fight together, they can defeat Japanese airplanes, big guns and tanks. If the people are well organized and armed, they can help us destroy railways and highways so the armored cars, tanks and trucks of the enemy cannot pass."

Chu Teh then gave a report on the fighting of the Eighth Route and other armies in various parts of Shansi Province, telling of the formation and arming of Partisan groups.

"Our army, with the help of the people," he said, "has destroyed over one thousand military trucks and armored cars of the enemy, twenty-one airplanes (at Yenmenpao); we have killed over three thousand of the enemy in battle, and we have captured from the enemy over a thousand military horses, big guns, machine guns, rifles, great quantities of ammunition, clothing, and food. We have captured Japanese soldiers, two of whom sit here by my side. We have recovered many towns occupied by the enemy.

"But this is not enough. We must fight again and again, and still again, until our country is free and no enemy soldiers are on our soil. But we must have the help of the people—and we must have the help of the Japanese masses also. It is only the Japanese militarists, landowners, and bankers, who want this war. . . . The Japanese masses do not want" . . .

Here men in the crowd shouted, "Down with Japanese imperialism!" "Chinese and Japanese people, unite!" The audience took up the cries.

Chu Teh continued, "It is not enough for you to admire the Eighth Route Army. You must now actively help it. For victory, it is essential that we all have the conviction that we will be victorious. It is essential also that the people must know how to help our troops. You must know how to destroy roads and railways, armored cars, trucks, and tanks. You must know how to destroy completely all roads over which the Japanese can move their motorized columns. These roads must be turned into wheat and corn fields. No road must remain for the use of the enemy.

"The Chinese people are many and the Japanese few. If our people arise, organize, and arm themselves, we can defeat the enemy. China is a poor country. In our situation, every

man with money must give it, men able to work must give their labor-power, those able to fight must fight. Some people will tell you that the Japanese have more money than we have. But we must remember that one airplane costs at least fifty thousand dollars. At Yenmenpao, in North Shansi, we destroyed twenty-one of these during one night. If we persistently destroy the Japanese and all their weapons, day by day, we will make them weaker and weaker and finally destroy them."

He gave a report of the whole world situation, and the audience became so still that not a sound disturbed the voice speaking to them from the darkness which had now descended. He told them of the manifesto of the Japanese Communist Party, found in the pockets of some of the dead Japanese soldiers. This manifesto, he said, told the Japanese soldiers that the Chinese are not their enemies, but that their real enemies are the Japanese militarists. So China has the help of many countries—and also of many Japanese people, he said. "With such help we people of China can and must go through defeat to victory."

As Chu Teh's voice died away, the audience began singing a song of the national united front. When it was finished, the little Japanese radio worker from Osaka spoke. A murmur of astonishment went through the audience at the strange language pouring from his lips. When he had finished a Chinese translated:

"I am a soldier, but I was also a worker. I was forced by our own militarists to come to China. I received an order of mobilization from our Ministry of War. I could not fight against it. So I reluctantly came to China. Only the Japanese militarists want this war—the common people do not want it. We

Japanese soldiers do not want it and we cannot get used to the life, the food and customs of a foreign country.

"I never knew that the Chinese people were so kind until I was captured by the Eighth Route Army. The men of this army are kinder to me than were our own Japanese soldiers. In the future I want to stand side by side with the Chinese people to fight our own militarists."

As the Japanese ceased speaking, a medley of confused voices rose higher and higher. One voice in the audience shouted, "Chinese and Japanese people unite!" But other voices cried, "Kill him! Kill him!" With the shout "Kill him!" an Eighth Route Army man sprang to the platform.

"No!" he shouted. "No, that is wrong!" The audience listened. "No," the man shouted again. "This man is not to blame for this war. Japanese soldiers are not the criminals. It is the Japanese militarists who are the criminals, who want to invade and subject China. This man is a worker like ourselves. He is our brother. We must be kind to him. Our Eighth Route Army does not kill or injure captives. We explain to them, teach them if they do not know why they were forced to wage war on us. Large numbers of the Japanese people are against this war. We have taken diaries from the pockets of captives and of dead soldiers. Those diaries are filled with hatred of this war, and with longing for home and family. In the pockets of some of the dead we found manifestos of the Japanese Communist Party, calling upon the Japanese soldiers to turn their rifles on their own militarists, to refuse to kill Chinese who are their own brothers. Comrades, brothers, listen to me: it is a terrible thing that we have perhaps been killing our own comrades! We can do nothing else. We *must* defend our country. We have issued many

manifestos to the Japanese soldiers, calling upon them to join us, their Chinese brothers, in bringing this war to an end."

The audience listened breathlessly. The Japanese captives stood by the table, two dark figures in the gray night. Then the audience responded deeply to the Eighth Route Army speaker, "Long live the Japanese workers and peasants! Long live the united Chinese and Japanese people!" they cried.

The two Japanese captives turned their faces to the audience and listened as a Chinese told them in their own language what was being said. One of the men is a company commander and since the day he was captured he has slowly changed. He is always astonished at the kind treatment given him, and now his face lost its harsh, merciless lines. The little worker's face was serious and firm. He had taken a step of historic importance and it was clear he would not turn back.

Now lanterns appeared on the long, stone platform before the Confucian temple. A deep red curtain was thrown across it, and the Front Service Group presented a Japanese play. Then came two short acts on Chinese themes. An actor in the part of a blind "minstrel" felt his way across the stage, a ragged child guiding him, his long-necked lute in his hand. On a stone drum he beat a few taps, then raised his instrument and swept the strings with his long fingers.

"I bring you news from all the fronts," he sang, "from Shanghai and Amoy, from Tientsin and Peiping, from Tatung and Suiyüan. I bring you news of the Eighth Route Army which swarms over all Shansi, and fights in Hopei and Chahar. I bring you news of the Partisans and of the Volunteers."

"Cling-i-ti-cling! cling-i-ti-cling!" sounded the little stone drum as a little ragged boy, with the minstrel, tapped its hard

white surface. The long fingers of the minstrel swept the lute strings, as he sang a ballad of news from all the fronts in China's war of liberation.

Tonight the Political Department of the army published two small handbills and one longer manifesto for the Japanese soldiers in the army of invasion. All are in the Japanese language. One is a few inches square and reads:

"We, the Eighth Route Army, are the comrades of the Japanese working people. We do not kill Japanese captives. We are kind to captives. Come over to us, brothers. We want to shake your hands.—The fighters and commanders of the Eighth Route Army."

The longer manifesto is signed by Chu Teh and Peng Teh-hwei, and reads:

To the Japanese soldiers!

Perhaps you have already heard the name of the Chinese Red Army. Our Eighth Route Army is the Red Army. As Japanese reports say, it is also the Communist Army.

Today we use our guns to fight with you on the battlefield. This is unfortunate. We, both you and our own army, are workers and peasants. You were forced by your militarists to put on military uniforms, to leave your families and your native land and to come to the Chinese battlefield. We, Chinese workers and peasants, today stand on the battlefield against you. We must fight the Japanese militarist invasion, defend Chinese territory and the interests of the Chinese people. We are not enemies of the Japanese workers and peasants, nor of the whole Japanese people. At all times we are ready to shake hands and unite with the Japanese workers and peasants. Japanese soldiers, please think this over!

You Japanese workers and peasants were sent to China to be killed as victims of your own militarists. What have you to gain from this? You will gain nothing! It is Japanese soldiers—workers and peasants—who die in this war, and it is Japanese capitalists, landlords and bankers who gain from it. It is your ruling classes who will increase their power by oppressing Chinese workers and peasants. If the Japanese militarists are defeated by the Chinese, they will be destroyed by the Japanese workers and peasants who will arise in revolt. The Japanese masses will then be free, and you will be able to return quickly to your homes and rejoin your families. You can then unite with the workers and peasants in your own country and fight for your own interests.

Japanese soldiers, turn your rifles on your own militarists and unite with us! Fight for the freedom of the Japanese people, and fight for the freedom of the Chinese people. Unite! Today it is the Chinese and Japanese workers and peasants who die on the battlefield. We must stop this slaughter. We must firmly unite.

Japanese soldiers! It is senseless to be victims. The workers and peasants of your country do not want to kill their Chinese brothers. The workers and peasants of the whole world do not want you to fight the Chinese people. If you continue to fight the Chinese people, the workers and peasants of the whole world will hate you. You must think of this.

The Chinese troops who fight you are fighting for the freedom of China and against the invasion of Japanese Fascism. If we die in such a cause, it is a glory. The whole world will despise the Japanese workers and peasants and admire the Chinese. The people of the whole world will support us.

Japanese soldiers! Come over to us. We will be kind to you. We will not kill you. We will welcome you. We are all brothers. We must fight together against Japanese imperialism. If you want to return to your homes, we will make this possible for you. If you do not shoot first, we will not shoot you. We do not even want to wound you, our own Japanese brothers. Think of this!

Japanese soldiers! Shout with us:

Do not die for Japanese militarism!

Do not destroy your useful bodies for a useless class. Go home, unite with the workers and peasants of your country and revolt!

Japanese and Chinese soldiers, unite and stop this war!

Japanese soldiers, support the movement of freedom of the Chinese people!

Do not kill your brothers, the Chinese people!

Down with Japanese imperialism!

Long live the freedom of the Japanese workers and peasants!

On the walls of Yüshe appear official notices, signed by Lin Piao. A crowd of young men stand about them, and one reads aloud. Groups of men discuss the notice, then return to read it again. A new military and political training school, with six-month courses, is being founded next month in Western Shansi. There will be room for one thousand or fifteen hundred men. Examinations will be held in Wusiang, a town some sixty li to the south of here, within the next few days. Men are asked to go at once to Wusiang for the examinations. The subjects to be taught in the new school are:

Military: Partisan warfare; artillery warfare; topography; the science of arms.

Political: Common sense of social science; political work; the Sino-Japanese problem; problems of the Chinese struggle for liberation.

November 14, 1937

We are going toward Wusiang. It is a sunny day and we do not all move together, for fear of airplane raids. A group of six young commanders walk in front of me and I hear them talking about "salaries" in the Eighth Route Army. Chu Teh's

monthly "salary" is six dollars, and Peng Teh-hwei's is five! The company commanders receive two each. Chu Teh has a new horse—captured from the Japanese. It is as big as a house and very strong.

We leave the six men at a village and stop for rest on a bench outside one of the houses. Men come out and ask us if we wish something to eat. We go through a courtyard and into a room with the usual *k'ang* extending along one side of the room. We agree to eat something if we can pay, but we will not accept unless we can pay. Soon a dozen men are gathered in the room talking to us about the Eighth Route Army. General Tang En-po's Thirteenth Army passed this way a few days ago, they tell us. There were thousands of them and it took them four or five days to pass. On the walls they pasted printed posters which read, "Help the army with food and animals, with spies and guards." Tang En-po has one of the best armies of the Central Government at Nanking. They fought at Nankow Pass heroically.

The men about us are of all kinds. One is an old farm laborer who earns twenty Chinese dollars a year. He lives in the home of the landlord for whom he works. He gets his food, but he must buy his clothing himself. He is not married —he has never earned enough money to marry.

A number of other men own twenty or thirty mao of land (one acre is six mao). It is not enough to support a man, a wife, and two children. In order to live, the peasants borrow money. Some are in debt one hundred dollars, and one seven hundred. Interest on money ranges from two to ten per cent a month, and if they cannot pay it they sell whatever they have—a donkey, a horse or a daughter—or a mao of land. Men without land rent from some of the big landlords, who often

own one thousand or more mao. A tenant pays two-thirds of the crop as rent—this is the universal custom in this region, they say. Of every ten peasants in this region, eight own no land at all, but rent from the landlords.

We talk with one man after another. One man rents one hundred mao. There are ten people in his family and they all work on the land. In this poor region, a family of ten needs a hundred mao of land. If a man owns land, he pays thirty cents a mao as land tax, and there are three other regular taxes, and a number of irregular taxes. There are taxes to pay if you sell a donkey or a pig, there is transportation tax, a production tax, an import and export tax, and a tax on every animal slaughtered for food. Peasants do not object to the land tax, they say, but the many irregular taxes suddenly loaded on them are a burden. In this village there are only three or four opium smokers.

We spend two hours talking to the peasants about their lives and problems, so that the half moon is high in the skies when we finally approach Wusiang. We move along narrow stone paths that wind around barren hills bordering a broad valley filled entirely by a meandering stream called the Kwei Ho. At least the peasants call the river the Kwei Ho, though their names are nearly always different from any to be found on the map.

As we came nearer to the place of our night's rest, we passed through narrow dirt streets of villages that seemed to be as ancient as China, and all the more ancient because of the light of the moon upon a few tiled temple roofs.

The streets were narrow and deeply rutted, and only on steep hills were they paved with cobblestones. Around the villages, the roads and paths, were stretches of what appeared

in the moonlight to be white sand but which were instead entirely of fine loess dust. These stretches of white "sand" were marked by the passing of thousands of feet of our army. Here, I thought, as we crossed them, is something indescribably magnificent; here trod the feet of the Chinese people struggling in one of the greatest movements of human history—a movement for the liberation of the poor and oppressed, the peasants and workers. It is a struggle that will last a long, long time. But these pioneers, these vanguards, often ragged, barefoot and badly armed, are all the more magnificent, all the more significant because they have arisen from the depths of actual serfdom. Here their feet passed through the narrow streets, in the shadows of the temples and ancient crooked pine trees. Those mud houses of the people have crumbled a thousand times and a thousand times been rebuilt, and the endless round of suffering of their inhabitants continued—until this army passed. After this, these villages will never be quite the same; the people will never be content to live as they and their ancestors before them have lived.

We were dead tired when we reached our village, but still we had work to do. And without waiting to eat, Li-po and I rode back to another village to interview Peng Teh-hwei, and to ask him what the strategy and tactics of the army would be in the future. We had supper in headquarters and spent hours in general talk of the international and national situation.

The Eighth Route Army, Peng said, would organize and arm the people of Shansi and Hopei Provinces and of all North China. Whatever happens, this army will not leave the people of North China, will not cross the Yellow River, but will fight to the end. Even if the Japanese occupy and

hold all the big cities and the railways, still the Eighth Route Army, with the armed people, will destroy all railways and roads, will harass and tire the enemy, will wage relentless Partisan warfare upon them so that wherever they step, whether on hill or in valley, they will meet some man or woman, or some groups to attack them. The organization and arming of the people are proceeding with amazing speed, Peng said. The Eighth Route Army has organized twenty thousand men into Partisan units connected with the army in the past six weeks. Only about half of them have arms at present. In Western Hopei Province and in Chahar, the Eighth Route Army units have already met and united with two Volunteer groups. These Volunteers are workers, peasants, students, who have arisen and captured arms. They are the core of new armies of the Chinese people, and they are of an entirely different character from the regular Chinese armies. They are Volunteers, coming from the heart of the people.

We returned to our own village late at night, sentinels challenging us regularly as we rode along the roads. I was so weary that I dozed in the saddle. But my horse was very wise. He stopped, bewildered, a number of times and I awoke to find him standing at crossroads not knowing which way to go. I waited to see if he would remember. He moved slowly forward each time—on the right road. When we reached the village the problem was still greater, for he had been over this road but twice. I did not know the exact street myself. But suddenly he neighed so loudly that he literally split the air, and took off down a side street directly for our house.

November 15, 1937

We are moving steadily toward a range of blue mountains, the Luliangshan, to the west. One month ago I traveled along the western side of those mountains, on the way to Taiyüan. It seems ages since that time. The earth was beautiful over there, the crops golden, and the sun glinted on the ice and snow on the highest peaks. We must cross those mountains this week. The snow lies in patches and they look bleak and cold.

We pass through huge loess hills, carved in giant square chunks that arise in terraces. They remind me of the Indian pueblos of southwestern America. Here many people have dug caves in the loess hillsides and transformed them into homes! But in most places the people have villages of mud and stone. Sometimes the paths or roads run between loess cliffs that arise twenty to thirty feet on either side of us. We can see nothing but the yellow earth. Often we move in parallel lines, and the drumming of the hoofs of our animals and of the feet of thousands of men sounds like the distant roar of an airplane. But no airplanes bother us these days. As Peng Teh-hwei said yesterday, "The Eighth Route Army is like the fish, and the people like the water. We move amongst the people, and the Japanese learn nothing about us. We have no traitors in our ranks."

It is astounding, this instinctive honesty of the Chinese people. Thousands upon thousands of our troops move here and there, calling mass meetings, posting a thousand proclamations and posters, leaving the hillsides and walls of towns covered with countless slogans. Along the route of our march are little bits of white paper with signs which we can follow if we lag behind or are in doubt about the route. One would

think an enemy could find us any day. But the enemy never does. Even its myriad airplanes do not know where to look, and even if they do they see nothing.

Today we passed many groups of strong, young peasants, and also some older men, each with a long pole and a rope. We asked them where they came from and where they were going and they said they were going to carry back the wounded of the Eighth Route Army. The army had held meetings in their villages, they said, and called for volunteers to transport the wounded into North Shensi Province. So the peasants went home and got their poles and ropes and set off for some distant town behind us. No Eighth Route Army men were with them. They were merely told where the wounded were, and they set off across country for them.

Today we passed towns built on high blocks of loess. Across the gorge separating two loess hills in one town stretched a beautiful stone bridge. It was black with lines of people watching us pass. From behind them came the sounds of thousands of voices singing a patriotic song. Our marchers heard it, and when the voices died away, the army sang in reply. They continued to march, picking their way over the stony swamp path. Here the Chinese people were singing to other groups of Chinese people whose voices they could hear but whom they could not see. I learned later that the voices of the hidden singers in the town came from the big military school moved from Taiyüan a few days ago. There are over a thousand men in the school, and they were singing to greet Chu Teh and Jen Peh-si as they entered the town to speak to them.

Kuochen

November 16, 1937

We are marching today in a drizzling rain that penetrates everything and turns the loess dust into slippery mud. On either side of the paths the winter wheat is green.

A part of the 115th Division moves parallel with us today, in a valley to the left. Their path crosses ours at times, and we halt to allow them to pass. In their ranks are many new volunteers, peasants or workers or students. They are in ordinary clothing, some carrying quilts over their shoulders, some nothing at all. A few have rifles, but most are still unarmed.

Near the end of the day we passed through a village in which one of Lin Piao's units was billeted for the night. One of the men came running from a building, shouting to me. He was my friend, the wounded soldier from the 13th Army of Tang En-po, who rode in the same box car with me to Taiyüan a month ago. Recovered from his wounds suffered at Nankow Pass where he was a machine-gunner, he was released from the Kaifeng hospital and ordered to return to his army. He was given his army papers and a military pass for the railway, but no money for food. He had no blanket and at night he had squatted and stood alternately trying to sleep and to keep warm. He was going back to his army, he had said, but he would rather join the Eighth Route Army. I shall never forget that night I awoke in the box car and heard voices in the moonlight that streamed in through the open door, with this soldier talking in the North China dialect as clear and strong as a bell.

We had taken him with us to the local office of the Eighth Route Army in Taiyüan and introduced him to the men in charge. Within five minutes he had become a member of the

army. My companions gave him a little money, I gave him a blanket and some fruit, and he was put in an Eighth Route Army truck and sent to the front. He had but one fear: that somewhere out of the ether would step General Tang En-po, commander of the 13th Army, stop the truck, pick him out and tell him to return to the 13th Army.

Now he ran by the side of my horse and I bent down and held his hands in one of mine. His speech ran swiftly in his excitement—as swift as a river through these mountain valleys. He was telling me something, saying he was coming to our village, but I could not understand all he said. I was in a column moving forward and I was weary from riding and slithering for miles through mud. All evening I waited, hoping he would come. But he did not. He is now one of the 115th Division of the Eighth Route Army and he must have fought at Kwangyangchen. In the future I shall watch him. Today he was filled with joy. I wonder what he has passed through this past month.

Today we also saw an amusing and yet a moving sight. A man at headquarters has injured his leg and we have no stretcher. Two peasants from a village brought out a big round basket, filled the bottom with straw, then extended heavy ropes beneath the basket and connected the upper ends to a long pole. They set the man in the basket, just as they carry chickens or pigs to market, got under the poles, and carried him along with us. We smiled and they smiled back and said, "It will do!" The injured man laughed through his pain.

Chungyüan
November 17, 1937

Today we crossed one of the foothills of the Luliangshan range, in a downpour of rain. As we came into the district town of Chungyüan thousands of the townspeople were on the streets with banners to welcome us. It was mid-day and I heard the beating of gongs and the shouts of *"kai hwei! kai hwei!"* There was the usual meeting to welcome the Eighth Route Army such as most district towns call, and Chu Teh was again to be the speaker. I left a group of our men in a little restaurant and went to the meeting for a few minutes. There was Chu Teh, standing in the entrance to an old temple, talking to a crowd of people, most of them Partisans and members of the National Salvation Association or other patriotic groups. This town has big patriotic organizations and even the two waiters in the little restaurant were members of it and knew all about the Eighth Route Army. One knew all about me, for he had read an article of mine in a Taiyüan paper! "I know you," he said, and closed one hand and stuck his thumb in the air.[7]

Chu Teh was speaking today as I have never heard him speak before. He was perhaps moved by the banners in the streets, the slogans of welcome, and the crowds that hung onto every word he uttered. His voice, his speech, his manner, expressed deep love of the people. He was talking from his heart. The people bent toward him, their eyes never leaving his face. They missed not one word he uttered. It was a scene—and about the scene there was an atmosphere—which it is impossible to describe in words. There are some things in life which we always remember, which recur to our minds time

[7] A gesture expressing the highest approval

and again, but which words cannot describe. Words are not fine enough, not delicate, not ethereal enough. Such scenes must be seen and felt to be understood. Perhaps words, combined with music, could express something I mean. Such was the meeting I saw today, as the rain poured on faces lifted toward Chu Teh.

After the meeting my guards and I bought some dry round pancakes and started off for this village. As we slid and pushed each other up the slippery mountain path, we found one of our troopers lying sick by the pathway with what seemed to be acute appendicitis. We loaded him on my horse and one of my guards hurried on ahead to the village with him. There is a problem! We cannot operate, and we have no doctor—only a nurse. The doctors are with the wounded hundreds of li away. I do not know what has been done with this sick man. We left him with the nurse in headquarters.

The hill of loess which we climbed today was ten li from base to summit, and then we literally slid downhill another ten li. When we reached the valley below, Chu Teh caught up with us and walked with us the rest of the way. Nearing this village we heard the beating of gongs and the usual shouts of *"kai hwei! kai hwei!"* The peasants were being called to a mass meeting by our army. But some of them halted in their tracks and others came running—to see the walking circus. That was I. I am the only foreigner they have ever seen. And, to my constant irritation and occasional amusement, they all tell each other that I am a Japanese captive. I spend what seems all my time telling them I am not, and now I can speak perfect Chinese when I tell them this. Today I was weary of repeating it. So today I varied my reply.

"No," I said, "I am not a Japanese captive. That man right there is the Japanese captive."

I turned and pointed to Chu Teh. The crowd of people turned their gaze on Chu Teh, and crowded nearer. But some Eighth Route Army men among them betrayed us and told them he was the commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army. This amused the people very much and the joke passed along the streets so that we entered the village on a wave of laughter.

Once earlier today I assured a crowd of villagers that I was not a Japanese captive. I told them that my guard, Kuo Shen-hwa, behind me, was a captive. He wears a Japanese overcoat with a hood and he is a strange-looking chap at best. All the people pointed at him and told each other that he was a Japanese captive. He did not deny it. But he settled the question most dramatically.

"Ma-di-keh-pi!" he bellowed at a peasant, pointing at him. This classic Asiatic curse about the other fellow's mother is really marvelous. It explains everything, clarifies an issue, settles doubtful questions, releases resentment, and generally clears the atmosphere. The minute Kuo Shen-hwa uttered it all the villagers understood that they had made a bad mistake.

Wuyangchen
November 20, 1937

It is late afternoon and I have walked fully seventy li. Seventy li are only twenty-three miles—but like the wound in Mercutio's heart it may not be great but it is enough. We remained in Chungyichen for two days and two nights, hoping that the snow storm would come to an end. The snow fell steadily and it was a wet snow that turned the roads and paths

into slippery mud wherever one stepped. But we had to cross the mountain range and the Tungpu railway and reach our new headquarters. So today we crossed the Luliangshan mountains. We did not cross the highest peaks, but chose the easiest paths. One mountain was fifteen li (5 miles) from base to summit, and the same down, and the next mountain was still higher by three miles. It was a hard task, at least for some of us. But still it was an interesting and beautiful day in many respects. In sheltered valleys or near high cliffs were many spruce trees that had not yet lost their green needles. In this snow storm now the green needles had fallen and lay on the white carpet of snow. I never knew they could be so beautiful.

The Luliangshan mountains are covered with thin forests of pine trees, many of them quite young and very green. Each branch, each bunch of needles, each needle carried its little burden of white snow. The snow lay six inches to a foot deep in many places. Often we could not see across a ravine through the dense fall of snow. Sometimes when we emerged on high places a fierce wind struck us in the face. Our animals heaved and struggled and men got behind them, put their hands against their rumps, and shoved. Some animals went down time and again and had to be unloaded and reloaded. And because I did not wish to break my neck, I walked the whole way.

The snow mingled with the dust and dirt and made a thick mud that sucked the feet into it, making each step a struggle. Mud poured up over the tops of my shoes and filled them. At first this was a terrible problem. But soon I accepted it as I accepted lice when I had them a few days ago. I got rid of the lice and I could get rid of the mud at the end of the day. But, above all, I accepted the situation because of the men about

me. Many of the fighters of the army walked in their bare feet, right through the mud and snow. They had no stockings at all. I saw these barefoot men wade frozen streams, breaking the ice with their feet. They were laden with packs and weapons, and some of them with an additional shovel or pick. And yet they marched on through the driving snow and the fierce winds.

From the moment we began to move this morning to the end of the day, I heard men singing as they marched. They sang in groups—a company of infantrymen here, a company there. And sometimes the Front Service Group sang. Why then should I object to shoes full of freezing, oozing mud? At least I have shoes and socks.

Today as we moved over the mountains I found a flute player. It was an infantryman in a column behind me. He carried his pack and rifle over his shoulders, and wore a captured Japanese steel helmet. His head was bent down as he played his flute and I could not see his face. He was playing to himself and the music was very sweet. It was some gentle folk melody that spoke of distant villages, of flowers and trees and running streams and perhaps of love. The men before and after him walked in silence as he played.

Later I heard the same melody. I was in the rear and the infantryman seemed to be ahead of me. The snow hid him from me, but through the snow storm the sweet notes of the flute came trilling, bearing their own burden of beautiful memories. What memories did this melody call up in the mind of the player? Perhaps of some southern village of China, perhaps some village of Szechwan. But now all this is only a memory to be recalled in freezing snow storms. I have talked with many of the men of this army of the Chinese people whose

families were wiped out in the ten years of civil warfare. I have talked with men who had five or six brothers, all of them killed in battle, and their fathers, mothers, and wives slaughtered. Often these men had no homes to speak of, for they were poor tenant farmers, agricultural laborers, homeless, exploited workers whose families were dispersed to every part of the country. So the melody of the flute is perhaps but a stream of folk culture that runs through the Chinese people—a stream which can one day become big and broad, clear and inspiring. In the Chinese masses this stream of culture continues to run unspoiled by the imitation of Western "civilization" as in Shanghai where many middle-class Chinese have no knowledge of nor respect for the native culture of the people.

By my side walked one of my guards, singing as he led my pony. He often sings to himself as he walks. I think he knows all the songs of the Eighth Route Army and all the folksongs of China. He learns every new melody he hears. When he wakes in the morning he sings a few lines, and throughout the day and until he falls asleep he sings as naturally as he breathes. Yet if you let him know you are listening, he becomes silent and shy.

Tonight we sleep in the room of a village felt-maker. He loaned us beautiful big felt pads to cover the cold *k'ang* on which we sleep. But we are certain there are lice in the *k'ang,* for the little felt-maker is very poor, the *k'ang* is miserable, and I imagine a thousand soldiers have slept on it in passing this way. The little felt-maker knows nothing of the Eighth Route Army, nothing of its principles, but he listens with interest. But we are too weary to talk much. We build a fire of pine branches in the center of the room on the stone floor,

wash the mud from our feet and shoes, try to warm ourselves, and prepare for a shivering cold night.

A village of unknown name
November 21, 1937

This is the first time I have slept through most of the night for many weeks. Once in the night I thought the day had come, and rose to see. The moon was nearly full and was shining on the earth covered with its white blanket of snow. It was a scene of indescribable loveliness. The marks of poverty on this poor village were obliterated and the buildings were patches of shining white roofs and of dark, somber shadows that hid I do not know how many destinies. I returned to the cold *k'ang* to dream of the ruins of Pompeii. For hours it seemed to me I visited the streets and buildings of this ancient city. In the ruins I found pieces of old ivory of many shapes and sizes, and I found bronzeware of great beauty. I was gazing down into a dark pit filled with relics when, aroused by the bugle call, I awoke to a new day. It was four in the morning; we would be on the road soon, but I lay considering my dream. I had been wandering through the "highways and byways" of my own existence as I slept. It is hardly encouraging to know that your subconscious mind regards you as an old ruined city filled with ancient relics, and with but few things worth salvaging.

"I have dreamed of Pompeii," I told my companions.

They looked at me blankly. Then one of them said, "Oh yes, I saw that moving picture in Shanghai."

"No, I mean the real Pompeii, not an American movie," I protested.

The other companion asked what Pompeii was. We told

him and while we ate millet and cabbage for breakfast we talked of the Pompeii that once was and of what can be seen and learned of its civilization today. This led us to the Chou and Han dynasties of China and I told them of my visit to the Chou and Han tombs, as great as the Egyptian pyramids, northwest of Sian; and of the tomb of Chin Shih Hwang Ti, builder of the Great Wall of China, and of what we know of its contents.

I have passionate likes and dislikes, even of historic personages, and Chin Shih Hwang Ti is my favorite figure in Chinese history. For his day he was a man of progress and he had a mind of great magnitude. All that he did was on the scale of the Great Wall. In past months I have walked over much of the scene of his great capital, which extended from Hsienyang to the west of Sian, through Sian itself, and across the famous Wei River out to the scene of his present tomb beyond Lintung. Once a Chinese woman friend took me to the place where, she said, he buried hundreds of Confucian scholars alive. She called him "the great tyrant." He killed the Confucian scholars because they were trying to keep alive the feudal system which he was destroying.

I must say that after years in China, after having seen the devastating effect of Confucian thought on people, I sympathize with Hwang Ti. While I don't think he should have buried the scholars alive, I think he did well in getting rid of them. A better method would have been to put them on construction gangs, digging some of his great canals, making his famous roads and marvelous stone bridges that still stand. And he might have spared many of the other men of China who were useful, and used the Confucian scholars to build the Great Wall.

My companions laugh at my ideas which I have been talking about as we get started on our way; but they agree to some extent. We are aroused to the realities of the present by a commotion in a small village through which we are passing. A group of peasants stand about the door of a building, beating on it with their fists and shouting, "Open!" Behind them stand a group of Eighth Route Army riflemen.

The door does not open, so the Eighth Route Army men shove through the ranks of the peasants who eagerly make way for them, club the door with their rifles and, when there is no response, put their shoulders to it and break it down. In a few minutes they emerge leading a man in civilian clothes. The peasants tell us that this man is one of a group of four soldiers, defeated at the front, who have turned bandit and have been robbing the people. The three other soldiers were captured by a unit of our army who reached here before us, but this one escaped. The people found his hiding place and came to our army for help. All four deserters had rifles, but this one had no cartridges left. He had used his rifle to hold up people and get civilian clothing so he would not arouse suspicion when he came to a town.

Today I saw another sight that I cannot forget. A Chinese translator from Manchuria, who acted as a translator to the Japanese army of occupation, was captured by the Eighth Route Army at Kwangyangchen on November 4th. He is now walking, roped, in our column, with a shovel on his back. When first captured, he wept and said the Japanese "forced" him to act as their translator. Large numbers of men and the leaders of the army have a deep belief in the goodness of the human heart, particularly of the Chinese human heart. And Chu Teh is a tender-hearted man deeply moved by suf-

fering. So after the Manchurian had wept a few tears here and there, men began to say that he wasn't a very bad fellow at all, and we could not call him a "traitor."

I said, "Look at his face. It's the face of a traitor. It's the face of a real running dog." Men admitted that, but many a good heart lies beneath an ugly face. We would treat the man kindly and he would change. So for days he walked freely in our columns, seeing everything, doing as he wished. Once he noticed that I was watching him, so he took a notebook from his pocket and began to write in it with a flourish. He flipped the pages over and over and I saw that he had written a lot. I knew exactly what he had been doing; he was writing things which he knew that the army would later take from him and read—and he was writing fine things! As he wrote, once or twice he turned his head slightly and got a glimpse of me from the corner of his eye. Then he bent to writing furiously again. "You dirty dog!" I thought. But I said nothing, for this army does not work by intuition, and they would not be interested in my intuitive reflections.

But today I said, "Ah, ha! I told you so!" For the Manchurian tried to escape. He was captured and roped, and now when we come to bad stretches of road, he has the honor of doing pick-and-shovel work. He can't write in his little diary any more! And he walks with his head down, slouching along, a truly despicable figure.

Today we passed through a stony valley with barren hills on either side. In some places the land was a bit more fertile and we saw flocks of black and white sheep on the hillsides. Once a whole hillside was dotted with them, and above and in back of them towered a town, supported on walls of little round stones all of which seemed to have been selected for

their roundness. The town was like a medieval fortress, and this impression became still stronger when I saw a tall fort built on the top of a nearby mountain.

These forts on mountains here and in Western Shansi are a bit amusing today. They were built one and two years ago to be used against the former Chinese Red Army. Some of them still blare their anti-Communist slogans to the breezes. Once I saw such a fort in which a company of our army was stationed. Around the three sides of a fort, high up, were three huge lines of writing in white. Along one side was a sign offering any Red soldier a big sum of money if he would bring in a Red commander dead or alive. Another slogan shouted, "Destroy the Red Army!" And another offered money to any Red soldier who would desert and go over to the White Army. I asked the soldiers if they knew what the slogans were. They knew, and they smiled. Some of them laughed aloud with me and we all stood gazing up at them. "Why don't you wipe them out?" I asked. "Oh, they're of no importance," a man answered.

We halted for a few minutes in the town of Antze today. It is a district town with a few thousand population. No circus could draw more of a crowd than I can. I am called a Japanese captive, a Russian aviator, a Russian chief-of-staff to the Eighth Route Army, and often men debate as to whether I'm a man or a woman. In Antze the situation is particularly interesting because a part of a Szechwan division is billeted here for the night.

"That's a Russian," I hear from many of them. "The chief-of-staff of the Eighth Route Army is a Russian."

"I'm an American newspaper correspondent!" I tell them,

to their utter astonishment. And then to make matters worse I say, "And I'm a woman!"

We passed one whole division of Szechwan troops, finely clad and excellently armed, with fine big mules and horses carrying the luggage of the officers. We moved along one side of winding mountain roads while thousands of Szechwan troops moved in the opposite direction on the other side of the path. The rank and file soldiers of the Szechwan armies are truly fine specimens of young manhood. They are taller than most of our own men, most of them are in their early or middle twenties, and they are exceptionally good looking, and seem to be strong and healthy. Each man carried six to ten hand grenades in waist pockets.

In the Eighth Route Army there are thousands of Szechwan men also. And as the Szechwan armies passed I wondered what the Szechwan soldiers thought when they talked with our men. One of my guards, a Szechwan man, talked with some of them at a resting place. Later he told us that six companies of these men originally belonged to a division that fought the Japanese at Niangtzekwan on the Chentai railway. The Japanese destroyed all but the six companies, though some of the defeated men scattered throughout the province, demoralized by defeat, and began looting. The six companies moved southward, were reorganized and reenforced and are being sent to the front again.

Tonight we reached the town of Sopu, which the people call Sopac. It is a fairly large town of two to three thousand families, nearly all of them peasants, and with a sprinkling of merchants. We stayed in the home of a poor wine merchant. A crowd soon gathered in our room to look at the foreigner,

and we talked with them. They told us of their problems—always the same—the problems of poverty. This is a poor region, they say. The largest "landlord" owns only about a hundred mao—eighteen acres—of land. Still most of the peasants rent land, own almost nothing, and pay two-thirds of their crops as rent. They hire themselves and their little donkeys out the rest of the time to make a living. When the Red Army entered Shansi nearly two years ago, six men from this town joined it. This year nearly sixty went over into Shensi Province and joined, and now most of the young men of the place are joining the Partisans.

When they heard the Eighth Route Army was the former Red Army and was coming here, they sent a delegation to headquarters to ask our army to remain in this place. That is impossible for we are moving to new positions against the Japanese. But the people would like us to remain, they say, and so surely we can. No, our people say, they must organize their Partisan groups. We will leave men behind, as we have everywhere else, who will train the Partisans.

To keep ourselves warm tonight, we asked a merchant across the street to rent us two extra quilts. He gives them, but will accept no money. We laugh a bit later because they are quilts for the dead. And so they are thin. One of my guards bought some shoes in the same shop; they were shoes for the dead. Some of the peasants warned him against them, saying they would bring bad luck, but he laughed and said they were warm and would be good for his feet. He explains that he has often worn shoes made for the dead, and he is still alive and healthy. It is useless to be superstitious. Other men join in the debate. The peasants get a new idea from the

Eighth Route Army. Really, this is something to spend a week talking about when they return to their homes!

Sopu

November 22, 1937

I have lost track of the days and my companions tell me I am behind time. It cannot be helped. I know when the bugle call sounds in the morning—sometimes in the early hours after midnight, sometimes at four in the morning. I know when the moon is at the full, when it waxes and wanes. But sometimes the clouds cover it and the nights are dark, so I do not even know how to judge the dates. I know also that the winter has come upon us. But the exact date I no longer know and the little calendar I have in my attaché case is unused. But dates seem to matter little now.

Today my two companions went to get the radio news, but it was also late. We learn of General Bluecher's latest statement calling upon the people of the Soviet Far East to be ready to defend the Soviet Union at any moment. The Japanese are making a base of North China, he says, for war against the Soviet Union, and there may be war between the two countries any time. It is clear also, the radio news tells us, that the new military government of Japan is directed not only against China but against a number of other countries also, among them the Soviet Union.

We get news from the Eighth Route Army forces in Northern Shansi. On November 19th a part of the Eighth Route Army cavalry occupied the town of Linchen, an important station on the Pinghan railway, and thus cut the rear of the Japanese army of occupation.

The Japanese position in Shansi and Hopei is very difficult, we learn.

The Partisans and Volunteers have developed very rapidly in those regions. One month ago when our headquarters left the Wutai mountains in North Shansi, we had one thousand two hundred or one thousand five hundred Partisans in that region. There are now ten thousand and they are fighting the Japanese everywhere. So the Japanese find it very difficult to transport supplies to their forces in and around Taiyüan. They are also unable to find Chinese to rule the country for them. They are trying to organize traitor troops, as they did in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, but they are meeting with no success. So they must undertake some new military measures. In the meantime Szechwan and Third Army troops continue to move northward against them, and Lin Piao's division has crossed the railway ahead of us and is moving up against them to the west. Everywhere the people are arising.

Southern Shansi, west of the Tungpu railway
November 23, 1937

Yesterday afternoon we left Sopu and started toward Hungtung, a big station on the Tungpu railway. Behind us towered the beautiful, majestic Luliang range, covered with snow and one of its peaks with glistening ice. As we passed through the deep paths between loess cliffs, I caught a glimpse of the tops of stone monuments on the tableland above. I went up and saw a grave of what must have once been someone of great power. For here was a long "spirit path"—two lines of stone animals and gigantic men, leading up to a big grave mound.

It was dark when we approached the high strong walls of Hungtung. Li-po and I, with one of our guards, lingered be-

hind and came alone to the town. Instead of passing around it as we were supposed to do, we passed through the gates and along broad dirt streets until we came to one street bordered with paper lanterns. Here food venders were selling their wares, and we stocked up on round pancakes, nuts, candy, and even two baked chickens. We still had thirty li to go through the night; it was a dark night without a moon, and we were separated from our headquarters.

I once read a poem by a British poet who was possessed by some fantasy of "a horseman hurrying through the night." This line recurred in two or three different places and I wondered what bug the poet had in his head when he wrote it. Tonight I recalled the line and said to myself that the poet perhaps knew nothing of what it means to be a horseman hurrying through the night.

We were indeed hurrying through a dark night, in unfamiliar country. We crossed the broad Feng River, on a wooden bridge covered with cornstalks, and then over country criss-crossed with a thousand cart tracks and marked with the feet of thousands of men. Many armies have passed this way, coming and going—tens of thousands of men. For the headquarters of the northwestern command is along the railway to the south of us. Here armies have gathered and moved northward, here defeated armies have returned to be reorganized and sent again to the front. Here armies have crossed back and forth, passing each other, just as we passed tens of thousands of troops today moving in long blue lines. In this no-man's land at night we wandered for hours. Our flashlights would suddenly throw the figure of some man in relief—it was one of the Eighth Route Army, lost like ourselves. Once we found a group of three of them, guided by a peasant man

and a boy who could see like cats in the dark. They were moving at a rapid pace, and for about an hour I knew the meaning of the two-hundred-li-a-day march of the former Chinese Red Army. I walked it because it was too cold to ride. The earth is frozen, the edges of the Feng Ho are frozen, the small rivers are frozen so that we crashed over them without wetting our feet. The wind was stiff and freezing in our faces.

Soon we found that the peasant guides were taking us to a town to which our army was not to go. We fell behind and began to look for villages where we could ask directions and find a guide. We took different roads and turned back a dozen times. We found ourselves along a road with no human being in sight.

This always happens to me in China—I am forever finding myself in a place where there is no living soul; then suddenly there stands a man! I don't know where these Chinese come from. They seem to rise from the earth. They look like the earth and they stand motionless. And so this night we turned flashlights in all directions and saw no human habitation. Then to the right a man's figure appeared, standing perfectly still, looking at us. It was midnight, but there he was. We hailed him and asked him the way. Without moving he asked, "Who are you?"

"Di Ba Lou Jhum," we answered, giving the name of our army.

He was not convinced. We had to tell him all about ourselves, where we were going and how we found ourselves in this place. Satisfied, he told us we were on the wrong road, and he would take us back and guide us to the village we were intended to go to.

We walked for another two hours and came to the town where we were to spend the night. We were half frozen despite the rapid pace. And we found that our headquarters had passed on to other places, though no one seemed to know just where. We looked everywhere for the white bits of paper by which we could find them, but saw none. A number of groups, lost like ourselves, kept joining us, so that we were soon quite a gathering. We sent one of my guards out by horse to search the nearby villages to find some trace of our headquarters, while we huddled in doorways and waited.

Our peasant guide was much perturbed. He had come out of his cave on this dark cold night, walked for hours, and still had not helped us much. He felt badly. We talked with him as we waited and he told us of his problems. Like all the other peasants, his problems dealt with poverty. He rented twenty mao of land and paid two-thirds of the crop to the landlord. This is rich land here, and he got two crops a year. His life was hard. His only brother recently died, and he had an old mother to support. He wanted to join the Red Army—he called us that—but he had no one to care for his mother. And, as a good son, he must of course support her for as long as she lived. The Red Army had come here nearly two years ago, he said, and he had helped them but still could not go with them because of his mother.

Suddenly we heard a bugle call through the night and with exclamations we all jumped up and listened. The call was "March." *"Ma-di-keh-pi!* March in which direction?" one of our party exclaimed in disgust. Then my guard came galloping up and told us to move back in the direction from which we had come this night, to a village about eight to ten li away. Our headquarters was moving there by another route.

The moon now came out of hiding and we walked along narrow white paths on the edge of fields of winter wheat. My companions were dead tired. I was tired also, but the moon shining on the white paths and glinting on the blades of young wheat was very beautiful.

November 23, 1937

In the comfortable home of a rich peasant, we are treated like honored guests. All members of the family remained up to welcome us. They had built fires and heated the rooms and the *k'angs;* they had boiling water for us to drink and to wash with, and they had prepared dumplings and vegetables. They gathered in our room, smiling and welcoming us in a flood of talk. All of us forgot our weariness.

The head of the house is an old man over sixty years of age. His wife is foot-bound, but strong and happy, and she came to assure me that she will do anything for me. There are three sons in the family, one twenty-seven, one twenty-three, and one nineteen. They are the typical, tall, strong northern men, and they all came in to welcome us with the others, to bring more coal, to help us with our luggage and our animals.

I left the rest of my group talking eagerly with them, eating the good warm meal. I fell asleep before I lay down—and awoke two hours later to lie through the rest of the night, watching the shadows that the moonlight cast through the latticed, paper windows. The shadows fell on our *k'ang* like a gigantic spider web. And my weary mind was as cold and as white as the moonlight.

The family here constantly brings us extra food, specially prepared for us. They keep curious crowds from coming to

molest me while I work. But when I am not working, some of the family come in with their friends to talk with me about America and other lands. My typewriter is a wonder to them, though one of the sons has studied in a high school in Tai-yüan. As my typewriter is a wonder, my speech is still more so. And a greater wonder developed when James Bertram,[8] an English friend, a newspaper correspondent, arrived at headquarters to join us and to write for British papers. Mr. Bertram brings me letters and news of the "outside" world. For it is that. We are really cut off from all but the most fragmentary news. But he tells us of the Far Eastern Conference—the Nine Power Conference—also of Shanghai and other regions.

November 24, 1937

Regretfully we leave this village and move to another, eight li away, where we freeze in the home of poor peasants.

Chu Teh has returned from a trip to Provincial Army headquarters. He has brought with him dozens of letters sent to the Eighth Route Army from all parts of China, and he has brought back presents given by individuals and organizations. These presents are of every kind—socks, soap, towels, gloves, sweaters, blankets, and fifteen thousand pairs of shoes from the Shanghai Women's National Salvation Association. One present is from the little son of the late Lu Hsün, China's greatest writer. Friends of Lu Hsün had contributed a sum of money for the school fees of this child. He took the money and bought one hundred and fifty flashlights and seventy-five dozen batteries for the Eighth Route Army. Women have embroidered handkerchiefs, with slogans, for the army, and

[8] Author of *First Act in China,* Viking Press, 1938.

others have sent special badges on which are embroidered the words: "Heroes of the Nation." There is a letter to Chu Teh from General Chiang Kai-shek.

Chu Teh brings the news that the Japanese have retreated on the northern front. The exact reason is not known. We think there are three possible reasons: (1) General Bluecher's recent declaration; (2) the Fifth Japanese Division has suffered heavy losses and must be reorganized; (3) the Japanese are in a tight place in Shansi because of the widespread, relentless Partisan warfare waged on them by the Eighth Route Army and the Partisans in North Shansi. They cannot get supplies or re-enforcements through because of this Partisan warfare, and they now plan to make an attempt to "clear out" the North Shansi area, particularly the Wutai mountain region which is one of the main bases of the Partisans.

Mr. Bertram said yesterday:

"Before long, I personally believe that there will be no army in Shansi except the Eighth Route Army. The others will be defeated, and will eventually withdraw and leave the field to the Eighth Route."

I do not know. I know that General Yen Hsi-shan now has only ten thousand men left. Under constant persuasion of our command, he has agreed to abandon his former tactics and strategy and follow the tactics and strategy of the Eighth Route Army. This is a big step for this old militarist to take. It shows his determination to fight to the end, and it shows that his mind is still capable of absorbing ideas and methods to which he was never before accustomed.

The attitude of Eighth Route Army leaders arouses my unwavering admiration. With all their hearts, with all their being, they defend China. Their principles take in all Chinese

—whoever they may be—willing to fight the Japanese. The preservation of the national united front against the Japanese is their supreme concern. They do not condemn or attack men so long as there is a hope that they will support the national war of liberation. With patient arguments they present their ideas and argue for their acceptance.

For months they pleaded and argued for the organizing and arming of the people—and met for a long time with refusal. When the Shansi and Central Government troops were defeated in Sinkow, the strategic pass in North Shansi, they retreated and left thousands of rifles and machine guns behind. Ho Lung's army recaptured those weapons for us. To Chu Teh I remarked, "Now you can arm ten thousand more of the people." Chu Teh looked at me but made no reply. Later I was told that the Eighth Route Army turned back all of those weapons to General Yen Hsi-shan, who gave them to the Szechwan divisions which have been defeated. The Eighth Route commanders have said that the soldiers of the defeated and demoralized units must be politically educated to know that their roots are in the mass movement; they must be taught that they are the protectors of the people, and must fight shoulder to shoulder with the people, their brothers.

I have also seen the Eighth Route command's treatment of the Japanese prisoners. Many of the Japanese captives in North Shansi have been given money, told the principles for which China and the Eighth Route Army fight, then released and told to return to their homes. I remarked that they will return to their troops to be shot to death by their officers, or to be used against China again. Chu Teh said that if their officers kill them, the other Japanese troops will react violently against it and will know that they were treated well and released by

the Chinese. If they return to their troops to fight again, they will tell the other Japanese soldiers their experiences and what they heard.

They do not want to return to Japan, for they are captives and by the rules of the Japanese Army a captive can never return to Japan. An older captive, an officer, at first misunderstood the kindness with which he was treated. He refused to stand up when the Chinese Command went to talk to him, but remained sitting contemptuously. He scornfully ordered them to supply him with a horse, and each day to give him chickens, rice and eggs. He thought he was dealing with slaves.

To him the Chinese replied:

"Do not misunderstand the humanity with which we treat you. It does not mean we are your inferiors. You have been taught that by the Japanese Army. You are not in command here. We give you rice, but we ourselves eat only millet. We give you food which we cannot afford for ourselves. We can do no more. We learn that you have struck some of the peasants in the face who came and looked at you. We will not kill you for this—we merely tell you that if you beat the people, we will beat you."

After that, the attitude of the officer changed. Once I saw that Chu Teh had given him his horse to ride, while the little Japanese worker also had a horse. And slowly the officer has changed in all ways. When men talk to him now, he talks and argues his viewpoint. The Japanese nation is losing the friendship of the whole world, he says, and this is due entirely to the wrong policy of the Japanese militarists. There must be an international movement to change the present method of settling affairs. It will be interesting to spend the

New Year in China, amongst the Chinese people, he says, though he had never realized that he would spend it in this manner.

Since both Japanese captives dare not go home, and dare not return to their army, they are being sent to Yenan.

In countless ways I further watch the work of the Eighth Route Army command, and never have anything but the deepest respect. Yesterday, before we left the home of the rich peasant family that welcomed us like members of their family, the three sons informed us that they were entering the anti-Japanese warfare. The two younger sons are leaving for the Anti-Japanese Political and Military University at Yenan and the older son has joined the Partisans.

The old father and mother listened to them with pride, and turned their beaming faces toward us. They are giving their sons, their only children, to the Eighth Route Army.

In the ranks of this army of China are not only the sons of poor peasants, but even some sons of landlords and officials from every part of China. Some of the leading Chinese Communists come from the old ruling classes.

The old father and mother and their three sons posed for a picture for me. They were smiling and happy—but I could hardly speak. To hide my emotion I laughed with them—a bit too loudly, I think, as one always does at such moments.

6

Sights, News, Interview and Bombardment

Pingyangfu
November 27, 1937

I HAVE left the Eighth Route Army for a few days to come to this ancient city in search of many things known and unknown. Of the known, I hoped to reach here before the wounded of the Eighth Route had been moved to the west. They were in a village a few li to the north of this city, but by the time I reached here, they were moved. I could not learn of their condition. But I know we have little medicine and on the whole none of what we most urgently need. Yet our wounded are not as badly off as are the wounded of some of the armies. We transport our wounded, and hundreds of peasants voluntarily go from every town and village to carry them on stretchers. Our medical department sends men all along the route of transport to organize stations where they can be cared for at night. Doctors and nurses go with them and some remain at stations waiting for those still to come, that they may be properly cared for. I recall one village at which I halted for half an hour two or three weeks ago. A few hundred wounded had spent a few nights there. The village was spotless. The *k'angs* were clean and fires were burn-

ing in them. All the peasants had hot water ready, for a new lot of wounded were coming that day.

It has been a thing of horror to see the wounded of some of the armies. Where possible they were loaded on freight cars and sent to the south of the province. No doctors or nurses went with them, and many of them were weeks on the way. Other wounded lay by the railway, and no one lifted them onto the cars, while thousands of wounded wandered alone down across the province. As our army came down from the north along the eastern side of the railway, we met many wounded from the other armies wandering along the roads. They were chalky men, bent and exhausted, without even a blanket to cover them at night. I talked to one such wounded man from the Third Army, one of the best. He was afraid to ride my horse because he had never ridden. But he took food and money from us, and he came into our village late that night, hoping the Eighth Route Army would take him into its ranks. Later on I talked with two other soldiers stumbling along. At first they would not tell us which army they belonged to. Instead, they asked us what our army was. Then they said that they, too, were Eighth Route Army men! We investigated but found they were not. They said this, knowing we would take care of them. Well, we took care of them anyway. There were other lightly wounded men who trailed our army en route, coming into villages late at night. They wanted to join us. Nor could we get rid of them. The peasants along the way were willing to take care of them until they were completely recovered, but they would leave these peasant homes and set out to catch up with our army, coming in late, arguing and urging.

To the Eighth Route Army, each one of its men is a pre-

cious asset. For years they have been trained so that they are politically developed, deeply conscious of the rôle they play in Chinese and world history. And the whole army views with anxiety the loss of each man.

I had hoped to find our wounded near this city so I could learn just what medical supplies they need most. I asked our headquarters, and they said, "We need almost everything." We have no serums, no vaccines, insufficient disinfectants, cotton, gauze, and other supplies so urgently needed in wartime. Blood transfusion is a dream only, with all the Chinese armies, including our own.

There is one hospital ten li to the south of here, and the doctor in charge of the foreign mission hospital here goes down to perform operations or care for the wounded. The missionaries tell me that practically all Chinese doctors have fled from the province, though they had military orders to remain and care for the wounded. Only one of the Chinese missionary doctors remains.

Pingyangfu, also known as Linfeng, is now one of the provincial political and military centers of the province. Defeated armies from the North have come here, and have been reorganized and sent again to the front. Fresh armies have passed through on their way to the front. The Japanese know all this—through their network of spies. But they have not yet destroyed the city.

From the viewpoint of an invading horde of Japanese, this is a fine place for mass slaughter. The city is choked with people and with troops. The streets are an endless caravan of military wagons, loaded with supplies and drawn by mules and horses, or carried on the backs of camels or men. From morning to night armed and unarmed soldiers fill the streets,

while cavalry troops jangle past, shouting at the people to clear a way. Often a wagon breaks down in the middle of the narrow streets, and then the traffic of the whole city is held up until it is fixed. The streets resound with the shouts of men telling the driver of the unfortunate wagon what kind of person his mother and his mother's mother was. The driver tells his mules the same thing about their mothers, and the mules bray in protest—these Chinese curses may pass over the heads of men but I firmly believe that the mules find them unbearable. Their brays mingle with the neighing of horses and the angry honks of military trucks stranded in the street.

Along both sides of the narrow streets are the small tables and "wandering restaurants" of venders of food and other wares. Here you can buy a broken flashlight and burned out batteries which the seller praises to the skies. You can buy the most miserable cotton stockings on earth, which all seem to be of Japanese manufacture. You can buy face towels and yellow soap. You cannot find a pair of cloth shoes to fit any man, though rows of foot-bound women sit along the streets all day long sewing inlay soles for shoes and stockings. They laugh at my big feet. I shiver when I look at theirs, so crippled that they look like the hoofs of goats.

But the choice thing to be bought here from the venders is the food boiling in the open iron cauldrons. All day long clouds of dust and manure are beaten up over the city and settle on the biscuits, on cooking food and on the malt candy. The meat boiling in the cauldrons is anything from good pork to dead mule, donkey or dog. If you should risk talking to anyone about germs, the whole street would be called in to gaze and laugh at the prize idiot that had wandered into their city. Most Chinese believe in nothing that they cannot

see, touch or eat. I asked Li-po how he would explain to anyone what a germ is. He said he could do that easily. "How?" I asked. "Well," he replied thoughtfully, "I'd tell them there is something very strange that makes them sick." "They will think you mean an evil spirit, or a devil," I protested. And then I wondered if Li-po himself knew what a germ is. So I shut up.

I wonder if conditions in this ancient city are not much the same as during the vanished Yao Dynasty. For the city goes back to the babyhood of the Chinese race, and was the capital of one of the first Chinese emperors. A third name for it even now means "the capital of Yao." Five or six thousand years seem to make little difference to the Chinese. To the south of here by ten li is a temple to this ancient Yao emperor, and it is claimed that he was born there. I would go there if there were anything to see in this relatively new temple to his memory. I know that we are traveling over the site of one of the earliest human civilizations, and that our army is but one of the countless armies that have marched over this ancient earth against invading barbarian hordes. I sometimes feel that I am in one of these "dust-mantled clouds of warriors" marching through Chinese history.

Yet there is much that is modern and hopeful today. There are many signs that the people are at last being aroused and inspired. Here on the walls of buildings of Pingyangfu are slogans of all kinds against the Japanese, written in black, red and white paint, or scrawled in chalk. This is the work of the Eighth Route Army. All Government armies carry a few printed posters and slogans with them, printed in some big city and now pasted up on walls. But the Eighth Route Army literally covers the country with its slogans, written by hand

—slogans that spring from the hearts and minds of the men in its ranks. Even my guards are eternally writing slogans inside and outside buildings. Also, on the walls of buildings here in this city are big posters supposed to represent Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, and Peng Teh-hwei. Mao Tse-tung has been given a long bony face like a horse, Chu Teh's appearance is enough to scare any Japanese to death, and no Japanese warlord could lift a more arrogant, contemptuous chin than does Peng Teh-hwei. Never mind, I think, this is also good.

Also, within this city there are many people's organizations that are modern and filled with a new world vision, such as the Front Mobilization Committee, the "Dare to Die" Corps, the Young Vanguards, and the National Salvation League of Sacrifice. Here are also Partisan groups. Some of these organizations existed before the Eighth Route Army entered the province, but most have been called to life by the Communists, who train them both politically and militarily for war against the Japanese. There are a few hundred students from the Peiping Students Union who came here a short time ago to join the Eighth Route Army. They are being trained and will soon be in the field as Partisans. I heard today that the group of some eighty Tungpei (Manchurian) students, most of them well-to-do men, who moved down across Shansi to our headquarters a few weeks ago are already actually fighting as Partisans, and, led by Eighth Route Army men, have passed through the Japanese lines along the Chentai railway and are moving into Western Hopei Province.

It is night. I left Pingyangfu and came to this village some twenty-five li away, hoping to find some of the wounded men

of the Eighth Route Army. But they have already been transported farther west.

Here I met the first foreign volunteer in the Northwest. He is a young Jugoslav student who came to this village with two hundred Peiping and Tientsin students two weeks ago, to join the Eighth Route Army. They are now receiving daily training in political and military problems. After another week they will take up their rifles and be off for the front, where they will operate first as Partisan bands.

The young foreign volunteer asked that I say little of him because his mother lives in a city under Japanese occupation. He speaks excellent Chinese and, unlike many foreigners, he does not feel that he is superior to the Chinese. His home is China, he has been educated in China, and his friends and comrades are Chinese students. So he takes up arms in defense of China. "I'll do my best," he said as we parted.

November 28, 1937

In this village there is an office of the Eighth Route Army. Such offices are—at least to me—like oases in the desert of bleakness and suffering that is China today. You wander through cities or villages filled with marching soldiers or wounded men, or with peasants troubled by the myriad problems of the poor. They stare at you as if you had escaped from some zoological garden, but beyond this they have no time to give you. If you are a member of the Eighth Route Army, they may put down tools and guide you from village to village. Then suddenly in some village or town you enter the courtyard of an Eighth Route Army office and meet friendly, smiling faces. The men find a bed for you, prepare a charcoal fire, and bring food and hot water, even if it is

midnight. You have come "home," and you forget all the weariness of hours of walking over frozen, rutty paths.

I met a man here who told me a story of the fall of Taiyüan, told it as he had experienced it. Here it is. . . .

This is not the whole story of the defense and fall of Taiyüan. It is a fragment from a tragedy. It is the story of one man's experience.

The Japanese were converging on Taiyüan from the north —the Sinkow front—and from the east, along the Chentai railway. On the northern front there were about twenty-seven regiments, or from sixty to seventy thousand men, supported by powerful batteries and many airplanes. Facing them were some thirty thousand Chinese troops, including Shansi Provincial men and some divisions of General Kao Kwei-tzu, of General Feng Ching-tsai, and others. On the eastern front the Japanese were pushing forward with over twenty thousand men, also supported by field guns and airplanes. They broke through the Chinese defenses at Niangtzekwan on the Chentai railway and pushed steadily forward, often annihilating whole regiments with their batteries and airplanes. The Chinese had no airplanes to help them and few field guns. One unit of the Eighth Route Army had been sent to this eastern front a month before; but its men were relatively few and its arms inferior. It inflicted a heavy defeat on the Japanese south of Niangshihkwan within a week after arrival, killing over five hundred and capturing military animals and supplies.

In the first days of November the General Headquarters of the Eighth Route Army, accompanied by a unit of the Eighth Route, crossed the Chentai railway at the station of Showyang and began to move south of the railway to halt the steady

Japanese advance. But on the very day they crossed the tracks, the Japanese defeated the Chinese troops at Showyang and began moving toward Yütze, a few miles from Taiyüan. The Eighth Route Army received orders too late to move south of the railway, and before they could even take up positions, the Japanese had pushed on to the capital.

On November 4th the Eighth Route Army, outnumbered eight-to one, met the Japanese in battle and killed a thousand of them, capturing large quantities of supplies. But this had little effect on the Japanese forces already approaching Taiyüan. On that very day, the entire Chinese force on the northern front at Sinkow began to retreat to the south, and General Yen Hsi-shan removed his headquarters from Taiyüan. In defense of the retreat, General Wei Li-hwang, commander-in-chief on the northern front, said that it was in accordance with military tactics to retreat if the Japanese captured the Chentai railway and thus cut them off. Also, he said, the Chinese forces at Sinkow were in a mountainous region where there was little or no food and few people to support them. But Ho Lung, commander of an Eighth Route Army force, has been in a far worse situation—between the Japanese lines at Tatung and Sinkow—and yet he remained in this territory, and had the full support of the entire population which supplied his forces with food.

General Wei Li-hwang is an able general, but he could not prevent the Chinese troops in the Sinkow region from retreating southward in what was nothing but a disorderly, desperate rout. Not only was it a rout, but thousands of the soldiers threw down their arms that they might travel more swiftly. Ho Lung's troops came down to Sinkow on their

Chou En-lai, representative of the Eighth Route Army on the Mass Mobilization Committee of the Central Chinese Government

Lin Piao, commander of the 115th Division of the Eighth Route Army

Eighth Route Army men crossing a stream in north Shansi

Nurses traveling with the Eighth Route Army

heels and rescued ten thousand rifles and large numbers of machine guns.

To the east of Taiyüan the Japanese continued to advance, the Chinese forces at Yütze falling steadily back, almost without a struggle. Among these forces was a Szechwan division and a division from Hunan Province. On November 5th, while the Eighth Route Army was fighting the enemy at Kwangyangchen, the Japanese column along the Chentai railway reached a station twenty li (less than ten miles) from Taiyüan. And throughout this period whole squadrons of Japanese planes bombed the city, destroying great areas, killing thousands of people, and completely destroying the northern gate and the wall about it.

One month ago General Fu Tso-yi, who won international fame as defender of Suiyüan Province the year before, had been made defense commander of the city. In the last wave of Japanese invasion all but six thousand of his troops had been wiped out. He brought these six thousand men from the Sinkow front to Taiyüan, and now as the Japanese advanced from two directions and the Chinese forces retreated, he remained in the city with his six thousand men as defenders.

On the night of November 5th, with the Japanese twenty li away, the general evacuation of Taiyüan began. It began just as the thirty thousand Chinese troops, with all their baggage, animals and their cavalry, came pouring down from the Sinkow front. The main roads for the evacuation were across the Feng River which flows west of the city, beyond the city wall. Over this river were four bridges, two of them considerably to the north. One, a wooden structure, was to the south. A fourth bridge, of which few people knew, had just

been constructed between the northern and the southern bridges.

As darkness fell on the night of November 5th, and the Japanese airplanes could no longer bomb the city, wave upon wave of people from Taiyüan began pouring out through the southern gate and over the southern bridge across the Feng River. The two northern bridges were a black mass of pushing and shouting soldiers in retreat, and no civilian had a ghost of a chance amongst them. With them moved their wounded, falling and being trampled under foot by desperate men. The bridges at times became clogged with wagons and animals and then there was a struggling, fighting mass of men whose shouts and cries could be heard within the city wall.

With the mass of people evacuating from Taiyüan were forty men from the Taiyüan headquarters of the Eighth Route Army. They had loaded their radio, documents, maps, and luggage on their seven trucks. Three trucks had been able to pass through the barricaded western gate with its heavy steel doors reenforced by steel chains. These three trucks crossed the Feng River and waited on the other side for the remaining four, which crawled along with the civilian population through the southern gate and tried to cross the southern bridge. But a tank had broken down right in the middle of the southern bridge, leaving just enough space for two lines of people, walking single-file, to pass on either side. Trucks and animals could not go on. Around this bridge and along the banks of the Feng River was a sea of humanity mingled with cavalry from the Sinkow front, with trucks, private motor cars, donkeys, mules, horses, carts of every description. Here were men, women, little children, the aged, each trying to

carry something of his worldly possessions. The weak and the aged, crushed and exhausted, fell and were trampled to death by the feet of men and animals. There was weeping and shouts of agony, there was pushing and crushing, and fainting women, and the desperate cries of little children. The four trucks of the Eighth Route Army men could not move forward one inch. They remained stationary in a solid mass of human flesh.

Eleven o'clock came, the night was black, and the mass of humanity dribbled across the bridge, while the retreating soldiers with their wagons and animals pushed across the northern bridges. With them moved many motor trucks and a number of tanks from the northern front. Some of their field guns had been saved and were being dragged across the bridges.

The Eighth Route Army men on the four trucks knew that the Japanese airplanes would begin bombing the bridges and the refugees at dawn. It would take hours to cross the bridge before them, but they must cross. So they abandoned their four trucks and all their luggage. On their backs they strapped their radios and batteries, their boxes of maps and documents, and began to push their way across. Some crossed the bridge at three in the morning, only to find that they had lost the others, among them Chou En-lai, their chief, the representative of the Eighth Route Army in the northern command. One of these men stripped and began to swim back through the waters of the freezing Feng River—only to find that he did not have to swim—he could wade it!

With this discovery, an Eighth Route Army man assumed command of all the refugees and of the cavalry and soldiers who had mingled with them. He directed the cavalry and the

soldiers and all able-bodied men to ford the river. No one had been in command before, but now every man, woman and child obeyed. The Feng River resounded with the splashing of thousands of men and beasts.

The Eighth Route Army man called for strong men to try and throw the broken-down tank into the river. Thousands volunteered. But only a few could get around the tank. They tugged and strained but could not move it. They gave way to fresh units who tugged and strained. And so this went on for nearly an hour, in vain. The steel tank was too heavy to be moved without machinery. It had to be abandoned and thin streams of women and children and the aged pushed by on either side.

The Eighth Route Army "commander" reconnoitered to the north. He found the three other trucks of his army, ordered them to wait at the southern bridge for all their comrades, and went on. The blackness of the night was vanishing before the coming dawn; and in this gray light he found the new wooden bridge across the Feng Ho! There it stretched in virgin whiteness, not a soul passing over it! He rushed back and ordered the refugees to cross it. They began pouring across it like a torrent. The "commander" returned to the three trucks to find all of his comrades assembled there, among them Chou En-lai, and they moved off along the road to the southwest. It was too late to turn back to rescue their four other trucks. For the dawn had come. And they had barely reached a village a few li away when the first enemy airplanes appeared over Taiyüan and began bombing the bridges over the Feng River, hemming in many retreating troops that had not yet been able to cross.

General Wei Li-hwang came out of the city of Taiyüan and

assumed command of the Chinese troops who were still there. They were all Shansi provincial soldiers. He and the Shansi officers rallied them in time to meet the Japanese coming down on their heels from the north. A battle was fought along the western walls of Taiyüan. But the Chinese troops, outnumbered and without machine guns, gradually fell back and retreated along the Tungpu railway to the south. And within the city General Fu Tso-yi and his six thousand men began fighting the advancing enemy from the city wall and from positions within the city.

During the early dawn, at another sector around the walls of the city, General Teng Hsi-hao, commander of a division of Szechwan troops which had fought on the eastern front, tried to rally his troops. His division had lost four thousand men and had three thousand left. General Teng ordered them inside the city to the aid of General Fu Tso-yi. He went in on what he thought was their heels—only to find that not a man of them had entered! They had gone with the wind, down over Shansi plains and mountains!

Within the city of Taiyüan, General Fu Tso-yi and his six thousand men stood their ground. Throughout the days of November 6th, 7th, and 8th, and through the nights of November 6th and 7th, they fought without cessation. The city wall ran with blood and the bodies of the defenders were piled up around their machine guns, a barricade for those who continued to fight.

General Fu, a strongly built, simple, sincere northern military man, moved amongst them. It is said he grew old in those days and nights, his eyes were bloodshot from sleeplessness and fatigue, and his clothing was torn and dirty and soaked with blood. His radio was destroyed and he could send no

news to his comrades beyond. They thought that he and all his men had been annihilated.

By the end of November 8th, four thousand of General Fu's six thousand men had been killed, and many of the others wounded. And so on that night he and his men, including the wounded, left the city by means we do not yet know, marched through the night and the day and reached the city of Fengyang to the southwest.

When the Japanese entered Taiyüan we do not know. All roads before the city gates were mined, and it was not easy for them without heavy losses. They finally entered a city on whose walls were frozen streams of the blood of its defenders. The frozen corpses lay with faces turned to the wintry sky—faces stern and grim with purpose.

. . . This is the story I have heard of the city of Taiyüan —a story that remains to be completed.

Pingyangfu
November 29, 1937

Last night we returned to this city, approaching its great gray walls in the late afternoon. The wintry wind swept through the barren branches of the spruce trees; the dry weeds bent to the earth, trembling; the dry grass crackled. Short dirty icicles hung from the hair on the legs of camels that lumbered along in a caravan of military supplies.

Li-po left immediately for Sian to form a committee to raise money for the Volunteers fighting in Japanese-occupied areas. And my two guards and I, too late for the late afternoon meal at Eighth Route Army headquarters, bought some food from a vender before our building, ate it, and climbed on our *k'ang* to rest for the night.

It was sometime in the night when I awoke my guards and told them I was dreadfully sick. I was freezing cold, but my heart was pumping blood through my body so rapidly that it roared through my head in rapid pulse beats. I thought of the many diseases of China, among them typhus, and I recalled the lice I had had for two days this month. But I was freezing, my head was splitting, my heart beating rapidly. And I knew this meant poisoning. As I lay in ghastly pain, nausea overcame me. My guards half-carried me outdoors and I vomited. I felt consciousness leaving me, then my guards were placing cold pads on my head. I heard one of them outside vomiting, also; he staggered back into the room, chalky and half-conscious, and fell on the *k'ang*. Then the other guard did the same, and I realized that we all were poisoned.

The city lay still. We had a room in a building two doors from the main office of our army. Not one of us could stand upright and I feared to send one of them or to go to the office.

Through this whole night we three vomited and gave ourselves up to the misery of diarrhea. My heart worked like a triphammer, then slowed down and nearly stopped. I had no coffee, no medicine of any kind. I kept crawling along the *k'ang* to feel the pulses of my guards, lying half-conscious. And as the hours wore on the worst of my sickness passed. As I expected, my guard who sings and who is sensitive to noise and dirt was the sickest of all. My other guard and I heated water, but nothing could revive him from his state of semi-consciousness.

My Kiangsi guard went into the streets and found two rickshas. We lifted the other guard into one and off we went to the hospital. There I received medicine, my sick guard was pumped out, given medicine and put to bed, and I, recovering

rapidly, talked to the missionary doctor and watched him treat the line of wounded soldiers that pour into his hospital each day. On the wall above his desk was a calendar that said it was November 28th—"The Lord's Day." I knew my dates were wrong, but now I was ahead of time by a day.

At eleven I took my guards back to our room and they went to bed. I had an appointment with General Wei Li-hwang.

"I'm sick and do not feel like going," I told one of our office men who came to take me.

"Oh well, everyone's sick, and I myself have a headache," he replied. And it seemed utterly futile to tell him that my guards and I had nearly died during the night from food poisoning. And so I went to the interview, my head still tight with pain, and my heart acting capriciously. I felt dirty, exhausted, miserable.

Feeling like a tramp I went to the interview with General Wei Li-hwang, commander-in-chief of the Central and Shansi troops, and commander-in-chief on the Sinkow front north of Taiyüan before the fall of that city. In any other circumstance, I would not have attempted an interview. But this is wartime and the entire Chinese people and the armies fighting the Japanese struggle on in circumstances far worse than mine. Sick and lightly wounded men continue to fight, and so surely I can talk. However, my sickness obsessed me and the poison in my body seemed to command my mind.

Entering General Wei's headquarters, my first impression was of the fine appearance of his staff. All were clad in the best warm uniforms and coats, many of them with fur caps, fur collars, and black polished boots that shone like mirrors. I

glanced ruefully at my torn leggings and my colorless worn shoes, and felt more than ever like a tramp.

General Wei had his own interpreter, who received and viewed me critically. He studied my uniform, puttees, and shoes with what seemed to me most obvious disapproval. But then General Wei came into the room, waved me to a chair, seated himself and looked me directly in the face. He did not even look at my worn clothing. He was a young man still, or so it appeared to me, in his early or middle thirties, short, squarely built, with a small black mustache. His uniform and coat were of good warm woolen khaki, his collar and cap were of fur and his boots were immaculately polished.

General Wei was a cheerful, good-natured man, with a very distinct air of efficiency about him. Everything about him expressed his position of command. Throughout our talk he was cheerful, optimistic.

He was very cheerful about the situation in Shansi Province. Yes, he said, the main Japanese force of about sixty thousand to seventy thousand men was now concentrated in Taiyüan. They had formerly had about twenty-seven regiments on the northwestern front, but had lost about half of them. They have lost about thirty thousand men in this Shansi campaign, he said. Today in Taiyüan they have large numbers of sick, wounded, and exhausted men and they are in a very difficult situation. The occupation of Taiyüan is not so important as they would have the world believe. They cannot get reenforcements or food, and they can get nothing through the northern routes because of the work of Chinese troops there. (These are the Eighth Route Army troops.)

When they first occupied Taiyüan, he said, they had planned to continue their drive southward and take the whole

province. They did occupy the towns of Pingyao, Taichow, Chaochin and Taiku, but then they retreated, keeping only a small force in Taiku. Taiku is now surrounded by Chinese troops.

The Chinese retreat from Sinkow was necessary, General Wei declared, because the Japanese were able to occupy the Chentai railway and approach Taiyüan from the east, thus cutting off the Sinkow defenders. The Chinese troops at Sinkow had been fighting in most difficult conditions: they did not have the artillery or airplanes to help them that the enemy had, they were in the mountains where food was difficult to get and where little help reached them.

I asked General Wei why the Japanese are now retreating, and he said he thought there were three reasons: (1) they have great difficulty with communications, particularly in the North; (2) their lines are so long that if they now meet strong resistance they can be destroyed; (3) they have suffered such heavy losses that they need reenforcements which they are unable to get at present.

"We can hold Shansi Province," General Wei said. Asked how this was possible after repeated defeats, he answered, "By organizing and arming the people."

I listened in astonishment. His words sounded like those of the Eighth Route Army men.

"What have you done so far in this respect?" I asked him.

"We have just started," he answered, and then replied to another question by saying that they have plenty of guns for this.

I was tormented by thoughts of the Eighth Route Army—of its months of patient urging that the people be organized and armed. They began this long ago—but they did not have

sufficient arms. I thought of the whole series of mass meetings in the villages through which we had passed, and I thought of Chu Teh standing and talking to a mass meeting in the rain . . . the people bent forward anxious to catch each breath from his lips . . . their faces tense and serious and eager, and everything about them eloquent of the deep determination and faith that lie in the heart of the Chinese people. . . . The rain poured and still they stood, never moving, never taking their eyes from Chu Teh's face. . . .

These poignant memories returned to harass me and I ceased to think of the interview.

The interpreter, still standing, was impatient at my silence and asked me what questions I had to ask. I was disconcerted and tried to return to the business of asking formal questions. But before I could a guard appeared in the doorway and said, "Airplanes have come!"

General Wei gathered up papers before him and told me to come. We had barely stepped outside headquarters and could go no farther. The dugouts were across a drilling field beyond. General Wei shouted to men running toward the caves to halt and he pulled me back under the eaves of a little temple.

"Look!" he said, pulling me out, and we both cautiously watched two planes directly above us. They moved a little beyond and then—

Crash! Crash! the bombs began to fall—right beyond headquarters, in the densely crowded street. General Wei bent close to the earth and I with him. And all about us and throughout the city anti-aircraft guns and machine guns began to roar. The planes continued to drop bombs and, crouching

low, I wondered how many there were. The whole city was turned into a battlefield.

We watched the planes go beyond the city and the bombardment stopped. "They have gone!" I said.

"No," General Wei said, "they are coming back!"

We all ran across the drill field for the dugouts while the city literally rocked with the bombs and the bombardment again.

The dugout was shallow and we crouched close to the earth, watching the planes through the entrance. From this position, General Wei began to ask me what foreign countries thought of Japan's war on China. I told him of the movement of the people in America, England, France, India, the Soviet Union, and the messages from the Spanish Republican Government. This news excited him and he repeated it to men about us who had perhaps not heard because of the roar of the guns.

He asked me what I thought of the Eighth Route Army and I told him that I was filled with the deepest admiration. I had seen them organizing and arming the people. "It's a fine army, with excellent, fearless fighters!" he exclaimed with sincere enthusiasm.

"No, I am not a Communist," I said in answer to his question. "But," he protested, "the Communists are this—" he lifted a closed fist from the earth, with one thumb extending upright. This meant "A No. 1!"

When the air raid ended we left the cave, to meet a company of Shansi soldiers only now rushing for the caves near us. With them came their khaki-clad officer. A bomb had landed near them, and splinters had cut his coat in many places, and had broken the badge on his cap, knocking the

cap off—but leaving him unharmed! He and General Wei discussed this, laughing in a way that is without amusement.

The hour allotted me for my interview had come to an end. I left them and went into the street. Down the street were dense crowds of people. The bombs had struck. The dead and wounded were somewhere in the center of that crowd. Back in the local office of the Eighth Route Army, I learned that about a hundred people had been killed and wounded, most of them common people. Some of the bodyguard of General Fu Tso-yi, in the street at the time, were hit.

I did not feel capable of viewing the mangled bodies of the dead and wounded. A motor truck was waiting to take us back to General Headquarters, and the driver kept urging us to hurry because the bombers might come again any minute. I got my guards out of bed, piled them and our bedding in the truck, and we were ready. But it was an hour before we could leave the city. We backed in an alleyway and waited while a long train of carts laden with military supplies passed. The carts were two-wheeled, and the wheels were solid wood with iron rims. Some of them were pulled by bullocks who took their own time.

"What if the airplanes should come now?" I exclaimed.

"The *lao pei shin* (common people) do not care," the chauffeur answered. "They won't hurry under any condition—airplanes or no airplanes."

On the long white ribbon of a motor road we made up for lost time. But twice we came to a halt. Groups of people stood in the middle of the road waving their rifles in the air at us.

"Who are you?" the chauffeur asked.

"Eighth Route Partisans . . . give us a lift!" They were young peasants between the ages of fifteen and twenty. They

were tall and strong, and youth and joy were in their faces.

"Pile in!" the chauffeur answered. Then he grinned at me and said, "Fine, isn't it?"

We reached the town of Hungtung at dusk. There, as if by a miracle, we ran into Hsu Chuen and Ting Ling. Hsu Chuen had come to the city in the hope of finding a public bath. He found one—with dirt an inch thick on every side of the bath and a few hundred men sitting about on the sides. He decided to take no bath. I left Ting Ling in the streets and my guards and I set out across country. We had some twenty li to go to headquarters.

The chauffeur watched us go. It was the end of the motor road. But we had gone only a few li when we heard the truck coming behind us. It was a dark night and travelers are often waylaid, he said. He would try to get through to headquarters.

He tried for three hours. He managed to pass through two narrow village gates, but from others he had to back away for fully a quarter of a mile and take narrow cart roads that were often little more than foot paths. Whole villages poured out to give advice. The women had never seen a motor car before and old and young clogged the roads as they stared, gaped and pointed. At one place the men had to come out with picks and shovels and level a ridge before we could cross it.

In my weariness, my sickness, and in the night's cold, I once exclaimed to myself, "My God! How can we expect these people to fight the Japanese—they stare like animals at a motor truck! Look at the foot-bound women, disheveled and dirty, with their dirty babies. They grin like idiots at the headlights!"

Then I exclaimed to myself anew, "Oh, ye of little faith!" And I thought of the history of the Eighth Route Army . . . and of the past month's experience as we moved down through Eastern Shansi, through such towns and villages as these. The first Red Army men came out of just such villages as this.

7

A Breathing Spell and a Journey

General Headquarters, Eighth Route Army
December 5, 1937

TODAY a guard from the Enemy Department came to call me to their rooms. A Japanese captive had arrived. Hsu Chuen has gone with Ting Ling to a village a few li from here, so I went alone.

In the room of the Enemy Department sat a man in Japanese uniform and coat, earnestly engaged in conversation with the other men there. At first I did not know that he was the prisoner. So many men of the Eighth Route Army are clad in Japanese clothing that he might have been a Chinese. In appearance he was Chinese—with some slight distinctions that I cannot explain. Only when he stood up and bent low in greeting did I recognize him as a Japanese.

He was a man with an unusually sympathetic face and manner. He was young—twenty-seven, he said—and a building worker from Nagasaki. He had been a worker for fifteen years—since he was a child of twelve. He was married and had a child.

There was an air of directness and straightforwardness about him, but no trace of arrogance. Something about him was as real and as matter-of-fact as the earth—and unusually

Peasant refugees crossing a stream

Peasants carrying a wounded soldier

Eighth Route Army soldier teaching new recruits to sing

Men of the Enemy Works Department studying documents and diaries taken from captured Japanese soldiers

attractive. Everyone liked him, and he liked us. Before long we were all engaged in talk about every aspect of the war, about China and Japan, the Japanese Army, his life in the army, and about the Eighth Route Army. He answered all questions directly and sincerely, and without hesitation he asked questions about us and our life.

He had been captured by Lin Piao's forces at the battle of Kwangyangchen on November 4th. He had been shot through the neck. When Eighth Route Army men carried him, wounded, from the battlefield, he took the knife from his scabbard and tried to kill himself by cutting his jugular vein.

"Our headquarters, and all Japanese papers," he said, "told us that Chinese kill all captives. I thought you were going to cut off my head, after torturing me, so I tried to kill myself first. . . . I have lost very much blood and so I am easily tired. . . . Look." He opened his coat. Next to his skin were two clean blue cotton Chinese shirts. They had been washed well. But the inside of his jacket was one great stain of blood. The blood had stained the inside of his overcoat. The wound through the neck had injured a nerve so that he could hardly move his right arm.

He had been taken to an Eighth Route Army hospital. The doctors treated him with great care, even with tenderness, he said. The wounded soldiers about him told him it was a lie that the Japanese wounded are killed. A man came from headquarters to talk with him and to tell him about the Eighth Route Army, and that it regards Japanese workers and peasants as its brothers.

One of the men in the room turned to me and said, "When we explained to him in the hospital, he wept."

He is now much better and he can walk and talk, though

his right arm healed slowly. Because he was lonely and had no one to talk with, he was sent here to General Headquarters where many men speak his language.

Most men in the Japanese Army, he said, are opposed to war. They hate it. But they were given a military order to go to China, and they went. It would have meant imprisonment and death if they had not done so. Discipline is very rigid so any kind of organized movement against the war he considers impossible. The soldiers are also told all kinds of things—about how the Chinese slaughter Japanese, and how the Chinese behead all Japanese captives. So when they fight, they fight to the death, knowing that they have but a choice between deaths.

We asked him if he witnessed the killing of any of the Chinese people. He said he personally was never present at the killings, but as his Division came south through Hopei Province to the junction at Shihchiachwang, he saw many dead bodies of Chinese peasants by the roadside. Their feet were bound with ropes and they had been killed by swords. He learned from other soldiers in his army they had been killed by officers of his Division. It was the same with the capture of Chinese women—he had nothing to do with this, but he learned from other men that Chinese women had been captured for the use of the army. He told us these things earnestly and sincerely, and tried to recall the names of villages where he had seen the slaughtered bodies of the peasants. He was talking to us as he would talk to his close friends.

We talked of the future, when the Japanese and Chinese workers and peasants would be masters in their own countries, and cooperate with each other as brothers. He agreed with us, and he asked question after question about the history of the

Red Army. In the past few years, he said, he had read two or three articles in the Japanese press about it. Now he wanted to know all about it. There was about him a kind of strong, firm, intelligent interest. You felt that anything you said to him would strike root and bear fruit. And in fact we talked just about this also—what the Japanese workers could do in the future, what he himself could do, what we all could do to realize our goal. He told what he could and would do—that he had thought about it since the second day of his capture, when men had come to explain to him what the Chinese armies were fighting for, and what the Eighth Route Army was. He had considered his work for the future—but that belongs to his own life.

Sometimes he bent his head and body in pain. He suffered much from his arm. We asked what we could do for him and he said we could do something to ease the pain. So we helped him strip to the waist while we considered what we could do. We applied hot steam compresses to his neck, shoulder, and arm—to his infinite relief.

"Oh, I can never forget you people throughout my life," he said. "My own mother was never kinder to me than you are. You do everything possible for me. You have cured me, you have bathed me, you have given me money for extra food and a guard to take care of my needs. I want nothing. How can I ever thank you?"

"You do not need to thank us. You are one of our brothers, for you are a worker and you did not want this war. In the future we will work together to stop this war and all such wars."

"Yes," he said, with lowered head and thoughtful face. "Yes.

In Japan I will explain to all the workers what I have learned in China."

Tonight I took all the foreign newspapers loaned me by the missionaries in Hungtung, and went to Chu Teh's place. Jen Peh-si was there, and two other comrades, and we spent the evening reading and discussing the news. Jen Peh-si read to me the latest radio messages from Shanghai, particularly one about a Japanese military demonstration through the streets of the International Settlement in which an Englishman and an American were beaten by Japanese soldiers. We discussed the anti-British movement being fostered in Japan by the militarists, and we discussed in particular the five points which Japanese militarists have presented to China before peace can be established. These five points are worth recording for all time, for they mean the total enslavement of China. They are:

1. Recognition of "Manchukuo" and the formation of a China-Japan-"Manchukuo" bloc;
2. An autonomous anti-Communist government for North China and Inner Mongolia, under Japanese protection, but controlling its own taxes and customs revenue;
3. A Japanese inspector-general of customs, and Japanese advisers in all provincial departments, as well as a revision of Chinese tariffs to promote the exchange of Japanese manufactures against Chinese raw materials;
4. General Chiang Kai-shek to make way for a Japanese president and China to join the anti-Communist bloc;
5. China not to possess an army or war planes; a Peace Preservation Corps to be formed, and all commercial air

services to be managed, as well as airplanes supplied, by the Japanese.

As I read out these terms from the foreign press, Chu Teh recorded them in Chinese in a book. When I reached point 4 about a "Japanese president for China," Chu did not understand. He lifted his head inquiringly. I repeated it. On his face was an expression I shall never forget, but which I cannot explain in words. Jen Peh-si and I began to laugh and then Chu Teh realized that I was really reading a Japanese demand. His only response was to join in our laughter, but not in amusement. His laughter was filled with anger.

He also recorded the Japanese terms on the International Settlement in Shanghai, after which he and Jen Peh-si asked me what I thought the British and Americans would do. I thought they might accept the demands if there was any face-saving method by which they could do so. But the latest incident in which Japanese soldiers had demonstrated in the Settlement and attacked British and American citizens would perhaps make such an acceptance now impossible.

"How long will it be now before the second world war begins?" Chu Teh asked me.

I thought it would not be long. Jen Peh-si said he thought it might develop after Japan occupies Nanking and begins to drive all British and American interests from China—including Shanghai.

We discussed the Japanese traitor government established in Taiyüan. Wang Ying, who appears to be half-Mongol, though this is not certain, is head of this "government," a traitor named Nan Kwei-lan is a member, and the third is a fellow named Wen Tso-chuan. Wen Tso-chuan's home is

near us here. He is a rich landlord and was one of General Yen Hsi-shan's right-hand men.

This traitor government's first action was to begin the capture of Chinese women for the use of the Japanese troops. The Japanese have demanded three thousand women. The Japanese have dropped leaflets over the Chinese armies. Their first battle cry is "Annihilate the Communists"; their second is "The Japanese bring peace to East Asia"; their third is "The Chinese armies in Shansi cannot fight the Japanese, so the Chinese people are also incapable of doing this; therefore they must submit."

Jen Peh-si told me that the Japanese are now using Partisan tactics in fighting the Eighth Route and other Chinese armies. They dare not use small Partisan bands, so they use large ones, all mounted.

We talk until late at night, and Chu Teh makes coffee for us—which keeps me awake all night so I can sit here in the cold and write!

General Headquarters, Eighth Route Army
December 12, 1937

The days pass and we remain in one place. For this I am glad. It gives me an opportunity to work on a review of the Eighth Route Army campaign against the Japanese since they began in early September.

Of all the armies in North and Northwestern China, the Eighth Route Army is drawing on itself the full weight of Japanese imperialism. Today, General Nagada N. Takeo, commander of the enemy troops in Taiyüan, issued a proclamation to the Chinese people which expresses the hatred of the enemy against the army. This proclamation reads:

"Because the Nanking Government has united with the Communists and the U.S.S.R., it is destroying and ruining China and the Far East. Because of this the Emperor's Army has come to save China.

"The Emperor's Army has already occupied Nanking [this is not true—A.S.] and now there remains to be conquered the Communist ghost, which disturbs the peaceful paradise which we have established."

The proclamation goes on to tell the Chinese people to pursue their labors as in the past, but if they know of any disguised Reds, to report at once to Japanese headquarters. For this, the Japanese will reward them with money. The desired things for which money will be paid are three:

1. Documents about the Red Army.
2. Any information or thing relating to the Red Army.
3. The condition within and the locations of the Red Army.

We read this news today in headquarters. Jen Peh-si's face was grim. Chu Teh's kindly, friendly face was a picture of relentless hatred. As I watched Chu Teh I saw the enemy so terribly feared for many years by the oppressors of the poor. And I realized that I did not know this man at all. In Yenan I saw him under peaceful conditions, when he lectured daily in the Anti-Japanese University, when he studied the latest books we brought from Shanghai, and when he came to me to relate the story of his life. It was difficult for me to say what kind of man he was. As a comrade, a friend, a teacher, he was kind and gentle. As a man, he was tender-hearted, with a mind direct and uncomplicated, a man humble of spirit about himself. But today when we read the Japanese news, and a few days ago when we read the Japanese peace terms to Nanking, I saw a man I did not know—a man whose

whole being was a rigid picture of hatred. I thought of the years during which he had fought against overwhelming odds against the armies sent to annihilate the revolutionary workers and peasants. The man I saw today was that man of these past ten years.

A few days ago—on December 8th—I was in headquarters and someone showed me a document signed by the name of General Chiang Kai-shek. It was an official document conferring upon Chu Teh the title of commander-in-chief of the Eighteenth Army. So the name of the Eighth Route Army is changed, and it is no longer a "Route" but a full army. This is because of its rapid enlargement. I know little of these technical military affairs but I am told that a Route army is confined within certain limits, while a full army is not.

We laugh at a change of name. The "Eighth Route" is now engraved on the hearts of the people, and we think they will not change to the new name.

General Chiang Kai-shek remains true to the national united front, and this action of his proves it. The Japanese are conducting intensive activity throughout the country against the national united front. Their great song and dance is the "Communist menace." They offer Nanking peace if they will break with the Communists in China and enter the anti-Communist bloc of Japan, Germany and Italy, which means war not only on the Eighth Route Army but on the Soviet Union; and which means a world war for a new redivision of weaker peoples and natural resources among the robbers of the world.

The German Ambassador, Dr. Trautmann, is very busy trying to induce General Chiang Kai-shek to enter in with the robber nations of the world, and to turn China into a

battlefield like Spain. There are elements in Nanking which would like to accept the Japanese-German proposals. They would sacrifice all China in the hopes that they might save their own miserable property. But up to the present time they dare not openly support the enemies of their country.

Soon, when the Japanese take Nanking, we will see the formation of a new traitor government in that city. In Hankow, the Germans held a meeting a few days ago and a speaker "predicted" this. The foreign newspapers report confidential conversations being exchanged between the German and Japanese Ambassadors and the German Ambassador and special Japanese envoys in China.

Much news from the front pours in to us. Airplanes—whose, we do not yet know—are bombing the Japanese at Shihchiachwang—the junction on the Peiping-Hankow and the narrow gauge line running up to Taiyüan. Also, the Japanese troops moving down the Pinghan line for months are now retreating to the north. We have most reliable news that from twenty to thirty thousand Japanese troops in Taiyüan have slowly and painfully marched down the Chentai railway (this was November 17th) and then up to the Peiping-Tientsin area, and many of them back to Japan.

These twenty to thirty thousand Japanese troops are the sick, injured and exhausted who have been amongst the enemy forces of occupation in Taiyüan. The months of fighting left big holes in the Japanese Army. The Japanese deny this and try to present an iron picture to China. But this is a false picture. Not only are their troops weary and sick, but their death list is very large. They are also unable to feed their troops. They send out marauding parties to loot the countryside, but still this does not meet their needs. For

the Chinese armies, Partisans, and the people, have removed the crops to safe places. And so the enemy in Taiyüan had to send out about half of its forces.

Until the Japanese occupied Taiyüan, they had no time and no energy to turn on the Eighth Route Army in their rear and try to do what they now refer to as "sweeping them out of North and Northwestern China." But now they are in the midst of a new offensive to try this.

The Eighth Route Army recaptured many of the chief towns in North Shansi, Western Hopei Province, and in Southern Chahar—towns that had been lost to the Japanese. The names are too many to mention and would mean little. But a few of the most important are: Linchow, Kwangling, Whenyuen, Wutai and Yühsien, in Northeast Shansi; Leiyüan in Hopei, with the whole region in Western Hopei Province right down to the Pinghan railway—and some towns along that railway south of Peiping; Yangyüan and Weihsien (Yuchow) in Southern Chahar south of the Pingsui railway. The Eighth Route broke repeatedly the Pinghan railway and the Chentai in many places, thus halting Japanese communications, harassing and wearing out the army of invasion.

In Northwestern Shansi and Southern Suiyüan—and right up to the western door of Tatung, the Eighth Route Army recovered a number of big towns and villages from the Japanese, such as Pinglu, Ningwu, Tsingpingchen, and Yoyü, the latter a town on the border of Suiyüan and Shansi Provinces. And the main route of communication between Tatung and Sinkow (northern gate to Taiyüan) was permanently broken. They fought the strong Japanese forces in the big towns of Tsohsien and Kuohsien in North Shansi along this route, but were unable to dislodge them because of the enemy artillery

and airplanes. In the northeast of Shansi again, the Eighth Route broke permanently the other main route of communication from Peiping to Sinkow and Taiyüan. Japanese military trucks, sometimes one hundred and fifty and two hundred in a line, used to come bowling along these roads with great confidence. They would be guarded by one, two or three companies of troops, who sat on the trucks like gentlemen, grinning at their new domain. What happened to over one thousand of these trucks along these two lines is related in the diary of a dead Japanese regimental commander killed in action by the Eighth Route Army in the last week of September. It reads:

"One hundred and fifty of our trucks were destroyed and sixty of our soldiers, including a company commander, were killed by the Red Army here. In this place the women joined in the fighting and hurled hand grenades. I have received orders that all the population in this place must be killed."

Not only did the Eighth Route destroy Japanese transport trucks, sometimes one hundred and fifty at one blow, but on the night of October 18th they raided the Japanese air base at Yenmenpao and destroyed twenty-one of the twenty-four bombers there. Also, down to the end of November, they had captured over a thousand military mules and horses, hundreds of rifles and great quantities of ammunition, about fifty machine guns and a few field guns, quantities of medicine and other supplies. They killed about ten thousand Japanese. They organized, trained and armed tens of thousands of peasants for Partisan (guerrilla) warfare on the army of occupation. Chinese military men in Shansi declare that the Japanese have lost about thirty thousand of their men in this northwestern

campaign, including the Chentai railway zone and the fighting at Sinkow.

The Japanese plans called for the occupation of Taiyüan by October 30th, and then they were to move southward along the Tungpu railway and occupy the whole province. They occupied Taiyüan on November 9th and occupied a few towns south and east of the city, including Pingyao. Their conduct in Pingyao was typical of their activities everywhere; they entered the city, beat in the doors with their rifles, entered and searched for money, valuables, food—and women. They looted the entire city—though most of the population had fled—and they raped and then carried off the young women for the use of their troops in Taiyüan. This story is told me by a foreigner who witnessed these scenes.

But soon the Japanese began to retreat from Pingyao and from the other places they had occupied around Taiyüan. This followed the departure of the twenty to thirty thousand troops for North China and Japan. General Wei Li-hwang told me of this retreat when I was in Pingyangfu (Linfen) on November 28th. A week before that the retreat had begun and all the Chinese defenders of Shansi knew about it and knew the reason.

However, this all was a preliminary to a new and big campaign against the Eighth Route Army in that broad belt across North Shansi that runs over into Western Hopei Province, down to the Pinghan railway, and up into Southern Chahar. First the Japanese drove a fresh force of ten thousand men south along the Pinghan railway to protect it from the Eighth Route Army and the people it had armed and led. Then they sent eight columns of troops against the Eighth Route Army throughout the region from the Pinghan line up to the center

of Northern Shansi, and another six columns of men into Northwestern Shansi and to the west of Tatung, their stronghold. They boasted they were going to "sweep the Red Army out of North Shansi, Hopei and Chahar."

Each column of men had from one thousand to fifteen hundred men in it, a few had from two to three thousand, and two or three had as few as seven hundred. Each column was protected by tanks and airplanes, carried artillery, and the columns operating in Chahar and Western Hopei all had cavalry units. There were from twenty to thirty thousand fresh troops in these fourteen columns. The first eight columns began operation against the Eighth Route in the third week of November; the last six began in the first week of December.

Some of these columns operated in limited areas, but sometimes three columns would converge on one imporant town held by the Eighth Route—such as Leiyüan, or Fuping in Western Hopei, or Weihsien (Yuchow) in Southern Chahar.

This campaign is now at its height and there is fierce fighting throughout North Shansi, Western Hopei, and Chahar—and along the Chentai railway. In this fighting the Eighth Route is using the same tactics it has used for ten years. First, they have their roots in the mass movement. They have aroused, organized, trained, and armed the common people, so that often the whole population of a town, including women and children and the aged, fight the enemy with every weapon at their command. The Eighth Route forces are often quite small, but their strength is greatly increased by the united help given them by the people.

We have reports from almost all the regions. One sounds like fighting in Kiangsi in the past. The Japanese column of

from two to three thousand which recaptured Ihsien on the Pinghan line, left a reserve force of another three thousand in Tinghsien behind it, then drove west against two important towns held by the Eighth Route Army. The Eighth Route did not fight such a formidable force, but evacuated towns. The population went with it, carrying all their foodstuffs, clothing and driving their pigs, goats and other animals before them. The Eighth Route, the Partisans, and the population waylaid the advancing Japanese and when they passed fought them with rifles, hand grenades, clubs, spears, and stones. They occupied high levels on either side of the road, defeated the Japanese, drove them back, and even captured one of the five tanks. A similar story comes from Chuyang in Western Hopei Province, though here the city was not surrendered, and remains still in the hands of the people. Similar tactics were adopted when a Japanese column approached Weihsien in Chahar, across a broad plain which enabled them to use their artillery, tanks, cavalry, and airplanes to great purpose. The Eighth Route and the people fought them at night and waylaid them in the hills around Weihsien, driving them back into the empty town when they ventured out to get food.

A column which left Showyang on the Chentai railway moved against the large town of Yühsien to the north. A group of seven hundred peasant Partisans armed with two hundred rifles met them in early December, killing a hundred and losing five of their own men. On the next day the Eighth Route killed nearly two hundred of the enemy and lost about forty of their men.

In North Shansi, a strong Japanese column moved against the town of Whenyuen, in late November. One company of Eighth Route Army men were in the city. With the popula-

tion they withdrew from the town and left it empty to the enemy. To the east they met a column of about seven hundred of their own comrades rushing to reenforce them. The two forces united and waited for the enemy on a mountain known as Luanshihling. There on December 1st they met them and fought one whole night, inflicting a heavy defeat on the enemy and losing forty of their own men. Amongst the Eighth Route wounded were twenty men whose hands had been frozen and turned black during that fierce night.

Along the big road leading from Tatung south to Sinkow, Eighth Route Army men have killed from one to two thousand of the enemy.

The big Japanese concentrations at Tsohsien and Kuohsien on this route are adopting new tactics. They have strong batteries along the river, and they send out raiding parties on nearby villages—looting, slaughtering, raping. Throughout this whole region the peasant Partisans have met them, fighting ferociously, driving them back time and again, so that the whole region is a battlefield over which men fight all the time.

In other places the Japanese have adopted what they dignify by the name of "political" methods. They have made themselves Chinese uniforms and caps, and stuck Eighth Route badges on their left arms. Thus decked out they raid villages, slaughtering, pillaging, raping—and carrying off young men. By these tactics they think they can undermine the faith of the people in the Eighth Route Army. But the Japanese do not speak the Chinese language, northern Chinese men are tall and strong, and the Japanese short and squat; and the Eighth Route Army wears no badges at all, and generally only

faded, shabby uniforms. So the people know the enemy and new thousands of men join the Partisans.

The Japanese are busy with other "political" activities. In the big towns which they hold, they always form traitor "governments" from the local rich landlords and the gentry—who often help them. But as a rule all the poor people have fled, so these governments cannot find enough Chinese to even constitute and enforce the decisions of the "Peace Preservation Committees" which they form.

Acting through these traitor governments, the Japanese begin a reign of terror against all anti-Japanese elements—or against all people whose property they wish. They order all people to register their property and capital by a fixed date, or have it confiscated as anti-Japanese. They have imposed new and more burdensome taxes. Since they cannot get the help of the people and cannot get food, they send out marauding parties for pillage. One party, a battalion, was met south of Taiyüan in early December by two companies of the Eighth Route Army. The Eighth Route spread out over a big area and allowed them to come into their circle, then killed one hundred outright and injured large numbers who were carried away by the enemy, which retreated. The same fate has befallen other such pillaging gangs.

The war is at its height. "Sweep out the Reds," cry the Japanese. And this cry they have further shouted to the Chinese armies in Shansi. Their airplanes have dropped handbills over the Chinese armies and over towns and villages. The Japanese have come to Shansi merely to fight the Communists, the handbills read, and to "establish peace in East Asia." They add that since the Japanese armies have defeated the Central Government and Shansi armies, the people need not hope that

they can do anything themselves. The Communists are deceiving the people, they say, by declaring that they want to fight the Japanese. "Even if they could succeed, still they would merely turn and confiscate all your property afterwards," say these documents. Well, most Chinese have no property to be confiscated. So these appeals may affect the rich, which are about one per cent of the population. The rest are certainly anti-Japanese.

Such is the campaign which we face today. . . .

Japanese airplanes are scouring the skies again looking for us. They have begun sending planes over villages not far from us. Traitors are at work. In the Taiyüan traitor government is a rich landlord from this district. These are moonlight nights and planes can bomb. This night the Front Service Group gave a performance in this village, and in the midst of it we heard the zooming of airplanes coming toward us. Chu Teh was speaking at the time, giving a review of the international and national situation, and telling of the latest news from the front where the Eighth Route is fighting.

I can hear planes when they are a great distance away, and I heard them coming. But I did not give a warning lest I be wrong. I thought it might be the radio station. But as they came nearer and no one else heard, I motioned to Chu Teh on the platform to put out the light above his head. He hesitated, looked about, did not understand, and then continued. I told those about me the airplanes were coming. Someone said it was the radio station. Then the planes began zooming nearby and men on the roof watching the play and listening to Chu Teh's speech shouted that the airplanes were coming. Only then were the lights put out.

The audience this night consisted of masses of our army,

and of all men from headquarters, and of hundreds of villagers. They had crowded into a compound before a temple, and the temple had been transformed into a stage. There was but one exit. I was filled with a sense of horror as I saw this dense crowd. Men shouted not to hurry, not to run, but to wait as they stood. And they waited, never moving. I forced my way through the crowd and got outside where other crowds stood watching the sky to the north. The planes were traveling over villages a short distance from us. We heard them go, farther and farther away. And then I went back into the compound to hear Chu Teh's voice speaking from the darkness. He was continuing his lecture, and all the men had returned and were listening quietly.

The Eighth Route Army is used to air raids. I thought I was, but I find I am not. One bomb on us tonight would have finished the General Staff. We stand always in the shadow of death. For ten years this army has stood in the shadow of death, has tasted death on a thousand battlefields. In this dark shadow they continue to talk to the people, to educate them, to organize and train them. Firmly they stand and firmly they fight. And because of their spirit and the message they bear to mankind, I know that it is an honor that I can stand with them in this same shadow. In the cities where life is called "normal" I always feared I would die before I could ever reach this army and learn of its life and thought. I did not want to die. Nor do I now. But since one must die, I am at peace here, and here I would rather die, if need be, than in any other place on the earth. I hope this will not be, and I do not like the thought. There is much to be done, and I wish to live long and see a free China and a new human society free from exploitation.

How sweet the earth is, and how often sad! Tonight I returned home in the moonlight, which turned this ancient village into a dark, mysterious heap of shadows. At the end of the alleyway leading to the house where I live is a little temple. I had not noticed it before, but tonight in the moonlight it stood there, dark, beautiful. Grass has taken root between the tiles on the gargoyled roof. The moonlight glinted on the shining, dry grass blades. . . . At the gate of my compound stand two tall trees, bare of all except the dry pods of beans that are their fruit. In the wind they rustle mournfully, filling my heart with sadness, and yet with a consciousness of the beauty of the earth.

Somewhere in South Shansi
December 18, 1937

"How times change!" remarked the old missionary reflectively as he studied the book in his hand. It was in Chinese, which he read fluently, and its title was *What is Fascism?* With it was a letter in Chinese written and signed by Chu Teh.

The day before this book was sent to him, the old missionary asked me if Chu Teh would accept a copy of the New Testament. It was the only Chinese translation of the Bible the old man had; it had been a birthday present to him years before, and he treasured it. Chu Teh's reply was to thank him in advance for it, and to give him the book he now held in his hand.

Times change indeed. The old missionary and his beloved wife were both over sixty-five years of age. They had lived in China for over forty years. They had been caught in the whirlwind of the Boxer uprising and from a concealed place in

Sian had watched the Imperial Court as it prepared to return to Peiping. Through a window they had watched the old Empress Dowager and the ill-fated Kwang Hsu. The road they were to travel through the Northwest back to Peiping had been leveled to a smooth surface free of dust, and over that road they also had traveled to Shansi to preach Christianity to the "heathen."

The old missionary had lived through all the momentous changes after that—the 1911 Revolution, the years of civil war that followed, the famines and floods of the Northwest, the Great Revolution of 1925–27 and the years of warfare after that. The Chinese Red Army had made its "Long March," a military epic unparalleled in history save for the campaigns of Genghis Khan, and had invaded Shansi Province and laid siege to the very city in which the old missionary preached the Gospel. That was only two years ago. He had watched the Nanking Government airplanes swoop low and bomb the Red Army. Since that time he had learned of the national united front welded in China, and then the Red Army had returned to Shansi to fight the Japanese. It now fought in the north, in the south, the east and the west. The common people had come bearing tales of its courage and of its swift Partisan tactics with which the Japanese had been unable to cope; they had come bearing tales of the high discipline of the army, of its protection of the people, of its ideas that were drawing countless numbers of young men into its ranks. And some of the young Christian converts of the missionary had turned their eyes to this army which was Communist and "heathen." To one of the missionaries some of these young Chinese Christians had said:

"You have told us to pray to God. Yet still the Japanese

have captured Shanghai and Nanking and all North China."

"Pray, do not think," the missionaries had replied.

"Think, arm yourselves and prepare to fight!" the Eighth Route Army had told them.

There was turmoil in the minds of some of the missionaries about the Eighth Route Army which they had so feared. For decades they had firmly believed that only Christianity filled the heart with enough mercy to lead men to care for the wounded, to be gentle and kind to the people, to teach them with love and patience. Yet the Eighth Route Army cared for its wounded, was gentle and kind and patient with the people, taught and protected them and ruthlessly rooted out those that injured them.

I had told the missionaries of things I had witnessed with the Eighth Route Army. One had exclaimed in consternation, "But they are heathens! I have never before heard that heathens would care for the wounded."

I asked her to think of the Christian treatment of the wounded before the Crimean War and before the American Civil War. She had never thought in terms of history, but only in terms of her faith. She did not understand how the Eighth Route Army could be what it was and still be without a religious faith. If only the Eighth Route Army would accept Christianity, it would be a perfect army!

What thoughts lay in the hearts of this old missionary and his wife I do not know. Long years had given them much wisdom and tolerance. Something in their individual natures had left them free from fanaticism. They had sent money to the hospital of the Eighth Route Army. The woman who thought of this army as "heathens" also sent money and gloves for the wounded. And then the old gentleman had presented

Chu Teh with his precious copy of the Bible, and Chu Teh had presented him with a book on the true nature of Fascism.

Oh yes, times change, and the future will see greater changes still.

I spent two nights in the home of the old missionary and his wife. We were waiting to travel to another city where the mission had a hospital. I was going in the hope that the doctors would sell me some medicine for the Eighth Route Army. To induce them to do this the old missionary was going with me. His hospital cared for hundreds of the Chinese wounded, but still the Eighth Route needed medical supplies. They must find a way to help. And they did. I write this after that trip. The old missionary, the doctor in charge of the hospital, my guard and I, spent a number of hours in the hospital storeroom. We selected, measured, bottled, labelled each package, and finally packed all carefully for the return trip. Since we had an Eighth Route Army truck, we also helped one of the women missionaries evacuate from the city which was a target for Japanese bombers.

We returned to the home of the old missionary and his wife and I spent another night there before undertaking the long trip to the Eighth Route Army headquarters. After supper a little bell tinkled in the courtyard of the mission compound. The old lady smiled at me and explained:

"Call for prayer meeting."

I did not take part in the prayer meeting, but I listened as they all knelt before their chairs or sat with their heads bent and eyes closed. I wondered what missionaries prayed about in troubled, war-torn times.

The first man to pray was the director of a Bible School. Though he would perhaps protest still his prayer was polit-

ical. He asked God to bring the war to an end, to lead China to freedom, independence, peace and prosperity. He asked that "those in authority" be given the vision and the wisdom to guide China to independence and prosperity. He asked for the protection of the missionaries in other regions of Shansi.

The old missionary, kneeling humbly with his face buried in his hands, called to God to rebuke the Japanese, to destroy their airplanes that were bombing the Chinese people, bringing suffering and death. He also asked that "those in authority" be given wisdom and vision to guide China to peace, independence and prosperity, and he asked that the Chinese people be imbued with the courage to endure their great suffering. He asked God's protection of all his missionary colleagues, for Mr. James Bertram, the English newspaper correspondent who was in a zone of danger, and for "the guest within our house." He prayed that Chu Teh, and Mao Tse-tung, be protected and given the vision to guide their people to peace and independence. He prayed for the Chinese wounded, and as he prayed the voices of the others echoed "Amen." One woman sobbed.

His voice trailed away and then his wife, the old lady whose heart has room for all things that breathe, began to pray for the wounded. The wounded, she said, were without medicine and many without care of any kind, and she asked God to intervene in His mercy to enable medicine to be brought to them, to help restore communications that the medicine might be transported.

"Blessed Father, protect the Eighth Route Army. Protect its wounded for whom it cares. Enable them to get medicine, give them courage and vision in their struggle."

"Amen!" echoed the others as she prayed to the God in Whom she believed with all her heart.

Why the other missionaries called this old lady "Mother of Israel" I do not know. Perhaps they feel that they are exiles in a foreign land. They dress as the Chinese dress, yet they maintain the homes, the food, and the standards of their own lands. But the old lady has broken most connections that bound her to her family and her country. She thinks of China as her home and her speech is a strange mixture of Chinese and English.

"I speak an old woman's language," she once said cheerfully to me, when referring to her Chinese. "I work much with the women. And my language is also religious. Still, I've learned almost everything Chinese—except the swear words."

"I can teach you those," I assured her, and she laughingly thanked me.

She was never trained in medicine, but she attends women at childbirth, ably assisted by their husbands. Women and babies with all kinds of ailments come to her. During her life in out-of-way places in China for forty years, she has read medical books and has become a kind of country doctor. She told me how to prepare ordinary cotton for antiseptic cotton, how to use certain eye medicines, and she told me of the trees that bear a bean that can be used as soap.

She is a Christian, but she has few of the traits of many of them. She is bold and outspoken and there is no prudery or fanaticism about her. In speaking of the wounded of the other Chinese armies, I told her how we often found them along the roads, and I asked her advice about the treatment and binding

of a groin wound. I had examined one man, and had disinfected and bound up a wound, but found great difficulty in bandaging a wound in the groin. A missionary woman had protested and said:

"Oh, why do you do that? Get some man to do it! You should not do such a thing!"

"Why not?" I had asked her. "Would you have me pass by a wounded man merely because the wound was in the groin?"

"Yes indeed," the Mother of Israel exclaimed when I told her. "I would do the same as you! And why not? Such things do not bother me in the least. He is a wounded man. We must help."

When she has no specific work to do, or when talking with friends the Mother of Israel spends all her time knitting tiny woolen socks for babies. In their mission compound are large numbers of Chinese refugees who fled from Taiyüan when the Japanese occupied that city. Here babies are born, with the Mother of Israel attending. And these tiny socks she gives to the newborn. Nor does it matter to her if the mother is Christian or "heathen." She believes so firmly in her faith that she does not have to talk much about it. One morning as she knit socks, she glanced at me over her glasses and talked of God and heaven and hell. She was quite cheerful about it and she seemed to believe in the existence of God much as I believe in the existence of the Eighth Route Army.

"I don't want to stuff religion down your throat," she cheerfully assured me with a smile. "I merely tell you what I believe. God is as real to me as my husband or my friends here in this room are real. I believe in heaven and in hell. I believe I will go to heaven when I die. Oh, of course I don't believe

in the God that so many people do, and I also think that when Judgment Day comes many missionaries and many other Christians will be found wanting."

As she talked I could picture her in heaven talking with God. And since I am a "heathen" and she a Christian with the right to argue with God, I could picture her arguing about my lost soul. She would induce Him to reach out somewhere in infinity, or down in the fires of hell and grab my erring soul by the nape of its neck and yank it right up by her side before the heavenly throne. Then I know she would do the same with all the Eighth Route Army, including Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung, and she would cheerfully announce to us:

"Now, didn't I always tell you there was a God and a heaven? Well, here is the proof."

As it is, she prays God to protect me today, and she depends on Him to do it.

"Very well," I cheerfully reply. "You depend on God, but I'll depend on the Eighth Route Army. And we will also do all we can to protect you here."

"Well, if these Japanese come here," she burst out, "I'll *never* hang out a Japanese flag. I'll never be a traitor to my country."

"My country," she said, and I believe she was thinking of China. For she does not know exactly to which country she belongs, unless it is to China. "One thing is certain," she said, "we're not neutral. Certainly not! And we depend on the Eighth Route Army to help us continue to live and work in China."

"I'm certain the Eighth Route Army will do everything to make that possible," I assured her.

"They are fine people," she said. "I'm very unimportant, but I'd like to meet Chu Teh."

How times change!

Headquarters, Eighth Route Army
December 19, 1937

Captain Evans Carlson, American military attaché to the American Embassy in China, arrived at our headquarters a few days ago. He has come as a military observer and is soon leaving for the front, going to a location that is the most dangerous of all in the Northwest. Three columns of Japanese are trying to converge on that place—Wutaishan—and there is fierce fighting there and along the route he will take. The Eighth Route Army headquarters warned him against such a venture, and said they could not take responsibility for his life. If killed by the Japanese, as is possible, the Japanese would say the Eighth Route Army had killed an American, and try to make capital out of it. So Captain Carlson wrote a letter to the American Ambassador, and a similar one to the Eighth Route Army, stating that he was going on his own responsibility and that neither the Eighth Route Army nor the Chinese Government need be held responsible in case he is killed.

I have spent much time with Captain Carlson. He has had many conferences in headquarters, asking about the military organization of the Eighth Route Army, its tactics, its political training. He saw the piles of captured Japanese documents, everything from diaries to the complete organization of Japanese divisions in the Northwest, their maps and plans of operation. Captain Carlson is carried off his feet by such things, for no other army had captured such enemy material. With a dry smile he looked at the Japanese coats many Eighth

Route Army men are wearing, and was astounded that we have four thousand such coats, hundreds of horses and mules and great quantities of other captured war trophies.

It is astounding to me that Captain Carlson, a military attaché, has never before made a study of the Partisan tactics which the Eighth Route Army uses and which it used for the past ten years. He is convinced that it is the one method of fighting for all the Chinese armies. He is also astounded at the education of the Eighth Route Army, all of which comes under the term "political training." He has never before seen an army that is educated in every aspect of the national and international situation, and is fully conscious of the results in case it is defeated, or in case it is victorious. When told how fighting units meet in conference before going to battle to discuss their own and the enemy positions, strengths and weaknesses, and what will be the result if they are defeated, he was astonished. His reaction was the same when he learned that the various fighting units always hold meetings after each battle to analyze the battle, and to recognize their mistakes, if any, and to recount the good points of their fighting. The voluntary discipline of the army also astounded him—and this he had an opportunity to see, and will have the opportunity to see in the future.

Mr. Carlson and I have taken long walks each day, have ridden far over the country, and have spent hours talking about this army and about everything bearing on the present war. It is interesting for me to meet an American man after such a long time. He is a typical American in many respects. This means that he has high technical, but very little political training. He is of poor family and has made his own way in the military service. And he has accepted without much ques-

tion the whole outlook of capitalism. To him, the education, voluntary discipline, and conduct of the Eighth Route Army is "idealism." He, like so many Americans, seeks the "good man," the good individual. He can justify America's occupation of Nicaragua—he was an officer in that army of occupation—by telling me incidents in which he performed individual good acts and rooted out corruption. He knows nothing of the basic principles which motivate the Communists throughout the world, and which motivate the Eighth Route Army. The things he admires in the Eighth Route Army are not "ideals" of a few leaders which they impart to the army, but basic Communist principles.

Of course General Headquarters did not engage in such discussions with Captain Carlson. It confined itself to stating facts as he wished to know them. But he and I came to the class struggle, though there was so much to discuss of world affairs that we did not linger on this subject.

As a woman, I could not let pass what I knew of the conduct of the Eighth Route Army toward the women of their country. Not even the blackest enemy of the army can charge it with molesting women, of introducing prostitution or of using prostitutes. Is it "idealism," I asked Captain Carlson, that prevents the Eighth Route Army from such conduct? No, not a bit of it. The Eighth Route Army is made up of the sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers of the workers and peasants who constitute fully 99 per cent of the Chinese people. They are trained to know that they, sons of the workers and peasants, are the only protection the people have. Can such men rape or use as prostitutes the women who are their own class sisters—who are often in fact their sisters, wives or mothers, or the sisters, wives or mothers of the comrades about

them? Wherever the Eighth Route Army goes, men from every locality enter its ranks. There is not a company but has these men in it, and if other men should even dare use women for purposes of prostitution, they would meet the firm opposition of the men by their sides who are either the brothers, sons or husbands of those women. It is the women of the workers and peasants who are always taken as prostitutes by armies—almost never the women of the rich. To touch a working woman, a peasant woman, is to step on the feet of the Eighth Route Army.

Then what about the sex needs of the Eighth Route Army? Those sex needs find no physical outlet. But every minute of leisure of the army is used either for education or for recreation. From reveille at dawn to taps at night, the men of this army go from one form of work or recreation to another. Another fact can be added to this: that the majority of the army are under or around the age of twenty. In the army are masses of men who entered its ranks when they were adolescents. They are virgins. They have never known sex experience. Once the American newspaperman, Edgar Snow, called this army a "virgin army." That is not exactly true. But it seems to me true that men who have never known sex experience and who live the rugged, active life of this army, do not find the need for sex expression as do other men. Add to these facts its deep and broad education, and you have what Captain Carlson calls the "most self-restrained, self-disciplined army I have ever seen in my life."

One day I introduced Captain Carlson to some missionaries, and they seemed deeply concerned that I, a woman, lived in the army, and that there were five or six Chinese women in it.

I heard Captain Carlson answer with deep and moving sincerity:

"I can tell you honestly that any woman could live in that army without the least fear of molestation. It is, I believe, the most self-restrained, self-disciplined army in the world. What I have seen is a revelation, an experience I shall never forget."

Of course Captain Carlson did not accept all I said without protesting here and there, without presenting his own ideas and opinions. Once he cautioned me that I was so wrapped up in this army that I could see little else, and so could not be impartial. To this I replied:

"Of course I am not impartial and make no such pretence. Yet I do not lie, do not distort, do not misrepresent. I merely tell what I see with my own eyes and experience day by day. This is the truth. Why am I in this army and not in another? With all my heart, with all that gives me consciousness, I am convinced of the high purpose, the integrity of this army. I know of the great heroism of the Chinese troops that fought from Shanghai to Nanking. But it is with the Eighth Route Army that I want to live and work."

December 28, 1937

The days have passed and I have had no time to write. Captain Carlson, guarded by a squad of men armed with submachine guns, left for the front, taking Li-po with him as interpreter. With them went a small caravan of mules bearing what medicine, cotton, and bandages we had. It was a sad little caravan and the medicine all too little. The cotton was not absorbent. The boxes of medicine too few. If we only could get more medical supplies through!

They will pass through the Japanese lines and go to Wu-

taishan. They will be in enemy-occupied territory for the latter part of their journey. Yet the Eighth Route Army and the Partisans hold that region; the Chentai railway, presumably in the hands of the Japanese, can be crossed by our forces in many different places.

I tried to go with the party, but there was almost a pitched battle in headquarters about it. Everyone protested. The intellectuals warned me about "danger." But I was not the only one in "danger." Everyone going was in danger. As for my strength—it is greater than Li-po's. True, he must go as interpreter and there is no other way. I can use guns, though some men going cannot. I can ride as well as most men. The argument came down to this—that headquarters did not want me to go because of two things: I was a foreigner, and I was a woman. At least this was my challenge to them. But I could give a written statement to the American Ambassador that in case of my death only the Japanese should be held responsible. If I could not go because I was a woman, then that was an injustice unparalleled. Headquarters denied that this was the reason. Chu Teh said they wanted me to live and work, and not go to Wutaishan and die. Chinese are dying in Wutaishan, I argued, but Chu Teh replied with justice, "That cannot be helped."

At last Jen Peh-si gave way and said, "All right, go!" And Chu Teh added, "We will give a very strong force to protect you."

Well, at that I backed down. I could see that if I went, a strong force of men would have to be withdrawn from other necessary duties just to guard me. I did not want that. With mingled misery and resentment I gave up the plan. In Wutaishan one of the most decisive campaigns of China is being

waged by the Eighth Route Army and thousands of armed peasants. I wanted to live through that campaign. Captain Carlson promised to give me a full account when he returned. It will not be the same as if I lived through it, but it will help. With heavy heart I have agreed to remain behind and go to another front a little later.

Captain Carlson tried to comfort me. He is a strong man, he said, trained in the ways of war for twenty-five years. True, no one was born on the battlefield and all men had to learn it from experience. But there is fierce fighting all over Wutaishan and surrounding region, men will have to carry their own bedding and packs, and guns in addition, fight continuously and often do the famous two-hundred-li-a-day march of the Red Army. . . .

As Captain Carlson talked, one of our men was in the room repairing his watch. Workers of every kind are in the Eighth Route Army, and Captain Carlson's bodyguard went out and found a watchmaker. He came in, took the watch apart, and with a few little instruments from his pocket repaired it and returned it to its owner. I gave him my own watch to repair. He put it in order and then told me he could repair cameras, flashlights and, he thought, my typewriter if it is ever out of order. We were all delighted at his dexterity. He is blind in one eye, but still he can repair watches. He was a worker in Honan Province, he said, and has been in the army for seven years.

Well, they have left for Wutaishan. And yesterday I rode to Linfen, eighty li away, to have a tooth pulled! In our army we do not have even one dental instrument and, of course, no such luxury as a dentist. So I made off country toward the mis-

sionary hospital. I returned at ten last night. The sky was overcast and not even a shred of the crescent moon could be seen. The last ten miles of the trip I walked and all the way back. I was very tired. One becomes soft living like this in headquarters.

In Linfen the missionary doctors told me of the Japanese bombers who had raided that city, and also the city of Hung-tung, on December 26th. In Linfen two bombers dropped ten bombs and killed eight goats which they seemed to think were horses and men.

The same planes bombed the undefended city of Hung-tung. One bomb killed three children; a man, his daughter and one donkey were killed by another; five soldiers and a number of peasants were wounded, of whom two soldiers and two of the peasants died yesterday.

The day before these bombings Japanese planes dropped handbills over Linfen, stating that if General Yen Hsi-shan did not remove all the Chinese armies from Shansi Province by the end of the year, the Japanese would advance and drive them beyond the Yellow River. As for the Eighth Route Army—it would be destroyed by December 30th!

As for "destroying the Eighth Route Army by December 30th," that is a Japanese desire, a boast. They can no more destroy this army than they can pick up a handful of water. Not only can they not destroy it, but great changes may soon take place which will make this army stronger than ever and give it command over regions it has never controlled before. General Chiang Kai-shek and the Supreme War Council have adopted mobile warfare tactics in all the armies and the Japanese are being compelled to face mobile units in the Shanghai-Nanking area and along all the railway routes. Their

heavy artillery cannot do much damage to such forces, while such units can harass and wear them out. And so, instead of the short, swift campaign by which the Japanese intended to bring China "to her knees" the Japanese Emperor has had to warn the Japanese war machine that they must be prepared for a long struggle in China.

General Headquarters, Eighth Route Army
December 31, 1937

For about three weeks we have watched small units of new volunteers moving across the country paths to the General Headquarters of our army, or to the headquarters of the 115th Division a short distance away. They were nearly all poor peasants, with some workers among them. Today my guard rushed in to tell me to go quickly to the streets to see a whole regiment of new volunteers. He grabbed my camera and we rushed out to the main street of the village where we are located, and then to the fields beyond. The regiment was moving slowly across country, winding along the country paths. Many of them were already in uniform, but others were not, and only about two hundred of the whole regiment had rifles. A few had hand grenades slung in pockets about their waists. Nearly all were young men around the age of twenty, but some were older and a very few younger. They were brown, strong men with toil-worn hands and it was clear that most of them had come from the fields. Most of them had single padded quilts which they had brought from their homes, and some carried a few little things tied up in handkerchiefs or old rags. In the column were two banners that gleamed blood-red in the early morning sun. They were

united front banners—the Kuomintang sun symbol in a big red field. . . .

Coming back from the fields, I saw a sight which I suppose could be seen only in the Eighth Route Army. A commander was passing through the streets and a fighter, who in other armies would be called a private, was coming toward him. The "private" halted and saluted, the commander returned the salute. Then the two men turned, one threw his arm around the shoulder of the other, and they walked down the street, heads down, engaged in a conversation that seemed to be quite exciting and joyous. For they were laughing and one talked rapidly.

My two guards are sitting on a bench as I write this. They have their arms around each other's shoulders and they are engaged in a conversation about Fascism. They have just returned from a class and it is clear that the lesson was about Japanese, German and Italian Fascism. Their talk is liberally sprinkled with their favorite curse about the conduct of the mothers of the Fascist enemies. They talk about the Italian Catholic priest near Taiyüan who is helping the Japanese. This priest, at Tungerguo, has been to Taiyüan many times and has begun to spread the rumor that an Eighth Route Army regimental commander named Wu Yang-kwei had come to his mission and demanded $100,000 and ten thousand pairs of shoes. "The Eighth Route Army is a bandit army," the Italian is telling the people, and "the Japanese have come to destroy banditry and bring peace to China."

"Ma-di-keh-pi!" exclaim my guards.

They tell me many things about the Italians who are helping the Japanese. While Italian airplane pilots and instructors

were in Nanking, they say, they made a mosaic map of the entire region reaching from the mouth of the Yangtze River to Nanchang. This map then disappeared and a copy was found in the hands of a Japanese pilot shot down by Chinese pilots. All institutions, military and political, foreign embassies, and all Chinese schools or universities were clearly marked on the map and had been designated as targets. What the Italians did in the Yangtze basin German pilots have done in other regions of China over which they have flown, my guards tell me. *"Ta Ma!"* they sullenly end their explanation, cursing the Fascists with their classic expression. . . .

8

The New Year Begins

General Headquarters, Eighth Route Army
January 1, 1938

THE New Year has come—a difficult year for China. News from the various fronts reaches us. Tsinan fell to the enemy a few days ago, Hangchow fell, and the Japanese are preparing a three- or four-month campaign to capture Canton, the Canton-Hankow railway, Hankow itself, and the railway northward to Peiping. We have been able to get an English newspaper from Hankow, and some old papers and magazines from Shanghai and America have arrived. Even the Hankow newspapers are a week late. Our radio has given us the bare outline of some of the most important news.

Last night I took the Hankow and Shanghai newspapers, and the October issue of the little New York magazine, *China Today,* to headquarters to give Chu Teh and the rest of the staff the latest news. As always, Chu Teh brought out a thick black notebook in which he records all the most important national and international events. As my interpreter and I read, Chu Teh wrote down the important items. It is of interest to me to see what he writes. Never does he miss one breath of news about the international movement in defense of China. He recorded all the details given of the Madison

Square Garden mass meeting in New York in defense of China on October 1st, and of its collection of funds for medical supplies, clothing, and money for China. The New York radio lectures about China, the movement in America, France, England, and India for the boycott of Japanese goods, all found a place in his notebook—and later will appear in the army publications and be used as material for speeches to the troops and the people. Longer articles giving important information are translated into Chinese, to be used in full by the army in its lessons.

Chu Teh also records every important scrap of information about military, political, social, economic conditions in Japan. He wrote down the reported speech of the Japanese Emperor warning the Japanese war machine and people that the war in China would last for a long time. Chu asked that one long article in *China Today,* giving concrete material about Japanese economic gains from China, be translated in full for him. He listened with interest to reviews of books, and he asked questions about them which we could not answer because we have not seen the books. He questioned us in detail about a series of articles on Soviet China of the past, running in the *New Republic,* and about various articles in *Pacific Affairs.* He was deeply interested in American and British reactions to the sinking of their gunboats in the Yangtze by the Japanese. His face became lined with contempt when we read to him an article from the British daily newspaper in Shanghai advising the Nanking Government to follow Mussolini's advice and sue for peace with the Japanese. The paper argued that now since the Chinese had shown heroic protest, they could, without humiliation, sue for peace.

Every shred of news that Chu Teh can get about President

Roosevelt's speeches must be translated. All the speeches of American Congressmen for or against Japan he listens to with deep interest, while others of his staff discuss with him the implications of such speeches.

My New Year's Eve was spent in this fashion, in headquarters.

Today, from morning to night, I worked on a variety of things—writing letters about medical needs of the Eighth Route Army; working on a series of articles. This evening I went over to the Enemy Department to a farewell dinner given by the men there to Hsu Chuen, who is leaving for Sian and will perhaps not return. Headquarters had given everyone extra food for this day—and has also given a New Year's dinner to the people of the whole village.

To Hsu Chuen's farewell dinner the men in the Enemy Department had added a cup of *bei gar*, a drink about as innocent looking but as treacherous as vodka. We were about ten persons for this half pint of *bei gar*. But since any kind of alcohol is unusual in the army, this was quite enough and its effects soon became discernible in hilarious laughter. The Chinese always accompany wine with games of chance in which the loser must drink a sip of wine. First the men played the nationwide number game, throwing out their fingers at each other and shouting some number. This led to one or two men losing and drinking more than the rest.

Another wine game we played was this: we took a chopstick and rolled a thin strip of paper near the end, then rolled the two ends of the paper together so they became a long pointer sticking out from the chopstick. Each person about the table took turns in twirling this stick. He was blindfolded, the chopstick put between his flat palms. He rubbed it back

and forth, twirling it until someone shouted *"ting"*—stop! The person at whom the little paper pointed, had to drink some *bei gar*. Often a man opened his eyes to find the pointed stick directed at himself. When you've had a little *bei gar,* this seems so funny that you nearly stand on your head with laughter!

The dinner ended, the *bei gar* lost its effects, and we returned to normal. Six or eight men came in from the Political Department and piled up on the *k'ang* so that the room was as packed as a can of sardines. We made the atmosphere more pleasant still by smoking the cheap cigarettes we can buy in this region. Some of them seem to be of straw and do not stay lit after one puff. We used the little chopstick pointer to make men sing. For two or three hours we sang a thousand songs in four different languages. Since the hosts were men of the Enemy Department, they all speak Japanese. The head of the department is a man from Formosa, so that he could sing both Japanese and Chinese songs, and also songs of the aboriginal tribes—formerly head hunters—of that island. One man from the Political Department has returned from years of study in France. He sang French songs, both classical and revolutionary. He had learned them well, and some of the arias from French operas seemed to me the most beautiful I had ever heard. Suddenly, here in a dark little room in a mud village in Northwestern China was a voice singing in French, singing songs of love and of suffering.

Some of the men sang national revolutionary songs of China. Four of us sang the "Internationale" together in four different laguages—Chinese, Japanese, French and English. And when it was finished I added the German. Then three of us sang the "Marseillaise" together, in French, English and

Chinese. I sang two old Negro spirituals and one modern Negro sharecropper song. We heard Japanese love songs, Japanese folksongs, and one Japanese gangster song! One singer produced an ancient Chinese aria from the Ming Dynasty, and another a Chinese wanderer's song. Together we sang Chinese Red Army songs of the past and national liberation songs of the present. We brought in a *hsiao kwey* to sing Szechwan peasant songs.

While we were singing a theatrical group from one of the army companies was producing a play in another part of the village. We did not go. The place was literally jammed with townspeople. Peng Teh-hwei spoke at the theater. He gave a detailed account of the Eighth Route Army struggle throughout North Shansi, Western Hopei, Southern Chahar and Suiyüan, and down through Eastern Shansi. Soon the fighting will begin in the south of the province, he told them. Victory depends on every man and woman, as well as on the armed forces. The Eighth Route Army and the people must be linked by bonds of steel in the months to come, and in the years to come if the war continues. With union between the people and the army, and with the people organized and armed, China will be victorious. One of my guards was at the meeting and later he told me about it.

While the singing was going on tonight, I had time to talk with one of the men of the Political Department. He, with twenty others, has just returned from Western Shansi, from the region along the Yellow River. There they were organizing the people and forming Partisan units. First they organized the peasants into Peasant Leagues, and then from these Leagues drew out the young men into armed Partisan units. But the work was very difficult. The region is backward eco-

nomically; the people have just about enough to eat. In national consciousness they are also very backward. They did not want to leave their homes and fight in any force. They feared to join the Partisans lest these be sent to the front. They would agree with everything the organizers said about the danger of the Japanese, yet they would add, "I have an old mother and father," or "I have three children," or "I am needed to till the land." They did not want to leave their villages and their families.

Some young men joined the Partisans, though not many. All were willing to join the Peasant Leagues. However, they could see little reason for any such activities unless these led to some betterment in their living conditions. Their problems are many, the taxes burdensome; above all, the rent they must pay landlords is not only half the crop, but even as high as two-thirds. The problem today is how to better the living conditions of the people and yet maintain the united front of all classes willing to fight the Japanese. Can taxes be reduced with the Japanese steadily occupying territory and eating up sources of national revenue? The Communists say that instead of burdensome taxes on the people, the rich must donate their wealth to the government for the defense of the country's liberty. They say that every man must give what he can—the rich must give their wealth, the men with physical strength must give their strength. In this life-and-death struggle of a whole nation, the time will come when every man and woman must be called upon to give everything he has in possessions, in strength and in labor.

These basic social issues in the struggle for national liberation must be settled. Until they are settled, the Japanese will continue to win victories. For today there is little inducement

for a poor man to fight for his country. His country today belongs to the rich landlords and officials—perhaps he thinks they can fight for it.

I learned tonight that the regiment of new Volunteers who came here yesterday was brought by the Political Department from Fengyang to the northwest. They are all Partisans, most of them peasants, but many workers. Fengyang is a more advanced place, so the organization of Partisans there is easy. These men are in villages near us, undergoing training.

And so the New Year came and is gone.

Headquarters of the Eighth Route Army
January 2, 1938

The Japanese have brought in ten thousand fresh troops along the Chentai railway. They already had reenforcements in Taiyüan. They plan a new campaign, and we expect it any day. There is a conference of all Eighth Route Army commanders soon to decide many issues. The Japanese have taken the main coastal cities. Now the Chinese armies are going to be reorganized and, I think, given intensive political training. Eighth Route Army mobile tactics are being introduced in the other armies also and now there is mobile warfare all along the coast. It is only beginning. Great changes are taking place in China. The national united front between the Kuomintang and the Communists is being welded more firmly. Many Eighth Route commanders have gone to other armies to train them in Partisan warfare. Many Communist political leaders have gone to the new national center, Hankow. Their daily newspaper, formerly published in Yenan, will appear in Hankow.

Here in Shansi the Japanese intend to begin a big campaign

through the entire eastern part of the province. There are two main motor roads running south in the eastern half of the province, and they intend to move down these roads, and also send another column right down the center of the province, along the railway line. They have a number of aims in the movement—they are trying to clear out all Chinese troops that can destroy the Pinghan railway; and they are trying a big outflanking movement against the Chinese forces. They think they can move down the eastern side of the province, right to the Yellow River, strike the entire Chinese defense in the flank, driving them across the Yellow River. Well—that is merely a Japanese desire, not necessarily a realizable possibility.

The Japanese have also taken "political" steps. One of these is the use of Chinese traitors. They have sent over one hundred traitors to the south of Taiyüan—among them twenty-seven women.

The coming weeks and months will be bloody ones for this province and we are told that headquarters will soon be moving all the time. The Front Service Group is leaving for other provinces. The national struggle is broadening.

On the train, leaving Shansi
January 4, 1938

Yesterday, Chu Teh, Peng Teh-hwei and Jen Peh-si said to me:

"We would like you to go to Hankow. There is this and that and the other thing there that you alone can do."

I replied to them in words they did not understand. In different words, but with the same meaning, I said:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following

after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.

"Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. . . ."

To such ideas they replied:

"We know you are not afraid—but a new campaign is beginning. We will never rest, but move constantly. We are going into great danger and you may be killed. We do not wish to be responsible for your death. We would rather that you live and work."

"Why speak to me of the danger of death, when you all live always facing death? Let me live in the same way. I do not want to die and I will not die if I can help it. But if die I must—and that will come sooner or later—let it be here. If I go to Hankow, the danger of death is as great as here. Hankow means spiritual death for me. I have lived in China for many years. The cities are swamps—cesspools. I was always so filled with misery in them that I was physically sick. But in your army I have recovered my health . . . and this is because I believe this army to be the hope of China and of Asia, and because your army is pure of soul—pardon that word—and of purpose. These have been the only happy days of my whole life. Here alone I have found peace in mind and spirit . . . to leave you is to go to death, or the equivalent of death."

They argued with me, gently, thoughtfully, kindly, and the kinder they grew the weaker I became, and I wept. "Go," they said, "and return later. It is but a short time."

"If it is your wish, I must go."

"Remain for a few days longer; we will call all the army in this region to bid you farewell. Our army loves you."

"Do not make me suffer more. It is enough that I must go. If I must look at the army before I go, I cannot endure it."

I went out and walked across the fields of winter wheat. My mind threw up a veil between itself and reality so that I seemed to be passing through a dream. I kept thinking, "What a terrible dream this is. Soon I will awake." I thought of Hankow or of other cities with horror.

As I wandered I passed a village where a thousand new Volunteers for the Eighth Route were training. In anguish I turned away and walked back, and lay down on the slope of a grave. Then I went on and on for hours.

It was dusk when I returned to our village. I was so deep in my own suffering that I did not see my two guards, Kuo Shen-hwa and Wang Shih-fu, who had entered. "I wish to be alone," I told them, yet they stood. They would not go. So I went out into the night once more. They came after me. I turned and saw Kuo Shen-hwa, and angrily ordered him to return. He continued to follow. Twice I ordered him and at last he fell behind. I thought I was alone, but after a time I heard steps behind me and turned to face my other guard, Wang Shih-fu. I ordered him also to return, but he would not. My fury would not move him. Sadly he stood and pleaded:

"Come back! Do not go farther! I cannot go back. If I do, our commander-in-chief will call me before him."

So I turned and went back with him, and once more my two guards and I stood in my room. I was angry. Wang Shih-fu, his head lowered, was tracing figures in the dust on a table. Kuo Shen-hwa spoke:

"We have followed you for a long time and over many months. Wang Shih-fu has followed you for a year. We do not want to leave you now. Let us go where you go, it does

not matter where. Your kindness to us we shall never forget in our whole lives."

My anger left me. This they had said to me—"Entreat us not to leave thee." Some of my misery left me.

My translator and Kuo Shen-hwa went to ask Chu Teh if the guards could go with me. Wang and I waited, Wang speaking not a word. His face was filled with unhappiness.

My interpreter returned and said, "The commander-in-chief says that Kuo Shen-hwa can go. We have so little money now that it is difficult to pay for both."

Wang Shih-fu stood dead still for a minute, then silently and swiftly disappeared in the dark hall and into his room. From my bed I could see him sink down on his bed and cover his face with his hands. For it is this boy who is like my own son. I have nursed him through a dangerous illness and he has nursed me through many.

I arose and took Kuo and we stood by Wang Shih-fu.

"Comrade Chu has said Kuo Shen-hwa could go merely because Kuo happened to be there," I said. "If you two wish to change this decision, I will write a note."

They would not answer. "What do you wish?" I asked Kuo.

"I should like us both to go, and to follow you wherever you go."

But Wang would not speak at all, though I repeatedly asked.

"You decide," Kuo told me.

My heart was like lead, for I love Wang as a mother loves a son. But I admire Kuo, and depend upon him as if he were a rod of steel. "What a terrible dream I am having!" I kept thinking to myself. "Soon I shall awake and find it all a dream."

My interpreter, a new student from the "outside," was astounded that any problem existed. "It's very easy," he said "All you do is take a guard."

At last I said, "Comrade Kuo, you speak the Kiangsi dialect and I can hardly understand you. I understand Wang Shih-fu because he speaks the Szechwan dialect. I think it best that he go with me."

This was true—but not the whole truth. The whole truth was that I had chosen the younger, the weaker, the more undeveloped.

The interpreter announced, "Comrade Chu Teh says you cannot take a gun."

I watched to see what Wang Shih-fu would do. The bodyguards are very proud of their guns; they wear them by day put them under their heads at night, and they never appear without them. They are not orderlies as in other armies. They are specially trained as bodyguards, and if they wish to do so they can refuse most personal service.

But with the announcement, Wang Shih-fu arose and took off his broad black leather belt filled with cartridges, and his Mauser. Unhesitatingly he handed them to Kuo Shen-hwa

Suddenly I was so exhausted that I could not stand. I stumbled to my bed and lay awake until three in the morning when we all arose to leave for Hungtung to catch the train Kuo came and said, "I will also go to Hungtung to bid you farewell."

At four we left, four cavalrymen guarding us. My beloved pony Yunnan walked by my side, nudging me for bread There was no moon and the stars cast but a faint light on the wintry earth.

It seemed I was bidding farewell to the very earth. W

passed through fields of winter wheat and through groves of barren birch trees. "Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" my feet beat out as I walked. My mind was filled with anguish and my heart with physical pain.

We are now on a Red Cross train leaving Shansi. At Linfen our train halted for a day and I went to the foreign hospital to see what medical supplies they need. The whole train is in charge of doctors from the Supreme Military Council and I learn that there are now eight just for the wounded—an improvement over the past. It is bitterly cold and none of the cars is heated. There are also no lights. Our car is for the lightly wounded.

A woman worker from Ho Lung's 120th Division is traveling with us. She has come down from the Northwest where she was doing "local work," organizing the people for resistance to the Japanese. How many peasant Partisans now exist in the northwestern part of the province she does not know. "Ten thousand?" "Too few," she replies. The women are backward, but in some places her group was able to organize women groups for sewing and washing or for knitting for the Partisans and the troops. This woman is now sick and is going to a hospital in Sian. Her uniform, once blue, is faded to the color of the earth. She carried one small bundle with a gray cotton blanket wrapped around it.

This woman worker, my guard, and I talk with a lightly wounded soldier. We stand before one of the open car windows, and the dull glow of the setting sun touches the faces of my comrades. They are all young, intelligent and serious, and their talk is entirely of the position of China today and in

the future. The soldier is from the 45th Army. He is fron Honan Province and fought at Yenkenkwan, one of th strongest passes on the Great Wall.

With us travels a "Chingkangshan Red Army man." T most people that means little. To the Eighth Route Army i means a Red Army veteran. Chingkang mountain on th border of Kiangsi and Hunan Provinces in the South was th first strong, firm base of the Chinese Red Army. It was th center of a "five district Soviet Region." Red Army songs o Chingkangshan are songs of homesickness; they describe it beauty and majesty and are filled with wistful longing.

The man with us joined the peasant Partisans in that regio nine years ago, and after a time joined the Red Army. I aske him how many battles he has been in during these nine year and he drew a deep breath and whistled through his teeth.

"I can't answer *that* question," he said. "There were to many. I can't remember."

"How many wounds have you?"

"Six," he said. "*That* question I can answer!"

I asked him how many Chingkangshan men are left in th army. Not very many, he said. So many have been killed i battle. Those remaining are nearly all in some commandin position. He himself is director of a department in an intel ligence battalion.

En route. Shansi
January 5, 1938

The train meanders along, taking its own sweet time. Las night at about one it came to a halt and did not move unt three this afternoon—a fourteen-hour wait. We halt at ever station and the engine unhooks and goes on a spree over th

countryside, it seems. We speculate as to what it is doing and why.

This morning we stumbled out of the train and tried to get warm by running about. The only water we had was from the engine. I held my face towel under the hot water spout from the engine and was able to wash my face. We bought some water to drink and we bought *hsiao ping*, or flat biscuits for breakfast.

The night was bitterly cold and the only heat came from the men in the car. They arose and stamped their feet all night to keep warm. Four of them stood in the aisle by my seat and talked political and military problems all night long. One was a petty officer in the Shansi army, two others appeared to be petty officers in other armies and one was a man in a military uniform but with a civilian coat and fur cap. The League of Nations came in for a bit of drubbing, American and British policies were debated, and Soviet Russia discussed thoroughly. They talked constantly of Japanese airplanes and the havoc they cause in the cities. The Eighth Route Army, they said, has the right method in fighting them—Partisan warfare, mobile warfare . . . that is the warfare for China.

Early this morning a man who seemed to be a conductor came in and shook my shoulder—out of curiosity, I think. Who was I, where did I come from, and so on and so forth, he asked.

"Eighth Route Army reporter—does that meet your approval?" I replied sleepily.

"Hao! Hao!" he bellowed in astonishment, laughed, and went away.

We are approaching Fenglingtohkow, on the Yellow River. Soon we shall cross to Tungkwan and be on our way to Han-

kow. The little Shansi sheet reported that thirty Japanese planes bombed Hankow yesterday, killing many workers.

Tungkwan
January 6, 1938

Last night we arrived at Fenglingtohkow, across the Yellow River from this ancient strategic pass of Tungkwan. The town was packed with soldiers and with refugees, but we were fortunate enough to get two tiny rooms—a cave dwelling. One of them was filled almost entirely with the *k'ang,* which was just wide enough for three of our party of five. The other two slept in the little adjoining room, on a board bed. We are all of the Eighth Route Army—two women and three men. After a night on the narrow board seats of a cold train, it was the purest of luxuries to stretch out and sleep.

This morning, after a breakfast of *chiao-tze* in a little open mud restaurant, we took up our beds and went down to the Yellow River, hoping to be able to cross. The river is narrower and the mud flats are dry or frozen hard. But the river is still swift and covered with floating, twirling ice. On the banks were thousands of soldiers waiting to cross. Companies and battalions of troops, with all their equipment, had stacked guns, and were waiting their turn to go on board the river junks. Their pack animals were being driven or led through the frozen or freezing margins of the river to a mud flat against which many junks were anchored. Piles of supplies lay along the river banks also. Food venders were selling their food, the steam from their little portable "kitchens" rising in clouds in the freezing air.

To go on board the junk, men had to walk along planks loosely thrown across improvised piles driven in the river.

The planks were narrow, and ended on the still more narrow edges of junks, along which heavily laden men and the wounded had to walk. Before a man reached his junk, he had clambered up and down four or five others balancing himself on the rickety planks. Along this route staggered and hobbled the wounded, supported by their comrades; and the heavily wounded were swung along on canvas stretchers to the Red Cross junks waiting for them.

We waited over six hours before we could take our place on a junk. During this time I wandered amongst the crowd for a time, but soon became occupied entirely with helping lines of wounded that were carried on net or cloth stretchers and laid flat on the frozen earth to wait for hours until they could be taken on the hospital boats. Some of these wounded were clad in nothing but thin cotton summer uniforms. Some had no blankets at all and no overcoats. They did not even have the usual padded uniforms. They lay on the stretchers trembling and moaning. Two were not only suffering from their wounds but had contracted pneumonia so that the edges of the stretchers before their faces were a mass of mucus coughed up from infected lungs. One was semi-conscious.

My guard and I spent our time buying hot gruel and hot water for the wounded. They had had no breakfast. The soldier-carriers hovered about us, but they themselves had not one copper to help their comrades. When we bought things, they helped carry the food and feed the wounded. The soldier-carriers went among the wounded, tucking in the coats of those who had coats, and caring for all as best they could.

The wounded were taken on board the hospital junks just as our party was told to go on board another junk. I saw the wounded placed below on the floors of a junk, protected from

the cold winds. Down the rickety planks came the long lines of wounded, some on stretchers, some half-carried by their soldier-comrades. The men were as tender as mothers, and when the wounded could walk no farther, put their arms around them, drew them back, and let them rest on their shoulders and in their arms. It was a moving sight—poor men helping poor men, strong men helping weak men, comrade helping comrade with tenderness and love.

Another sight drew me back time and again. It was a big mule that had broken a front leg. The leg was broken off almost as if it had been a piece of wood or ice. Only a strip of skin and flesh remained connected with the rest of the body. Half of the creature was in the frozen Yellow River, half on the mud bank. Silently the dying animal lifted his head, then lowered it to the mud bank, lifted it and lowered it again in agony. Slowly he was dying. He lay directly beneath the board planks over which men walked. Yet no one put a bullet through his head. All could see the terrible sight, yet so terrible is the suffering of men that no one halted, no one spared a bullet.

We went down to the Yellow River at seven in the morning and we twirled across the swift stream at two in the afternoon. As we climbed up the dusty hill to the ancient, majestic wall that surrounds this town on the hills of the pass to Northwestern China, I took pictures of the swirling river below, of the walls above, and of the row of fresh graves along the ancient walls. There were signs everywhere that the Chinese were preparing to defend this pass to the end.

The row of fresh graves below the wall remains imprinted on my mind. This is perhaps because most Chinese soldiers are buried in mass graves and no stones mark the site. But

here each man had his own plot of earth at last, and a wooden headboard on which are recorded his name, and date of his birth and death—and the words "hero of the nation." At last the common soldier is a "hero of the nation."

While we waited in the Tungkwan railway station a railway gendarme inspected my passport and my military pass, then he told me with a glance at the people about us that I could not possibly wait in that crowd. He led me to a special, well-furnished room in the station. Far from the vulgar crowd! I was glad of the room, which we could heat, but I was not glad that it was given for the reason it was.

On the station platform was another local railway gendarme, patrolling the entire length of the platform. When we went out to inquire about trains, he came up and stood before me. He was tall, in his middle thirties, he was clad in black, and up his back extended a rifle with a fixed bayonet. His face was intelligent, friendly. We stood smiling at each other.

"You are from the Eighth Route Army?" he asked.

We said we were.

"They are fighting very hard, I hear."

"Yes, very, very hard."

"They are very brave, aren't they—and very good to the people."

We said they were. We all stood smiling at each other, liking each other. Then, without further talk, we all walked together to our waiting room, smiled at each other, and stood together, not wishing to part.

Approaching Hankow
January 8, 1938

We changed trains at Chengchow on the Lunghai railway ast night. As we approached that city we saw many slogans n the various station platforms. A large one read, "Myriads f men with one heart fighting to the very last." The region warmed with troops, though this is true of all North and Northwest China. It seems that three-fourths of the entire opulation is in uniform.

On the station platform at Chengchow were many refugees. They had their entire worldly possessions on wheelbarrows—ncluding pitchforks and rice bowls. A few were men, but nost were women and children. In the semi-darkness they sat r stood, many of them absolutely still. I saw two men stand-ng as still as statues. About them were their long white quilts. They reminded me of American Indians. At their feet, and bout the platform in all directions, were huddled women and ittle children, their quilts wrapped about them. But many ad no quilts at all.

We talked with the refugees. They are all peasants from a own in Western Hopei—the very region where the Eighth Route Army and the Partisans are fighting the Japanese col-umns moving against them. We held a memorable conversa-ion with a thin, straight old woman who had no coat and no quilt. Her wrinkled skin was like parchment and her voice vas hoarse and harsh.

"There is fighting between the Partisans and the Japanese n West Hopei?"

"Right!" she answered in a voice as cold as a frozen river.

"There is great suffering there?"

"Right! Great suffering!" She was grim and all other words seemed superfluous and superficial.

"How old are you?"

"Seventy-two."

"How did you come from West Hopei?"

"Walked—since late November."

In her words, her voice, her motionless figure, was an indescribable grimness. At the age of seventy-two she was a wanderer on the frozen roads of the North. Suffering had stripped all things from her, even words.

We halted before a woman enveloped in a quilt. From beneath the quilt, at her bosom, the voice of a tiny child wailed. On the outskirts of the quilt sat huddled a little child no more than two years old. I bent down and put her under the quilt, then drew the covering about her. The little thing lifted her face and smiled at us, smiled as an adult would smile, gratefully. The face was sweet and tender. Half-frozen, not a sound of complaint came from her.

"We have had nothing but hot water today," one of the refugee peasant women said to us. "We have not eaten at all. Give us money."

I had just six dollars, and it was doubtful if our military pass would be accepted on the express to Hankow. If we had to pay, six dollars was not enough. I would have to borrow from one of my companions who had a bit more than I. So I could give no money. Six dollars—for a few hundred people! It was hardly a drop in a bucket. And so, feeling like a miser, I kept my six dollars and explained to the refugees why I had nothing to give.

To enter a third class railway carriage in China these days required careful planning.

"Let's plan our campaign," one of our party began. "When the train comes in, we will hoist Wang Shih-fu on our shoulders and put him through a window. Then we can hand him the baggage. Then you help me in through the window, and *you* go through the doors at the end of the carriage."

The train came in, the windows high above our heads. Both ends of every car were packed with fighting, struggling masses of human beings. To join that fighting mass was to risk injury. So we hoisted our men on our shoulders and thrust them through the windows and in the end I waited to enter through the doors at the end of the car. The inside of the car was like a battlefield, filled with three or four times as many people as there were seats. The aisle was clogged with them, with bundles, big and little baskets, boxes and suitcases. Everyone walked up and down the little mountains of bedding, and the owners did not care. The baggage racks that ran the length of the car were piled with baggage—and with men stretched along on top of the baggage.

Through this mass came a rich landlord's family, their way being cleared by soldiers. This family, consisting of five or six women and six or eight children, parked themselves right across from us. The landlord was like a Turkish Sultan with his harem. Soldiers brought in the family's luggage. And it consisted of everything imaginable. Other luggage on the racks was shoved away or thrown off in the aisle and dozens of pieces of household goods, bedding, clothing, baskets, bundles, suitcases, took their place. The aisle for a third of the car was piled high with the family luggage. And after having filled every available space, the landlord directed the soldiers to put other pieces in between the seats in which passengers sat. Without any "by your leave" they began piling bundles

right in on my feet. Where we were to put our feet was none of their business.

I arose, lifted the bundles being piled on me, and hurled them over into the aisle and on the feet of the ladies of the seraglio. Consternation unheard of! But the family was like an avalanche that had merely met a slight impediment. So they diverted the flow to other passengers—who fatalistically accepted it as they would accept a Yellow River flood.

When the war is over and the poor peasants and soldiers have defeated the Japanese, he probably will go trundling back and expect to get his land back—and expect the peasants to pay him a half or two-thirds of the rent.

Sleep was impossible on the straight, narrow, board seats, and the air in the car was unbearable at times. So I watched and listened to other passengers. Behind the high seats in front of us some soldiers were talking. One was a petty officer. Their problem was the withdrawal of the Chinese Government from Hankow to Szechwan. How should this be done, and so on and so on.

My guard remarked, "They are talking only of retreating. They are too pessimistic. Why talk of retreat and not of advance?"

Behind me I heard a group talking tenderly and I arose and looked back to see a father holding up a baby in his arms and talking to it. The child was just learning to talk, and the father was teaching him his first words:

"Down with the Japanese!" the father said.

The tiny voice of the child repeated, "Down with the Japanese!"

"Down with the traitors!"

"Down with the traitors!" piped the little voice.

Down the aisle was another family scene, but a cruel one. A mother constantly bawled at her three- or four-year old child. The woman's voice resounded through the whole car. She had a white, cold, cruel face and once I saw her hit the little child three or four times right across the face. The attack was so fierce that a man across the aisle arose and reached over and rescued the child. The cruel mother followed, beating the head of the child, and when the strange man's arm protected it, she beat the arm. The child was sobbing bitterly.

This was the first cruel Chinese mother I have ever seen. Chinese mothers are generally very tender, and even spoil their children. So I wondered if this woman were not half insane, or if, instead, the child perhaps belonged to the former wife of her husband.

In another little compartment back of us a Chinese woman began preaching Christianity to those about her. She was threatening mankind with the coming end of the world. This war was a sign of it. When this didn't impress anyone, she threatened them with death and with hell fire after death. That didn't seem to interest anyone either. So she told them that the foreigners do not want China to become Christian, that they do everything to prevent the Chinese people from knowing the truth of Christianity. At this I saw a man smile, then yawn, huddle up in his corner, and go to sleep. And so the woman's wisdom fell upon the desert air, and she soon ceased talking.

The Chinese people are tough customers when it comes to religion. The only way most of them can be caught is to get them during a flood or famine and then give rice to those who accept "the one and only true faith." This woman had tried to catch them by the war, but she didn't offer anyone

any rice. And, after all, people with money enough to travel third class are not yet at the end of their rope.

We arrived at Hankow at midnight tonight, and ricksha coolies pulled us through the streets for two hours and a half, to earn more money. They knew we were strangers and did not know the way. After an interminable time we reached the local office of the Eighth Route Army. It is in the Japanese Concession, which has been taken over by the Chinese. We went to an empty room, spread our sleeping bags and quilts on the floor, and slept.

Hankow
January 9, 1938

This morning I called at the American Embassy and reported to them about the trip of their military attaché, Captain Carlson, to the North Shansi front. The Ambassador, Mr. Johnson, in a fringed leather jacket, asked to be pardoned for his informal costume. And I asked to be pardoned for appearing before him in uniform, in ragged leggings and a coat which formerly seemed very smart but now looks shabby and dirty. With the Ambassador was the admiral of the American gunboats near Hankow on the Yangtze River. Mr. Peck, a consular official, and a military attaché, also came in to join our conversation.

Mr. Johnson asked about the Eighth Route Army, its Partisan warfare and mobile tactics. We talked of the Japanese captives held by the Eighth Route Army. I told of the work being done by the Enemy Department, of the kind treatment of Japanese captives, and of the mentality of the Japanese soldiers. I said that some of the captives were very good men,

men who did not want this war, and I told of the diaries taken from the pockets of the Japanese dead or the captives. Mr. Johnson was very interested.

Mr. Johnson then spoke of the heroism of the Chinese soldiers who fought around Shanghai.

The morning passed in talk of the Eighth Route Army. We had little time to talk of the general situation in China. But I asked what the American Government has done about the sinking of the *Panay,* and he told me the incident was settled. The Japanese have met the American demands.

From the Embassy I toured the town trying to find the International Red Cross to ask for medicine for the Eighth Route Army and the Partisans. Unable to find it, I halted at the China Inland Mission, presented a letter of introduction from the Shansi missionaries who had become my friends. Mr. Lewis, one of the men at the mission, went with me to the International Red Cross; but it is closed on Sunday and we returned to the mission for tea. There I met twenty to thirty of the missionaries and talked to them of the Eighth Route Army and of its medical needs. Many of them are active in Red Cross work and all are friends of China, sympathizing deeply with the struggle of the Chinese armies and people. One old lady, a Miss Webb, told me she was a refugee from Wuhu. She hastened to assure me that she had not evacuated out of fear of Japanese planes. The whole region become a battlefield, and the Chinese fled. She did not want anyone to think she had fled from fear. "I wanted to stay with the Chinese people," she said. "Now is the time to stand by them if we are their real friends. But there was no reason

for me to remain at Wuhu after the Chinese people the
had fled."

Yes, certainly, now is the time to stand by the Chine
ple! Perhaps there *is* much work for me to do here in H